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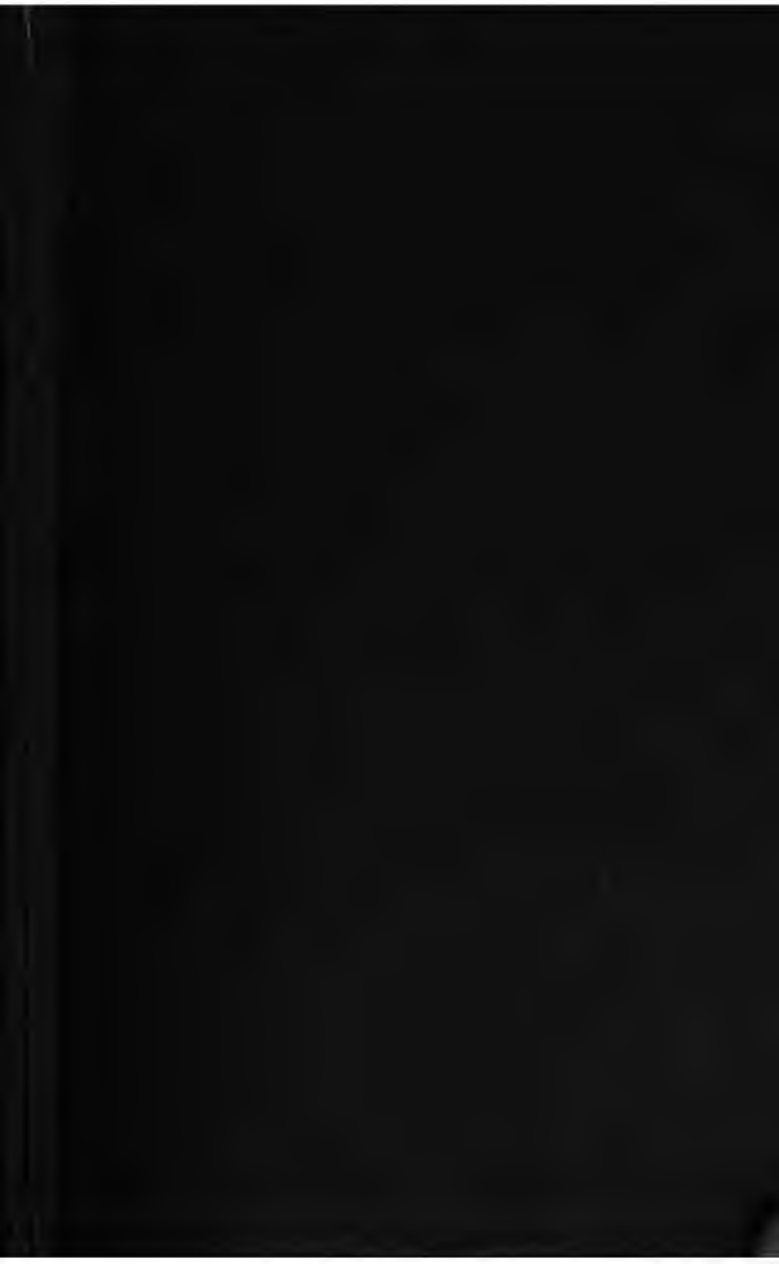
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SELF-FORMATION.



SELF-FORMATION ;

OR,

AIDS AND HELPS TO MIND-LIFE.

BY

THE REV. PAXTON HOOD,

AUTHOR OF "WORDSWORTH: A BIOGRAPHY," "THE AGE AND ITS ARCHITECTS,"
"BLIND AMOS," ETC., ETC.

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TO
HANDEL COSSHAM, Esq., F.G.S.,
SHORTWOOD LODGE, BRISTOL.

My dear Friend,

May I beg you to accept the inscription of this little volume, as a small token of real affection and most hearty admiration.

You have not only, through many difficulties, become a remarkable illustration of Self-Formation, but are also constantly engaged in aiding those who, in the most adverse circumstances, are forming their characters in the mould of mental and moral excellence.

May your life long be spared to unite together the life of Conscience and Commerce, the teaching of Religion and Science. May it be your privilege not only to have those grand characteristics of a perfect manhood—Eyesight, Hope, and Energy—but may you be permitted, to a very late day in life, to see your work growing around you into beauty and consistency.

I am, most heartily,

My dear Friend,

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

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Prologue.

THE AWAKENING IN THE CAVE.

1. EVERY reader of Plato's Republic will remember a famous passage in the seventh book, in which he compares our natural condition, so far as our education or ignorance are concerned, to a number of men living in a vast subterranean cave—in what Philip Bailey would call a fire-crypt of the world, among the marble and granite monuments and tombstones of the antediluvian generations. Plato conceived some such world beneath the earth, where night and day are all as one; and strange grotesque shapes are seen in all parts of the vaulted chamber; and mysterious torchlight brings out the phantoms and the shadows which go creeping up and down among the petrifications and the stalagmitic columns; and, whisper as we may, echoes will creep after us, which make us start, and wonder who repeated our words. In Greece

The Cave of
Plato.
'Republic.'
Book vii.,
c.c. 1, 2, 3.

PROLOGUE. it was not difficult to conceive such a place with
Plato's Cave. corridors and galleries, dizzy and fretted crags,
or fantastic horrors breaking forth in forms like
afrites blackly looming in torchlight-shadow from
the unexpected waters of some subterranean lake;
and *Plato thought he saw in such a place the
parable of a cave in which a human soul lay cap-
tive to its senses and its ignorance.*

2. Plato imagined the entrance of the *cave open
to the light, but the men with their faces from it,*
bound by their necks and legs, and compelled to
sit still and look straight forward, and unable
to turn their heads to gaze behind them; while,
above and behind them, he conceived a fire
burning, and an elevated gallery passing between
them and the fire—and along this gallery a
number of persons moving, throwing their
*shadows upon that part of the cavern facing the
prisoners*; some of them passing along would
move in silence, while others would speak, and
speaking would awaken echoes in the cave, adding
*the mystery of sound to the mystery of sight to
the senses of the captive men. Plato pictures
the amazement of one of these captives when
liberated—when able to turn his eyes towards
the light, to ascend towards it, to interrogate the
objects of which he formerly beheld only the
shadows; and when dragged up the painful and
steep ascent, and set free, how dazzled would his*

eyes be by the glare of the sun. Amazing would be the change in his mind, when compelled to find *the shadows he had regarded as realities only phenomena, and to behold in the newly-discovered objects the real facts and beings to which the phenomena owed their existence.* PROLOGUE.

3. Thus man is everywhere hemmed in by the actual. This has been with most of us too frequently the cause of self-depreciation and complaint. Man everywhere feels this to be the misery of his condition. Our being is not inappropriately represented in a little piece of anecdotal biography, recorded in "Lord Lindsay's Letters;" the story of Wellee Kiashef. Wellee Kiashef was the Turkish governor of the country between the Cataracts. He was resting for a little time on one of his progresses through his little vice-royalty, and he sent to offer a visit to Lord Lindsay's party. He desired to gain knowledge from Englishmen wherever he could meet with them. He had obtained a little treatise on geography; he had picked up a number of crude notions from Europeans, and a few books; *he had learnt enough to give to him profound discontent.* Lord Lindsay says:—"It was interesting, but painful, to see a man, evidently of talent, born and bred in intellectual darkness, and aware of his deficiencies, struggling and catching at every ray of light. He entered at once on his inquiries,

Illustration
from 'Lord
Lindsay's
Letters from
the Holy
Land.'

PROLOGUE. never doubting our willingness to afford him what aid we could; the conversation seldom flagged a moment, and in his eagerness the pipe was often neglected. On paying us another visit on our return, he told us very feelingly that, since he had become acquainted with Europeans about three years ago, he had disrelished the society of other Turks; all their conversation ran on women or dress, never on subjects of real interest. 'Now,' said he, 'I like to know how the sun shines, how the world was created, who inhabit it, &c.; and because I do so, and seek the society of those who can instruct me, my countrymen call me proud, and I am quite alone among them;'—'solo, solo, solo!' as Abdallah translated it: it went to my heart—poor fellow! *he must indeed be lonely, and so must everyone be who outstrips his fellows*, while they are still as unenlightened as the Turks, even by the very insignificant distance that Wellee Kiashef has got before them." Wellee Kiashef was anticipated in his sorrows by a very important personage, of whom probably he had never heard—Hamlet.

Poor Wellee
Kiashef.

Hamlet. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune that she sends you to prison hither?

Guildenstern. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Rosencrantz. Then, is the world one?

Hamlet.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you : *for there is nothing* PROLOGUE.
good or bad but thinking makes it so : to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one ; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. *Oh God ! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space ; were it not that I have had dreams.*

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition ; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. *A dream itself is but a shadow.*

4. Thus the first thought of every man upon his awakening to the world, is the feeling of the close, confining, cavernous darkness around him ; all things speak of the cave. "What am I?" What am I? "Where am I?" are the natural questions he Where am I? puts to himself, and even to others. We are like the half-drunken Scotchman wending his way Anecdote. home in a whiskey mist at six o'clock in the morning, who came across a decent servant girl cleaning the door-step. "My girl," said he, "can ye tell me where Mr. John Clerk lives?" "Sir," said the lass, "I'm thinking ye'r Mr. John Clerk yersell'." "Aye, aye, my lass," said he, "I ken that very weel, I ken I'm Mr. John Clerk, but I dinna ken where I live." So with all of us, we have some idea of our individual consciousness, but what is this world we are in ?

5. When Aladdin descended into the vault, he The Lamp in the Vault. found the trees of golden fruit and the wonderful lamp. *We must first retire into ourselves, sink into the vault of our own being, before we shall be*

PROLOGUE. *able accurately to learn the limits and the dimensions of our own being.* Few persons are able to retire from the knowledge which the senses impart, to a knowledge and learning which the senses will not bestow. What is this cave which hems us in? Everywhere we are told that we are the creatures of sense, and that our sensuous consciousness we cannot transcend; and this is the sceptic's frequently too powerful plea and cry. Many, indeed, have denied the existence of the man in the cave at all; they have declared that life itself is only a phenomenon of being, and thus that the phenomena themselves constitute the only real being—that all things visible are as much alive as we are. On the contrary, as a powerful writer remarks, "that which is a phenomenon cannot *exist*;" it has a relative existence only; it is to us, it is felt by us, as existing; that which truly exists being different. And in harmony with this, a recently published, most invaluable, and hitherto unrepublished little book of Bishop Berkeley's, finds a special Providence and distinct action of Divine agency in every sensation we know; for as we walk through the streets, we are conscious of two beings; and indeed that which we call knowledge, is the possession of two beings in one consciousness, for *knowledge is the image of the thing known in the understanding of him who knows it*; is it not a most amazing

James H.
Hinton.
'Man and his
Dwelling
Place.'

A Definition
of Know-
ledge.

thing that we, sitting in one omnibus, have a PROLOGUE.
knowledge of another omnibus, and all the people
in it? Is it not a most amazing thing that we,
with our wholly independent beings, take in the
shapes and actions of other beings altogether
separated from us? *Here we are, hard, tough,
scaly teguments*, and our neighbours *a number of
hard, tough, scaly teguments*—is it not a most
marvellous thing that we have this knowledge of
each other's persons—knowledge of all the outer
world? *Scepticism* lifts up its loud cock-crowing
and says,—“Oh! I can explain all these—it is all
just an affair of the refracting medium. I can
explain it all—objects reflected on the air, and
reflected on the retina of the eye.” Yes, dear old
pundit, we have in a sort of dim way heard that
before; but that scientific solution of thine only
involves us in more mystery; for the image on
the retina of the eye is *turned topsy-turvy*, really
upside-down, and we do not see houses, and horses,
and omnibuses upside-down; but really standing
straight and upright, and going along properly
in their usual sort of way; and beside, what
relation is there between the seeing eye, which,
after all, is as dead as a piece of glass—quite as
intelligent, and no more so than the stopper of a
decanter—what connection is there between this
and the thing seen? Why the fact is, the man
in the cave must expound it all—it is the man

The Body is
the Cave of
the Mind.

PROLOGUE. in the cave who also has another retina, altogether invisible—beyond the touch of the oculist's lancet, but assuredly there. It is the man in the cave. *The body is the cave of the mind.*

Conditions
of our Know-
ledge.—

Thought-
Forms.

6. "After all," says the sceptic, "the man *is* in the cave. You cannot transcend the limits of your consciousness. You are limited by *thought-forms* when you are not environed by the senses."

Well, after all, this much-vaunted phraseology is only a learned way of saying, *we only know what we know*—true, but let us lay our fingers there; we do know certainly, what we do know. And, moreover, *whence do our ideas come? and what are our ideas?* A man, we believe in Cambridge, had a very curious thought-form; he insisted on seeing a black spot upon the nose of every person with whom he conversed, and, worst of all, he took out, invariably, his pocket-handkerchief, not for the anthropological purpose of wiping his own, but for the benevolent purpose of wiping his neighbour's nose. At last one took him to task.

A queer
thought-
form.

"My dear fellow," said the one, "you are a perfect nuisance. You go on through the whole town, wiping people's noses. You have wiped ——'s nose, and ——'s nose, and Lord ——'s, and Professor ——'s, and it is so absurd; do go to an oculist, or an optician, and get your eyes put to rights; and then you'll find that the spot is wiped from everybody's nose,

or that, if anywhere, it is in your own eye." PROLOGUE.

"Yes," said the gifted seer—"yes, yes, I see it must be so, and I'll take that advice of yours; but, pardon me," and out came the handkerchief,—"you have a black spot on your nose." *Now, how did he get possession of that thought-form?*

7. Suppose the Crystal Palace, instead of being a transparent opening and view, were covered, as we can conceive it covered, with dank and dark A Crystal Palace. trees and herbage, or clothed by some veil which shut out the light, how dark would be that place—the thing of crystal would be a cave; remove the covering, and you have the crystal again—albeit its thick though transparent medium still makes nothing clear, while all within is suffused from the golden or rosy hue from without.

8. Such is the Cave of Plato—such is man, and the world, beneath—a pagan, and a Christian—instinct and teaching. While we admit the thorough propriety of the image of Plato, we should prefer to call the cave a diaphanous medium. "Your consciousness exists in a cave," say the metaphysicians—"you are subject to, you are the creatures of *time*, and *space*, and *personality*—these are inexorable walls, they hem and environ you everywhere." And they not only are the absolute forms of things around us, but they are also the thought-forms through which all things of the understanding are known. Time.
Space.
Personality.

PROLOGUE. As we sit in Plato's cave, and see the phantoms creeping along the walls, we know them only by their relation to *time*, to *space*, and to *personality*. These, it is said, are the great conditions which lock us in the cave, and it is true; but what, if true? It is clear that even within the cave itself they become altogether different conditions to that which mere sensation regards them as being; they are, in fact, the conditions Divinely imposed upon us to keep our nature in order; to the free mind how plastic they become. It is true that in imagination and thought all things do and must exist in *time*, and can be known only so; but the mind is able to look forth from the solemn tickings of the household clock, or watch, and can rise to the solemn periods of rolling epochs or ages. Or it can step into the antediluvian years, or even to the vast mensurations of astronomic cycles and epicycles—the pendulous beat and throb of palpitating planets in their orbits, or the mighty adjustments of the celestial mechanics;—and it is still in time. *The spirit can make its own time; it is conditioned, but it creates new conditions.* It is true, also, that we cannot in thought escape from *space*. We may shut our eyes and think, but we must still conceive space, and all that we see we must see as existent in space. But even to sense itself, how vast the amplitude;—so to speak, how infinite the

Mind making
its own Con-
ditions (1)
in Time.

(2) And in
Space.

dimension is over which the eye is able to dilate. PROLOGUE.

We too are able to "take the wings of the morning, and to dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth." We, too, are able to wing our flight from star to star, and are sometimes, and often, not conscious of the tether or the chain. And if it is true that we are met by another thought-form, namely, that of *substance*, or, to speak more popularly, of personality—if we know things only by their personality, by the *me* and the *not me*, the *Ego* and the *non-Ego*—if, however, we may wander, and whatever we may see, we are compelled to give a shape and a reality to what we see—so that we can frame no poem, but it takes vesture and shape in characters, and dream no dream but it is around us in embodiment;—still the spirit is free to move, actively to move, and even to create and to re-arrange, and to re-shape things from other forms. *Thus the man in the cave finds himself conscious of powers which can only find their appropriate complement in the unrealised visions outside his cave. Life is surrounded by glass walls, and there is one door—glass also—Death.*

9. We spoke of the lamp found in the vault, and its revelations; even so indeed; but *the cave becomes not merely diaphanous but plastic.* The man within the cave touches the walls of his cell, and they recede from him. *He turns the laws of*

(3) And in Substance.

Mind
subject to
Conditions.

PROLOGUE. *his being into the lifters of his being; and what seem to be imposed upon him as conditions become the aids of development. We look sometimes at the conditions of our being, and we seem to be the mere slaves and pack-horses of the senses, as it has been said—*

*“ Things are in the saddle,
And they ride mankind.”*

We can answer nothing—What, we sometimes ask in spleen and disappointment, What do we know? We cannot tell the relation of will to action—we cannot tell the relation of spiritual force to a limb of the body. Solve us the mystery of the toothache. Why should a piece of bone be so troublesome a companion? What is life, and what is love? We are told, when hands join hands, or, when lips join lips, a process many of our readers wot of—we are told when eyes dart into eyes their lustre and their lightning, and when thereupon something happens,—*we are told it is electricity*. Even our friend, Dr. von Knowall-aboutit, assures us that he has clearly demonstrated that it is electricity and nothing more.

Soul a Mode
of Electri-
city !!!

“ Simply this, and nothing more.”

And we said to our dear Dr. von Knowall-aboutit, that does not at all explain the little mystery in which our friends are just now involved. What is sympathy? What is freedom?

The
Signatures of
Things.

What is gravitation ?—Weight of bodies. What is heat ?—Friction of bodies. Light ?—A very subtle fluid. Will ?—Spiritual force. Why do two and two make four ? We know all that is said, but the very definition is a chink to reveal our ignorance. *We know the sign, but we want to know the thing that signs.*

PROLOGUE.

What are the Things ?

10. And, yet, is it not amazing to know what this man in the cave can do with his cavern conditions ? How much easier we think would it be to construct a being whose powers were in his instincts. It is not so with man ; we exist more by knowledge than by instinct ; and yet more by sympathy, —which is instinct made Divine,—even than by knowledge. Man, even in the rudest state, before he is adorned by civilization—the savage man—how he copes with and conquers nature—watches her ways with subtle and crafty eye ; imitates her, and takes her captive and subjects her ; the wild-eagle feather on his head, the chain of shells, show how native grace, even in him, asserts itself. The discovery of fire, the structure of language, law, and society ; and the fabrication of the javelin and the dart—how they speak of the effort of the man to escape from the cave. But see how *man creates new conditions for himself* :—he has not wings, but he voyages the air in a balloon ; he has not fins, nor the respiration of a fish, but he walks in the bottom of

Man conquering his Conditions.

(1) By Science.

PROLOGUE. the sea in a diving-bell ; he takes captive light, and he says " paint me that face ; " and lightning —and he says " carry me that message ; " he takes captive the wind, and he says, " grind me my corn ; " and to the steam he says, " make my calico and silk, and cloth ; " he says to the glass, " help me to read ; " he says to the telescope, " show me the rings of Saturn, and the mountains of the Moon ; " he says to the microscope, " show us the insects that sleep in the mysterious chambers and bells of the flowers." What mysterious power is this within man which liberates him from his conditions ? You call it imagination

(2) By
Imagination.

—we accept the word ; and we call that wonderful which some will look upon with contempt. Is it not wonderful ? Imagination you call it. *Yes, but how do the images come there ?* We remind you of our definition of knowledge, that "*it is the image of the thing known in the understanding of him who knows.*" History, and Geography, and Poetry, do what they will with us ; we fight and shout with Achilles in the trenches ; we are in Venice with Shylock ; we hear Portia plead ; we hear the imprecation of the octogenarian Doge ; we are with Macbeth in the wild old castle that night, when " the crow hied his way to the dusky wood ; " nay, it is not difficult to behold where Satan sits in Pandemonium, or stands in the sun. We can pitch our tent in the lonely

(3) By
Knowledge.

The imagination is the
Consciousness.

heights of the Himalaya, in passes where the sun PROLOGUE.
has never shone; or in the lonely Balkan range.
We can wind our way down the Danube. We can
pass through the Red Sea with the Host of Israel.
We are with Nehemiah by torchlight surveying
the ruins of Jerusalem. We walk the streets of
Oxford, hurrying along breathless to see the old
man Latimer brought out in his shroud to the
stake. We stand and shout 'God save the
Queen,' as the old sheriff sets up the standard of
Her Grace, and proclaims the cry of the nation
against the Armada. Well has a friendly poet
said,

" Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers,
The common growth of mother Earth
Suffices me; her joy and mirth—
Her humblest mirth and tears.

Wordsworth,
'Peter Bell.'

I know the secrets of a land,
Where human foot did never stray;
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool, though in the depth it lies
Of burning Africa.

Or we'll into the realms of Fairy,
Among the lovely shapes of things,—
And shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams and bowers of ladies fair,—
The shades of palaces and kings.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower:
If I along the lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power."

- PROLOGUE. 11. We can make out something then in our cave —we have found the Aladdin lamp. The foliage, or the fold, has been removed from our diaphanous environment; it is not all blackness; *intelligence has reached us*, something has been clearly imprinted on our minds. The lamented Dr. George Wilson, in his paper in Macmillan's, the last, we believe, he ever wrote, mentions an affecting circumstance in the history of a celebrated astronomer, resident in Ireland, who was in the habit of using a fine reflecting telescope. On one occasion he neglected to put the cap over the mouth, or object glass, of the instrument, so that the light was free to enter the tube, and fall on the polished metal reflector. He was taken ill that day, and in the end died. For weeks, for months after his death, his study remained locked, as he had left it on the first day of his illness.
- Anecdote. All this time there stood the telescope, with its eye pointed to a distant church with its spire. Every day the sun peeped in, and the moon and the stars offered their services. No other work was asked of them, so they drew the church-spire and the landscape on the mirror of the telescope as they made their rounds. At last the observatory was opened, and the telescope was taken down, and behold upon its mirror a permanent picture of the church-spire, and the objects around it; the mirror had tarnished and rusted, but the
- A Parable in a Telescope.

light determined where the rusting should occur, PROLOGUE.

and where the metal should remain bright, and it employed the rust to furnish the shadows. So like the image on the object-glass, *light*, and *life*, and *time* write indelibly on the soul of the man in Plato's cave; when death takes down the observatory and the telescopic eye, so will the image be found durable on the sentient object-glass of the soul. In that most suggestive book, "The Physical Theory of Another Life," the author Isaac Taylor. says :—" Might not the human memory be compared to a field of sepulture, thickly stocked The Graveyard of the Memory. with the remains of many generations; but of all these thousands whose dust heaves the surface, a few only are saved from immediate oblivion upon tablets and urns; while the many are at present utterly lost to knowledge. Nevertheless, each of the dead has left in that soil an imperishable germ; and all, without distinction, shall another day start up, and claim their dues." *Mind is memory — memory is identity — consciousness — the unity and consent of all the faculties of the being.*

12. It is not so to the man who sits in the cave, and to whom all the work of nature and of life only suggests the thought, if it may be called the thought, of the infinite wizardry around him. A Anecdote of an Arab Chief. wild Arab chief stood by a photographer, near Cairo, while he was taking the impression of the

PROLOGUE. great Sphinx. When, in the faint light, the glass was taken unchanged from the camera, and, as it seemed, only submitted to a simple baptism, and then as feature after feature came out, until at last there lay all the mysterious sculpture, the Arab chief turned to another by his side, and pointing to the photographer, exclaimed, '*he is the eldest son of Satan.*'

Related by
Geo. Wilson.

Immured in ignorance, locked up in the cell of sensuality, the poor inhabitant of the cave, even if he hears, knows not what to make of the echoes, and if he sees, knows not what to make of the phantoms which cross his vision there.

A friend of ours went to preach in a lone farmhouse in one of the backwood settlements of England. Invited to preach by the farmer, he found when he got there that it was a case of preaching the Gospel from envy and strife, originating in a quarrel with the rector, on the score of tithes, rather than any love to the truth. He had to sleep in the house, and he thought he would employ some time in attempting to benefit his host. He found a Bible in the house but nobody able to read it. He asked his host if he knew the Lord's prayer. 'Oh yes,' said he, and he began, 'In the day wherein I was made, my god-father—' Our friend said 'Not so,' and tried to explain a difference between a prayer and a catechism. This only produced the beginning of

Illustration
of an Abortive
Mind.

the Creed, 'I believe—.' At last our friend PROLOGUE.
began at the beginning of things, he said, 'You *must* have some idea of God—who made the fields; the hedges?' 'I made 'em mysen,' said the stolid man in the cave. All the ideas were mixed and confused in the man's soul. Our friend said, 'You've been to church; you've heard of the Bible, who made *it*?' 'Why him as made the almanac!' said the farmer.—This is the man conceived by Plato; stolid, chained neck and foot; we will not glorify ourselves, but we will pity that mind. *For man, as we have seen by some remarks already made, has an inner consciousness; he in whom this is unawakened is not yet a man.* The consciousness of hunger and thirst; the consciousness of night and day; the consciousness of weariness and pain; these are not the things which make a man, they only make a 'Peter Bell,' who is the man in the cave.

See Page 60.

13. But we are disposed to indulge in another portrait, for the man of callous and lost sensibility is not the only one to whom life is as the immuring wall of a cave; it is also true that that which is best in us very frequently enslaves us to that which is also worst in us. The senses are a Divine gift to man, but they have often been excited until they have become the very means of rivetting his chain, and more completely compelling him to the desolation of his cave. The cell of the lunatic has

PROLOGUE. frequently been peopled by visions strange and gorgeous as any beheld by the healthy eye of the pilgrim of Nature. And there are states of the senses which impose upon the spirit the conditions of lunacy—when men surrender themselves to their conditions—and elevate sensation to the rank of the will, and glorify infirmity to the rank of a sovereign—and place in the grasp of that which is most inferior in us—the sceptre even of the tyrant. The Poet, immortal for such dissection and description, we often quote, has painted such a character—it is the character, not merely of the coarse sensationalist, but of the men who have made the senses their despots—in Art, in Poetry, in Philosophy—such men as the self-torturing sophist, Rousseau, and Byron, the child of passion, and frenzy, and imagination, and bitterness.

‘Ruth.’
Cruelty and
Beauty.

He was a lovely youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he.
And when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Suborning
the Soul to
the Sense.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of the tropic sky,
Might well be *dangerous food*
For him, *a youth to him was given*
So much of earth so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in these climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound,
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse,—seemed allied
To his own powers—and justified
The workings of his heart.

PROLOGUE.

Light leading
astray.

Nor less to *feed voluptuous thought*,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ;
The breezes their own languor lent ;
The stars had feelings which they sent
Into those favoured bowers.

Beauty
conquered
by Passion.

Yet in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent ;
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law,
Nor better life was known.
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

Vice is
unrestrained
Nature.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires ;
A man who, without self-control,
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

This is a
Lost Soul.

Thus man turns in an ignoble manner his cave,
his dungeon into a palace of sensation, and
depraves his consciousness and his being.

14. Plato speaks of the phantoms of the cave

22 *The Double Consciousness—Resolve it.*

PROLOGUE. beheld by the dwellers there as real, and as their only conceptions of reality. Lord Bacon speaks of the idols of the den. In our own day there is no want of such; the poor man in the cave is haunted by phantoms. Awakened as we have seen, and attempting to realize his better being, we cannot be surprised that an involved scenery gathers round the awakening intelligence of the man; he is haunted by *the phantoms of a double consciousness; the shadows of a sensuous and a moral consciousness flit perpetually before his being*; he is perpetually moved by *visions which seem to contradict*, even seek to thwart, each other; the actual and the ideal, the practical and the prophetic, are constantly interpreting, or apparently so, the scenery of the cave differently. Within the cave goes on the whole of the debate between *those two apparently hostile spirits of the cave—the reason and the faith*. Woe be to the man who puts them against each other in hostile encounter. We do great and serious wrong to our nature when we represent these two as opposite to each other, for it is only by both that man can ever escape from the cave. Reason is only the hand of faith, as faith is ever the eye of reason; it is ever a sad thing when the man beholds these as effigies on the wall, rather than strives to make them the actualities of his being.

15. *The things of the mind are explained by*

resolute looking. Resolute lookers into these things have seen more, and have solved much, looking clearly, quietly, and persistently: but many who have slightly glanced within *the haunted mind or consciousness* start away in terror. Our old nurse used to tell us of a wonderful young lady, gifted we should say, with great presence of mind, who, standing and combing out her hair at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, before her glass, saw a closet-door behind her open, and a strange head appear where no head should be. She neither screamed nor fled, but continued combing her hair, then quietly advanced towards the door, locked it, and so at last aided in catching a robber. And we have heard of a picture, the eyes of which marvellously enough seemed to move, and when the brave heroine looked behind she found there a tricky chamber-maid playing the ghost. Our mind is a haunted chamber or cave, and those who have the courage to be perplexed by the phantoms which glide through it, should have the courage also to step into the closet of the soul, and track the ghosts to their abode. *We know little beside the pictures of things, and pictures of things frighten us.* Wonderful are the secrets of the cave; great is the power of the phantom-band over us. And we have heard of persons who have recoiled back, strangely alarmed and affrighted at

PROLOGUE.

Hunt out
the Ghosts.

PROLOGUE. the sudden gleams of a terrible, but unrealized and undisciplined being. One of the most famous mistresses of modern fiction, after spending an evening with a gentleman we are privileged to call a friend, sent for him the next day alarmed. "You have shown me things" she said, "within me, which I never saw before. I fear I cannot manage them. Come to me and tell me more. You have told me so much, I tremble at myself."

16. We feel that our power, and our conquest, and our sympathy, is in the very haunted chamber within us. Who has not stepped into a camera—up the flight of steps—into *the dark chamber*, there just one insignificant little crevice, and now see in all its colour and its beauty, and its life and loveliness is the picture of the world without. *How does it get in here? We have all some such chambers.* In them the dead never die, or if they die they come to life again. How vividly the bands of the past throng and pass before us. What is that imaging power? We have stepped into that inner secret place, and heard a breathing softer than our own, and trembled lest our own should stir it to departure. At will we can step into the old room and see the beloved face—the ancient crimped cap we knew so well in our boyhood—the bright Christmas evening—the old schoolroom at the hush of the evening hour—the dead master—and the rimy trees in the park

The Dark
Chamber.

—and the hearth flames—and the red curtains of PROLOGUE.
the first home. Ghosts!—Cannot we raise them?
The imagining power within us is strong to people
our cave with them, even by the thousand in an
hour. We often feel, after we have visited our
Plato's cave, that we have made a thousandfold
more sure to us, in vivid impressions of these
things, the assured duration of our own being.
Nor do we know *how much we are indebted for
all power and for all hope, to our ability to visit
the Wells of Recollection.*

17. For in the wilderness of life there is a lone
fountain; few discover it. The Arab and the
Bedouin on their wild steeds pass perhaps within
hail of it, but may never turn aside to slake their
thirst at it. Around it stretches the desert, the hot
and burning sands—the redhot copper sky; the
fiery and passionate sun; no flower seems to spring
on the sandy margin,—no palms or almond trees;
and only around it play fitful mirages, and fata-
morgana. And yet the fountain is there; and
there are those who have drank of it, and do drink
of it—a perpetual welling and flowing spring;
and those who can leave the horse and the harness
of life behind, find their way to its waves. *It is
the fountain of re-collection, the true fountain of
life and being.* To drink of its waters is to live
indeed.

Something of what all highest life is, we may AnApologue

PROLOGUE. know, even in the little parable of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Have we not all heard of Dr. Heydigger's experiment? Dr. Heydigger was a quaint antiquary; a little tanned leathern automaton of a man—withal an old bachelor—he lived amidst queer old vellum-bound and brazen-clasped books, and skeletons of men of every race, and of strange birds and beasts, and plants, and gums; and once he invited a few old friends to see him, 'for,' said he, 'I am about to make an experiment, and I should like you to be the witnesses of it.' What could it be? Was he about to make a skeleton speak, or a mammoth's bones dance? So, after tea, to which he had invited the widow Wycherly, and the grave, old gouty Colonel Chesterton, and the somewhat foppish, although faded, old Mr. Westerby,—“You have heard,” said he, “of the fountain of youth?”—they had all heard of the fountain of youth. “Now” said he, “this vase is filled with the water of the fountain of youth. Look” said he, “upon this rose; it was given to me by Silvia Weston the night before we were to have been married—fever seized her, she died the next day. I have kept it ever since. Poor rose!—how faded it is! but look, I dip it into these waters of this vase, and lo!—” and indeed the rose bloomed out as if it had been only that instant gathered. “You have heard of the marvellous effects of the fountain of youth; well,” said the

doctor, "drink, and be young again." They PROLOGUE.
drank, and they felt the waters like wine flowing
through their veins, and they all travelled back to
the days they had known of old—alas ! not wisely,
for the simulation of youthful airs and manners
it must be admitted, does not sit so well on aged
forms. The old lady became a coquette ; some
ill-natured people have said, that ladies never
have to become coquettes ; one of the gentlemen
became again a sturdy soldier, and another an
active speculator, till Dr. Heydigger's rose lost
its dewy moisture, and he took it, and placed it
again in its old accustomed place, and all was
over.

18. *We are all young again when we do anything*
which can be called great or good. We drink of
the fountain of recollection, and our youth is
restored to us ; it is re-collected being when the
bright and vividly-coloured conception mounts
into the imagination—when the glowing impulse
fires the spirit with high, and generous, and noble
thought. And indeed, it is no honour to be old ;
it is the crown and glory of our life to preserve
the identity of its being—to live over its first and
best impressions. All our best things are re-
collected youth—best paintings, best words, best
deeds, are only the ingenuity and igenuousness
of childhood shining through the adamant and
diamond of age. It is the aim of genius to dis-

The Warrant
of the Soul
is its Exist-
ence—its
Identity of
Conscious-
ness.

PROLOGUE. imprison the nature. When a man suspects us of evil, when we only are conscious of integrity, we say, poor man, he has forgotten to be young ; he thinks all life has shrivelled and corrupted down into the sordid clay of life. We have often felt our highest development will only be perfected recollection, and our immortality, the return of wearied feet and wearied wings, to drink of the immortal fountain of the first youthhood of our race, in a clime where no serpent can coil, and no temptation dishallow, and no tear mingle with the waves of the fountain.

19. Certainly one cannot but say, how great was the wisdom of these ancient men, and of them all not one was wiser than this illustrious Plato ; but even he saw man better in his degradation and in his cave than in his elevation and in his glory. There some things in this very book, "The Republic," which may merit the denunciation of Paul—"Confessing themselves wise, they became fools"—while in his review, and reference to the golden age, he concludes by saying, "These things we must omit until a fair interpreter comes." Well ! may we not say that the fit interpreter has come ? Has not He appeared who is the light of the world, and has He not appeared for the very purpose of conducting man from the darkness of his natural cave ? Exact, indeed, is the harmony of view between Plato's estimate of human nature

and the New Testament estimate of him. But in Plato, there was no bright exhilarating truth to stream through the cave—no sacred, hallowed, Divine Liberator appeared to pierce the gloom, to break the chain, to chase the phantoms—to proclaim to the man in the cave his freedom. What was to be effected, was to be effected by the cold processes of logic, and gymnastics, and law. Before all things, it is ours to proclaim the entrance of the Prince of Light into the cave, to destroy its fetters and its darkness. Christ gives a new consciousness, and so creates a new character.

20. This great truth gives body and life to every other truth. For without this, what is any literature? And without this what does the study of science become?—a veil between the faces of man and God.

21. Dr. Bushnell, a very helpful writer, speaks of nature as we know it, as a pebble lying on the beach with the great ocean of eternity before it—
Nature a Pebble on the Beach of Eternity.
it is a very subordinate part of that universal and Divine system. The pebble would be very conceited to think that it contained within itself the all in all; and yet our talk is frequently no wiser than this—‘We limit the Holy One of Israel.’ Christ came to reach the pebble, chafing on the shores of being, to put within it new life, and a holy, hallowed, and hallowing consciousness. He says:—

PROLOGUE. This is, in fact, the grand all conditioning truth of Christianity itself. That man has no ability in himself, and by merely acting in himself, to become right and perfect; and hence, without some extension to him from without and above, some approach and ministration that is supernatural, he can never become what his own ideas require.

—
 'Nature and
 the Super-
 natural,' by
 Horace
 Bushnell.

22. *It is true, God loves character.* And He has divided the universe into powers and things—or persons and things. Certainly *the whole work of God is to transform the human being from a thing into a power, or a person; to make that living and loving which was dead, and therefore beingless.*

—
 'The Province of
 Reason,' by
 Dr. John
 Young.

23. There is another book well-calculated to assist the awakening the man in the cave. Dr. Young's noble book is full of fine, healthy, bracing thoughts, it is not too much to say we know not where we could find so fine an entrance into the temple of the human soul. He says in a passage of nervous and most animating eloquence:—

Read Within. "Read—within!" is the audible command of his own mind, to every human being—"Read—*within!*" *Go down to the deep place of human intuitions, which own no earthly fountain! Search, Look, Gaze, Try to detect and decipher the mysterious writing on the primitive tablets of the soul, which no created hand has traced! Listen, also! in that profoundest, sacredest adytum—away from all outer sounds, which derange and dull the organ of hearing, wait for the faintest whisperings of the holy oracle! Look and Listen, Wait and Gaze long, patiently, painfully! The oracle will utter itself, the hidden, holy writing will shine out, and some Divine letters, words, sentences will become legible to*

the eye! Nor can this do other than prompt and help the study, not less, but more eager, and humble, and reverent, of the pages of the outward inspiration. *That*, like another mystic Shekinah, will illumine the deep adytum and suffuse it with a Diviner glory. But whether in the first, more dim, mysterious light, or in the later, brighter effulgence, Reason is the eye of the soul, which Faith submissively and joyously follows. What the one describes, the other accepts. The two are one; at least a harmony, if not a unity.

Calm, eager, piercing is the gaze of Reason. It is the eye of profound, abstracted contemplation, now turned downward to the deepest depths of the being and again lifted upward to the sphere of the Eternal, that it may find what is written in the one, interpreted and confirmed by the other. There are select moments in the mental history, sacred to the higher reason, when it is not so much *exerted* by us, as visited, independently of effort on our part, with wondrous illumination. It is not an elaborative, but a purely receptive, at the most, a contemplative faculty. There are select moments when its receptive power and the positive impartations made to it, and the openings into the unknown, through which it may gaze, all are extraordinary. It may be with the Volume of Inspiration before us, and its holy teachings lifting up our minds—it may be, in the secret chamber, when we are upon our knees, before the “All-seeing”—it may be, in the silence and outspread darkness of midnight—alone, far from human fellowship! The eye of reason sweeps the horizon all around, and the whole expanse of the concave overhead. Like as some absorbed worshipper of science, in his solitary tower of observation, while all the world is asleep, directs his telescope, now to one quarter of the heavens and again to another; the eye of the spiritual seer, the spiritual seeker, gazes forth and upward. Thus it may have gazed, often and long, but in vain. At length, the moment comes when a single, brilliant, glittering, spark point, like a precious star, a solitary jewel on the brow of night, is descried. Perhaps another glints out, and perhaps even another still. It is rapture, worth all the gazing, and waiting, and watching, and disappointment, and frequent sickness of heart!

Wait on! Brave soul—seeker after imperishable eternal Wait on.

PROLOGUE. *truth, Light is worth waiting for. It shall spring up. More and yet more shall break forth, to the upward, eager eye. But the realm of the darkness is vast, the points of light are few. We anticipate, we long for another state of being. Shall there ever be to us an atmosphere without clouds, a day to which there is no night? "In Thy Light"—"Thou Eternal Fount"—we shall see Light!"*

24. And thus if we find that man is in the dungeon of his being, we find that his detention there is voluntary; that God Himself has put in his hand a key by which he may escape from the chain; and it is by the new consciousness which Christ gives that we learn how God is not only governing but redeeming the world. "*The Reason of all things is that man must be redeemed.*" A writer already quoted, in a dialogue with his reader, says:—

James
Hinton.

'Man and
his Dwelling
Place.'

'*Reader.* 'Tis time there came some change in our present thoughts. The world is tired of its endless round. Who is content?

'*Writer.* I do not know. There are many who try to make themselves content, who think it a religious duty. But who will fairly look upon the world and say: I *am* content?

'*R.* I would not be the man. Unless, indeed, it is true that God is redeeming man, and that all this history is the destroying of the death within him. If I could believe that I should be happy.

'*W.* You would be. You could not help it. The power of an overwhelming joy would carry you along, compelling you to throw all your heart and soul into God's work. It would save you to believe; to believe in Christ, THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT IS SELF-FORMATION?

1. BEFORE all things, let us clearly understand CHAP. 1.
what we mean by words:—*what is Self-Forma-*
tion? While I write in my quiet village, I am
within sound of the hammer on the anvil of
my neighbour, the blacksmith. How rapidly
the hammer descends, how swiftly fly the sparks!
I feel that my arm would be very powerless
there, that it would be very hard work indeed to
make a horseshoe, and that the horseshoe would
be very badly shaped when made: and yonder,
from my study-window, I am looking at my old
neighbour Watson, the gardener, and feel quite
ashamed to confess the difference between his
method of handling the spade and mine: but then,
I suspect that if my neighbours were set down
with me on the road to walk for thirty or thirty-

—
Self-
Formation
is Self-
Education.

CHAP. 1. five miles, I should soon distance them, and while
 — I should possibly be fresh at the thirtieth, the probability is that I should leave them exhausted at the twelfth. What makes this difference between men—this muscular difference—is it not education? the arm is better educated than the leg, or the leg is better educated than the arm.

Education is
 the Cultiva-
 tion of
 Power.

Education is the cultivation of power; upon this hint we may speak out upon the whole of life: the difference between men and men is, for the most part, a difference of education; the mind and the body are the residence of strong faculties, which exist in many uneducated, and therefore undeveloped. The strength of the body and the powers of the mind depend as much upon pupilage and training for their success, as the curvetting of the steed on the command of the rider. Education cannot be said to create Faculties:—but without education those faculties slumber uselessly and become paralyzed; or, if developed, they exist so untrained and uncurbed that they rather complete the confusion of their possessor than add at all to his benefit or to his well-being.

Man is
 trained by
 Trial.

2. *Discipline, Trial, and Endeavour are all parts of Education*; and man, and the world in which he abides, is constructed evidently upon the design of development by these agents. Man is not created to be passive to the influences around him, he is trained by resistance. Altogether another

world would have been needed for a passive character, or if not another world, how different would be the class of feelings and of powers which have fitted man for the present. How helplessly he lies upon the kind maternal bosom! Who, by the strongest flight of the imagination, could ever identify that poor little weakling with the mighty controller of armies and senates? who could fancy in him the forest-render, the sea king, and the iron conqueror? how long is the period during which he demands the utmost extension of the parental guardianship? In childhood and in manhood he is destitute of all those tools, and instruments, for the purpose of supplying the necessities of life; and of those weapons for depredation, or for attack or defence with which other animals are endowed. Yet there is a difference, and in the difference resides the source of his power: but for the difference he would be of course the most helpless creature in the world; he would be the prey to every other; but as it is, he is the undisputed monarch and lord of the creation of this visible world; every kingdom of nature yields up to him its product as his lawful spoil; sea, air, land, the distant desert, the wild and all but impenetrable forest, the depths of the ocean, all are placed beneath the sceptre of his authority; and the animate and the inanimate are alike made to pay tribute to his lordship. Man, too, in-

CHAP. 1. ferior in skill and in education, is made to pay tribute to his superior; and *the lower Mind becomes the beast of burden to the higher*; all the arrangements of society, all the apportionments of our planet prove that not only Mind is the supreme and reigning power, but that Mind skilled, trained, and educated must ever have dominion over Mind unskilled and rude.

—
Inferior
minds sub-
ject to the
superior.

We are here
only to learn.

3. Thus, then, we may say, the great object of man's residence here is to be educated.

Byron.

“ And if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond the sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,”

who does not see that this life must have a relation to that? Our intellectual position in the next world must be determined greatly by our position in this. Death may—or rather immortality may—intensify our powers, but relatively to other powers they will be left precisely in the same position. Our whole life is an education,—we are “ever learning,” every moment of time, everywhere, under all circumstances something is being added to the stock of our previous attainments. Mind is always at work when once its operations commence. All men are learners, whatever their occupation, in the palace, in the cottage, in the park, and the field. These are the laws stamped upon Humanity—Progress, Advancement, Growth, Activity. COLERIDGE has

Coleridge.

well said there is no standing still with Mind: CHAP. 1.

“if a man is not rising upwards to be an angel,
he is going downwards to be a devil.” Progress
is not necessarily progress in or towards good-
ness; but the conditions of development lie
around us. Everything intimates to us that we
are at school, and it is not possible to be at
school without occasionally having lessons, very
severe, very hard to learn. Discipline is by its
very nature severe, yet is there no power in man
without its necessity: and there is no power,
therefore, which the arrangements of society or
the arrangements of Nature do not tend to call
into play and activity. Nothing in Mind should
be allowed to run wildly to action; our physical
energies, our propensities, our intellectualizations,
our sentiments, all should be put into harness, all
should be made to bear the yoke.

4. Thus we begin to see something of the nature
of education; *but then, again, all education must be*
Self-Education;* feeding the body, or feeding the

All Educa-
tion must be
Self-
Education.

* Most admirably says THOMAS CARLYLE: “But what,
after all, is meant by *uneducated*, in a time when books have
come into the world, come to be household furniture in
every habitation of the civilized world? In the poorest
cottage are books—is one Book, wherein for several thousands
of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment,
and an interpreting response to whatever is deepest in him,
—wherein still, to this day, for the eye that will look well,
the mystery of existence reflects itself, if not resolved, yet
revealed, and prophetically emblemed; if not to the satisfy-

CHAP. 1. mind are alike pieces of workmanship that no one can do for us ; all the education that has ever been in the world has been the result of *self-determination, self-training, and self-reliance*. Many persons are accustomed to think that if they were only born in circumstances where books were plentiful and philosophical instruments abounded ; where

Self-determination, self-training, and self-reliance.

ing of the outward sense, yet to the opening of the inward sense, which is the far grander result. 'In books lie the creative Phoenix ashes of the whole past.' All that men have devised, discovered, done, felt, or imagined, lies recorded in books wherein whoso has learned the art of spelling printed letters may find it and appropriate it. Nay, what indeed is all this? *As if it were by universities, and libraries, and lecture-rooms, that man's education, what we can call education, were accomplished ; solely or mainly by instilling the dead letter and record of other men's force that the living force of a new man were to be awakened, enkindled, and purified into victorious clearness ! Foolish pedant that sittest there compassionately descanting on the learning of Shakspeare ! Shakspeare had penetrated into innumerable things ; far into nature with her divine splendours and infernal terrors, her Ariel melodies and mystic mandragora moans ; far into man's workings with nature, into man's art and artifice ; Shakspeare knew innumerable things, —what men are, and what the world is, and how and what men aim at there, from the Dame Quickly of modern Eastcheap to the Cæsar of ancient Rome, over many countries and many centuries ; of all this he had the clearest understanding and constructive comprehension ; all this was his learning and insight ; what now is thine ? Insight into none of those things ; perhaps, strictly considered, into no thing whatever ; solely into thy own sheep-skin diplomas, fat academic honours, into vocables, and alphabetic letters, and but a little way into these ! The grand result of schooling is a mind with just vision to discern, with free force to do : the grand schoolmaster is practice."*

they only had to put on the head a sort of Fortu-
natus Cap, and, by wishing for anything, find it in
their possession, they would then, they imagine,
be highly educated persons ; as if knowledge could
ever be obtained without labour ; as if, by a sort
of magic, books could be read, and their contents
remembered and generalized ; as if all the colleges
and universities in the world could ever be of any
use to the development of mind, without patience
and enduring perseverance, and intelligence.
Some time since, the writer was walking through
the library of a man who has made himself
celebrated in many large circles throughout
England by his power in wielding alike the
tongue and the pen, and the accomplishments
of whose scholarship were more than equal to his
more talked-of celebrities. Now, there was with
us one of the pretending ones, who had a notion
that only tools were necessary in order that work
might be done ; and when he looked round the
library, he said, " Ah, it's no wonder that you
write and speak so well, with all these books ; "
but they both had the same opportunity of
acquiring a library, or rather, the wondering
spectator had a better opportunity than the
other, who sprang from poverty, not only to
acquire a library, but to shed a light through
many parts of England, and a very considerable
portion of America.

—
Circumstan-
ces make
Things.

Souls make
Personalities.

CHAP. 1.

Which
makes the
Man—The
Tool or the
Hand?

5. TOOLS, AND NO TOOLS, how much may be said upon this topic in the way of education!

We again repeat it, that many are foolish enough to suppose that tools alone are necessary to make a workman; that the possession of a good library and philosophical instruments alone will make the erudite and the philosophic mind.—Ridiculous! Does the possession of the organ make the organist, or the hammer the blacksmith, or the plane and handsaw the carpenter? There is no royal road to knowledge; *time, patience, and energy—these consecrate the tools, and give efficiency and purpose to them.* Some workmen labour without tools, they fashion their own; they have no money to buy, the busy brain therefore is taxed to invent.

Memory furnishes us with another illustration pertinent to our present purpose. One fine day, the writer was walking through one of the lovely valleys of the North of England; he had promised to call upon three several persons, all strangers to him: the first was a young man, of some twenty-five years of age, of wealth which might be truly said to be immense; his mansion was large, his gardens costly: and after looking over the latter, the writer was taken into some parts of the former. There was a laboratory, but all unused for the purposes of labour; a variety of philosophical tools were

placed all around—a magnificent telescope—a microscope of great power—a little model steam-engine—a daguerreotypic machine—a fine electric battery; with all these our friend was wholly unacquainted: he knew not how to use them; he never performed the slightest experiments with them: they seem to have found their way there wholly by chance. We stepped from the laboratory into the study or library (places are frequently strangely misnomered), it was a noble collection of books; two thousand volumes, perhaps; many of them very expensive. Desirous of sounding his host, the writer turned volume after volume, all were uncut, uncut, uncut; at last, one better fated than the rest turned up, “Ranke’s History of the Popes,” first volume partially cut. “How do you like this?” “Oh, that? Ah! Yes! Why, my sister’s reading it. I’ve not read it *yet*, myself.” Thus, in the laboratory there was not an instrument the usage of which the owner fairly comprehended; or, in the study, a book which the owner had read. Here were the tools, abundant enough; but *the tools came before necessity called for them, and therefore they were useless*. From the mansion on the side of the hill, another visit was paid to a small cottage in the depths of the valley, a mile or two away from the mansion. The owner here could purchase very few of the tools of

CHAP. 1.
—

CHAP. 1. knowledge, but he was an enthusiastic lover of
— knowledge and therefore he made his own tools. His earnings were under one pound a week, and the cottage was very small, with only its two or three rooms; but it excited more veneration than the costly and well-furnished mansion: everything was scrupulously neat, and all around the little parlour were arranged beautiful pieces of bird-stuffing, boxes and drawers too, (made by the same hands that stuffed the birds, the hands of the owner of the cottage), filled with all varieties of insect and leaf, rock and shell. The laboratory and the study of our friend in this cottage had been Nature's wide and ample domain; he had scaled the summit of the highest hill, again and again; he had penetrated to the depths of the lowest ghyll: every dingle, every forest path, every meadow walk, had been the scene of communings with Nature. Twinkling streams, that flashed and rippled along the worn stones; the waving branches of old trees; quiet solitudes seldom trodden by human feet; these were the various chambers of the same great study, the various pages covered with the same handwriting. Taking down the Catalogue of the Botanical Society of London, with a pride which was truly beautiful, because the legitimate child of Self-respect and Industry, he showed his name, given and appended to some rare variety

of herb or plant he had discovered. This man had little book-knowledge, but he had a kind of knowledge, out of which the most valuable books are made; a knowledge which can never be acquired by books alone, because the result of observation, reflection, and experiment; *and all this without tools.* What a proof of mental independence! What an illustration of the power of mind to conquer difficulties, and make the difficulties, indeed, tributary to its resources and its energies. Yet another visit was paid that afternoon, to another labourer for a few shillings a week; and, although he was not an illustrious example, like the last he also attested to the principle we are elucidating. He, poor glorious labourer, was a sober bookman. Pleasant little cottage it was, there, down there, quite visible to the eye, so clean, so neat; and its small book-case so well filled with books! so well chosen. After a long and weary walk there, a regaling cup of tea was the reward; and what a talk we had! while the good wife wondered to hear her husband so learned, as the witty things of Butler, and Swift, and Shakspeare, and the wise things of Milton, and Foster, and Brown, and the folly of old Sancho, and the mirthfulness of hearty Sir Walter were bandied about between us.

6. *But knowledge and education find one of*

CHAP. 1. *their most valuable ends in the furnishing of other and better tools to man.* This is the meaning of the so-often quoted phrase, "Knowledge is power." It is power principally, because it teaches us to economize our strength. Ever since man commenced the travels of his ingenuity, he has bent his energies to the compelling of others, or other things to work for him; as the negro laughably but truly said of the Englishman, so may we say of the whole race, "Him catch horse, make *him* work; catch iron, make *him* work; catch smoke, make *him* work; catch negro, make *him* work." Every advance in civilization beholds man making the water, the wind, the metals, and the beasts of the field, all alike obedient to him. This is the product of knowledge—knowledge of causes and their effects. Not a tool is used in labour but it results from this, and proclaims loudly that knowledge is power. What are the chisels of the sculptor, the lasts of the shoemaker, the instruments of the surgeon, the needles of the tailor, the pencils of the artist? Man, it must be remembered, is a learner, and a learner from Nature.

Dr. Whewell. 7. "Man," says Dr. WHEWELL, "can construct exquisite machines; can call in vast powers; can form extensive combinations, in order to bring about results which he has in view: but in all this he is only taking advantage of the laws of

Nature which already exist; he is applying to his use qualities which Matter already possesses: nor can he by any effort do more. He can establish no new law of Nature, which is not the result of the existing ones; he can invest Matter with no new properties which are not modifications of its present attributes. His greatest advances in skill and power are when he calls to his aid forces which before existed unemployed, or when he discovers so much of the habits of some of the elements as to be able to bend them to his purpose. He navigates the ocean by the assistance of the winds, which he cannot raise or still; and even if we suppose him able to control the forces of these, his yet unsubjugated ministers, this could only be done by studying their characters—by learning more thoroughly the laws of air, of heat, of moisture. He cannot give the minutest portion of the atmosphere new relations, a new course of expansion, new laws of motion.”

CHAP. 1.

8. Thus we find ourselves everywhere bound in; everywhere we are fenced round by laws beyond which we cannot pass; everywhere an iron necessity exclaims to us “Thus far—no farther;” but *by watching Nature we do obtain dominion over Nature*; and thus every accession man makes to his knowledge enlarges his power; for knowledge is property, and property is power. Ideas, when they come to the mind, enrich it; and far more

Nature
Applied.

- CHAP. 1. — good is done for a man when you have imparted to him knowledge and ideas, than when you have given to him gold, although few people, perhaps, would be able to reason thus. In fact, wherever we look through the world, we behold some illustrious instances, proving that KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. Man, knowing by observation the method of Nature, has contrived and designed, and in many instances apparently defeated her original intentions from the doings of Knowledge. England and many parts of the world are covered with magnificent marvels, to which all the wildest flights of man's fancy are but the ravings of delirium. At the moment that I write, a considerable portion of the land, very much submerged beneath the water in the eastern parts of England, is being brought under cultivation; and very soon may another county be added to the Queen's dominions. We walk beneath the beds of rivers; we are borne along with certain and almost inconceivable rapidity upon the waves of the ocean; the whole kingdom, too, is made to wear the appearance of a garden, or a manufactory; the most worthless things, apparently, have been seized by Industry and Science, and made available for useful purposes. Light and Lightning have both been pounced upon by Mind; and Magnetism, if the last, is yet coming in now to aid the cause of human development still more—

Following
the Method
of Nature.

the last, but the most wonderful chapter of human attainment. The most striking characteristic of the knowledge of the present age is its practical tendency. Perhaps we are not so much superior to the ancients in skill, but in the application of new agents. It is computed that the cost to Egypt of the great pyramid of Gizeh was the labour of 200,000 men for twenty years. Some twenty years ago a calculation was made in England that the steam-engines then working would do the same work in twenty-four hours. The broad Atlantic is already shrunk into a streamlet by the pressure of steam. The news of the taking of Beyrout travelled 5000 miles in twenty-three days, and Time and Space seem at last on the verge of annihilation.

Building the
Pyramids.

9. The benefits of knowledge have been classified by Sir JOHN HERSCHELL* under the following heads:—

Sir John
Herschell.

a. In showing us how to avoid attempting impossibilities.

Four
Advantages
of Know-
ledge.

b. In securing us from important mistakes; in attempting what is itself possible, by means either inadequate or actually opposed to the end in view.

c. In enabling us to accomplish our ends in

* See his invaluable Introduction to Natural Philosophy, a book which may be read, and read, and read again, and then again.

48 *Four Advantages of Knowledge.*

CHAP. 1. the easiest, shortest, most economical, and most effectual manner.

d. In inducing us to attempt, and enabling us to accomplish, objects which, but for such knowledge, we should never have thought of undertaking.

The Mistakes
of Ignorance.

These four advantages of knowledge may be frequently pondered, and the illustrations which may be cited to give effect and cogency to the classification. The history of mining operations is full of illustrations of the fruitless attempts to obtain coal from spots in which it would have been an utter impossibility, and the most trifling knowledge of geology would have instantly determined it; and how numerous have been the casualties from mistakes made by the ignorant, for instance, from the ignorance of the nature of the gases, especially of carbonic acid gas or fixed air; ignorance of the first principles of Mechanics, and the properties of falling bodies; ignorance of Optics and of Electricity: all of these are connected with the events of daily life. Circumstances have frequently occurred in which ignorance has been fatal, and such circumstances may frequently occur; it is therefore the duty of all to avail themselves of the lesson by which their own lives may be preserved, or by which they may be enabled to preserve the lives of others.

10. But we are greatly forgetting, that this is an inquiry into the nature of self-formation. I greatly admire Dr. "Subsecivæ" Brown's classification of the qualifications of a physician; but they are no less qualifications for a minister, for a merchant, for any man who wishes to attain and really to be, they are *Capax—Perspicax—Sagax*, and *Efficax*. *Capax*, that is capacity, room—a roomy soul—room to receive, to arrange. *Perspicax*, that is sense, keenness, perception, instantaneous vision. Then *Sagax*, wisdom, sageness, a central power of knowing the worth of what is seen, and choosing it, and judging it, and, if necessary, rejecting it; and then *Efficax*, that is the essential thing—the will and the way, the power to turn all the other three to account. This gives power and promptitude, that nearness of the nous which is perhaps the sceptre and the coronet of all greatness; in fact, that method and monarchy in the will, which is the majesty of a man.

A roomy soul.

A seeing soul.

A judicial soul.

An acting soul.

Franklin.

DR. FRANKLIN is not a character that claims my highest homage; but in a very eminent degree he had these four. A poor printer's lad, he excelled because he had that *Capax*, *Perspicax*, *Sagax*, and *Efficax*. He was not a fine nature, but he was a very forcible one. If I found a fault with him, I should say he had more muscle than membrane; he was more remarkable for the strength of his grasp and the tenacity of his hold than

CHAP. 1. for the fineness of his touch. I am afraid he was wanting in the finer instincts and intuitions; he believed in what he saw with the eye and gripped with the hand. I submit that is not enough. He advanced on, in the great lessons of the prudence of life by his rare combination of sight and will. He was a fine illustration of self-formation.

11. But from these discursive remarks upon a most self-evident topic, namely, the benefits of knowledge, we return to Self-Education. *Self-made Men, it has often been said, are best-made men.*

WILLIAM COBBETT, who died at the age of seventy-three, is an extraordinary illustration of what may be done in Self-Education. At the age of twenty he ran away from his father who was a farmer; then he enlisted in the army, and was promoted for his good conduct. Then he left the army, and in the United States and in England he became bookseller, publisher, author, and wholesale libeller—he ran a singular career. It has been said he wrote with all the hardihood of a pirate. Eight times he was brought to the bar for libel; yet he was elected to serve in Parliament, and did so from 1832 until his death in 1835. He has been called the most energetic of writers, the foremost of traitors, and the paragon of turn-coats. Cobbett said “that nobody or

thing waited for him. If he was to mount guard at ten, he was ready at ten o'clock. He rose at four A.M., dressed himself even to placing his sword-belt over his shoulder, with his sword on the table before him. He then received the reports of the company as they were handed to him, and had afterwards some hour or so for reading and study before the out-door duty of the day commenced. After he left the army he was accustomed to rise at daylight in summer, and at four A.M. in winter, read or study till eight, when he breakfasted—he then employed himself during the remainder of the day. He rarely took but two meals a-day, and seldom ate any meat after one P.M.

He says, "I learned grammar when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a-day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my book-case, and a bit of board lying in my lap was my writing-table. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation. I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whist-

CHAP. 1. ling, and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men; and that, too, in hours of freedom from all control. And I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome the task, can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?"

12. It is unnecessary to reason with those who have seriously bent their minds to the pursuit of knowledge; and it sometimes appears an equally useless work to reason with those who have reached years of manhood, and have not done so. Self-made men, however, have always had the advantage of difficulties to overcome, and these are great advantages. They have taken for their motto—" *Nil Desperandum*," which has been translated by somebody to mean, "*Never mind, at it again.*" Difficulties vanish before a determined and resolute mind, while they advance upon and overcome a timid and cowering one. "Madam," said a great statesman once to a Princess, "if the thing is only difficult, it is done; if it is impossible, it shall be done." Boastful language this, but indeed representative of the power of some minds over difficulties that would crush others to the earth. Tasso represents Tancred in the enchanted forest, fronted by a lofty wall of solid fire, and the vast brood of warlike enginery, but Tancred was not dismayed.

A Free
Translation.

“ ‘If boldly I advance, the fires I see
More fierce in aspect than in fact may be ;
But come the worst.’ As thus the hero spoke,
A desperate leap among the flames he took.
Boldness unmatched ! Yet did no heat intense
As of surrounding fire affect his sense,
Nor rightly in a space so brief he knew,
If fancied were the flames he saw or true,
For hardly touched, the baseless phantom flew.”

CHAP. 1.

—
Tasso's
‘Tancred.’

13. When difficulties are met in this way, they are gone. Laziness is perpetually saying, “There is a lion in the way ;” and the lion very well knows in which street Laziness lives, and he is frequently there. We have already said it is no very desirable thing to find every wish answered, to move through flowery paths of ease in the acquisition of knowledge. If time is not precious, if money is not precious, and learning itself is not precious—what motive, then, can there be to exertion ? If my friend, the reader, has had a stern severe battle, broken only by the pauses in the “ bivouac of life ” ? yet he will by no means repine if he be true-hearted ; he will know how much more considerable are his gains than his losses ; he will learn to estimate the value of poverty, as a means of teaching and discipline ; he will prize those instructions which were won with so much difficulty ; and the main idea of this book is to hold out a hand to those who, by the circumstances around them, are compelled to be self-helpers : for some there is, and has been, no University

CHAP. 1. Hall; the dim religious light of old Colleges — has never shed its gleam on the way; they have never stood before the Professor's Chair; no chartered endowments have stifled them with their charity; they have had to buy their every book, dearly has every precious fragment of knowledge been obtained; sometimes sitting by the forge, sometimes by the chimney nook, they scarcely need such encouragement as the writer can give, but a hailing and fraternal voice to throw a cheer, and a lantern to throw a stray beam of light over the path; a hearty congratulation for difficulties already conquered, and an assurance that the same rugged fortitude shall conquer a thousand more. This is the testimony, too, of some of the wisest spirits of our modern times.

Dr. OLINTHUS GREGORY says:—"With a few exceptions (so few, indeed, that they need scarcely be taken into a practical estimate), *any person may learn any thing upon which he sets his heart.* To insure success, he has simply so to discipline his mind as to check its vagrancies, to cure it of its constant proneness to be doing two or more things at a time, and to compel it to direct its combined energies simultaneously to a single object, and thus to do one thing at once. This I consider as one of the most difficult, but one of the most useful lessons that a young man can learn."

Dr. CHANNING says :—" It is asked, How can CHAP. 1.
the labouring man find time for self-culture? I
answer, that *an earnest purpose finds time or
makes time.* I seize on spare moments, and
turn fragments into golden account. A man
who follows his calling with industry and spirit,
and uses his earnings economically, will always
have some portion of the day at command. And
it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a
short season becomes when eagerly seized and
faithfully used. It has often been observed, that
those who have the most time at their disposal
profit by it the least. *A single hour in the day,*
steadily given to the study of some interesting
subject, brings unexpected accumulations of know-
ledge."

14. But in Education, as in other matters,
Man is impatient. He cannot wait; he despises
small beginnings. Now this especially should be
a preliminary lesson, "*Never despise small begin-*
nings." It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated How
sculptor, that when a boy, he was observed by a Chantrey
gentleman, at Sheffield, very attentively engaged began.
in cutting a stick with a pen-knife. He asked
the lad what he was doing, and with great
simplicity, but courtesy, he replied, "I'm cutting
old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of
the village. On this the gentleman asked to see
what he had done, and pronounced the likeness

CHAP. 1. excellent, presenting the youth with a sixpence ;
 — and this was most likely the first sum Chantrey ever received for the practice of his art. *Beginnings mark endings.* And this thought leads to most solemn suggestions. What is the tendency of reading, of thought, of character ?

Joseph John Gurney.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY remarks upon a well known text—" *Which way does the tree lean ?—* 'If tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.' There is a solemn meaning couched under this metaphor. *The tree will not only lie as it falls, it will also fall as it leans.* And the great question which every one ought to bring home to his own bosom, without a moment's delay, is this, 'What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean toward God, or from Him ?' " *Which way does the tree lean ? Nature teaches us through all her works to regard tendencies ; nothing is in vain, everything is cumulative ; and this is noticeable in moral as in material things. Wealth, fame, education, all are things of growth, imperceptible but certain, if only the mind intently bend itself forward to the work of advancement. The tree which rocks and sways to and fro, and howls back the breath of the tempest, was but a little seed : Franklins, and Fergusons, and Herschells, although they illuminated every path of*

Ecccl. xi. 3.

science through which they walked, were plodding, CHAP. 1.
patient men; and so cheer you up. "*By time*
and patience the acorn became an oak."

15. And now, if there has been any value in these preliminary hints, let them be applied in the reading of this book, and in the future progress of the Educational career. Education is indeed the real purpose and business of life. It has already been said, we are in this world to be educated. "*Uneducated Mind is educated Vice.*" "That the soul be without knowledge is not good;" man is intended to be instructed: and although powers lie undeveloped and unknown, the beautiful living alchemy of knowledge makes them start up like angels of life, clad with wings of gold. In this age, how deplorable is the condition of the unknowing and the ignorant man.

Dr. Johnson was once asked, "*Who is the most miserable man?*" and the sage replied, "*The man who cannot read on a rainy day.*"

A definition
of a
miserable
man.

It is certain that the man who has no resources within himself—resources supplied by reading and reflection—is indeed a miserable man: his life is a blank; for it is our mental life that brings out into full light and relief our daily and hourly life; he grows up like a vegetable; his world is bounded by his parish; he knows nothing of the great Americas and Indies beyond the deep sea; he knows nothing of the gorgeous worlds hung

CHAP. 1. in beauty and in grandeur above his head; nothing knows he of any of the secrets of Nature. He is a prey to the wizard and the conjuror.— Nothing knows he of ages long past, with the march, the roll, and the music of their deeds of glory or of shame; and as little of all the present, with all its stirring thoughts, and things, and men: he comprehends nothing of the march of man from age to age. To such an one, all improvement is innovation; all new things are bad things.

16. We might fill pages with amusing instances of the follies of ignorance, and such instances meet us still.* There is a well-known saying of a wise and sublime old Grecian—
 Socrates. Socrates. The oracle of Delphi spoke and proclaimed Socrates the wisest man of all Greece. Well, Socrates attempted to rid himself of the responsibility of the compliment, sought artists' studios, and statesmen, and poets—found

* Bradley, astronomer-royal, had a considerable share in the assimilation of the British Kalendar to that of other nations. Lord Chesterfield was the original promoter of this measure, which was carried in 1751. The following curious anecdote happily illustrates the presumption and ignorance of the mob of those days:—

Lord Chesterfield took pains, in the periodical journals of the day, to prepare the minds of the public for the change; but he found it much easier to prevail with the legislature than to reconcile the great mass of the people to the abandonment of their inveterate habits. When Lord Macclesfield's

all so full of self, so little suspecting their own ignorance, that he declared his belief that the oracle was right. I do know my ignorance said he, it is all I know; but I know that I know nothing. CHAP. 1.

17. Yes! *for in the scientific knowledge of our own ignorance all true knowledge begins.* I say the *scientific* knowledge of our ignorance; the difference between the wise man and the fool is greatly in this; the fool is ignorant, and the wise man is ignorant, but he knows it. Colin Clump goes his way across the country fields—having done his day's work—nature is all around him; but nature does not impress him with mystery, he sees things but he does not perceive them. The solemn autumn mists creep up along the fields; but they touch his feelings with no thought of delicate and pensive melancholy. There is no mystery in the bloom and brightness or the decay of nature; the stars light up no

son stood the great contested election for Oxfordshire, in 1754, one of the most vehement cries raised by the mob against him was, "Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of" (the reader will recollect that Hogarth introduces this in his Election Feast); and even several years after, when Bradley, worn down by his labours in the cause of science, was sinking under the disease which closed his mortal career, many of the common people attributed his sufferings to a judgment from Heaven for his having been instrumental in what they considered to have been so impious an undertaking.—*Edinburgh Review.* Give us back our eleven days!!!

CHAP. 1. worlds of wonder to his soul ; the seasons in their
 — annual round wake up no sense of marvel or of
 wonder within him ; his own being he revolves
 no more than the cattle which ruminate in the
 fields, and look out at him as he passes with
 their large tender eyes. *For me, Cushey, the
 cow, is only an object of profound interest. Really
 I cannot pity Cushey ;* but the ignorant man is
 to me an object of pity and compassion. "*He is
 as the beasts that perish ;*" but he knows it not.

Wordsworth. He is all the poet paints—

Peter Bell.'

"He roved among the vales and streams,
 In the green wood and hollow dell ;
 They were his dwellings night and day,—
 But nature ne'er could find the way
 Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
 Did Nature lead him as before ;
 A primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.

In vain, through water, earth, and air,
 The soul of happy sound was spread,
 When Peter on some April morn,
 Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
 Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when, by the forest's edge
 He lay beneath the branches high,
 The soft blue sky did never melt
 Into his heart ; he never felt
 The witchery of the soft blue sky !

There was a hardness in his cheek,
 There was a hardness in his eye,
 As if the man had fixed his face,
 In many a solitary place,
 Against the wind and open sky ! ”

This is ignorance; there is no sensitive consciousness. The mind does not perceivingly apprehend its ignorance.

18. On the contrary—shall I say, suppose we were wandering the same course, taking the same route, would there not break out a sense of awful mystery, crossing the stile or sitting there in any season. What is this fearful life that bursts out in the hedgerows? What is that which proclaims itself, and its power over the soul, by the light of rising and setting suns? and what are those Heavens? And what am I, and from whence amidst the plenitude of majesties and mysteries around? thought comes to a dead lock. Ignorant of the first springs of nature. Ignorant of all save a few almost inconsequential sequences in nature. Ignorant of that very consciousness by which we become conscious; using our words as signs, as numismatic names; whose realities and persons are lost to us: Memory—Will—Faith—Feeling; how almost impossible it is to marshal in due order our powers. Thus at last the soul admits to itself—nay, has forced upon it the knowledge of its own ignorance. *In the scientific knowledge of our own ignorance all true know-*

The Burden
 of the
 Mystery.

Awakened
 Mind.

CHAP. 1. *ledge begins.* Wordsworth, the great poet, we
 — have already quoted, himself illustrates the
 An Eye with nothing behind it. opposite character, while Peter Bell saw all
 flowers as nothing—

“A primrose by a river’s brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.”

Wordsworth on the contrary says :—

The Eye in
 the Heart.

“Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears ;
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

Some person described the poet when these lines were written as “howling over a flower ;” but, in fact, they show how knowledge gives delicacy to perceptions, and enlarges the territory of our ignorance, and also our knowledge.

19. Now, the ignorant mind is a deplorable mind *—for such a mind is unable to fulfil the

Ignorance is
 a real evil.

* “Let us never forget that ignorance is not simply the negation of knowledge. It is something positive. It is not the mere absence of a good, but the presence of an evil. It is not the mere calm of an unoccupied mind, but the misdirection of that mind. The soul of man is irrepressibly active. If it work not for good, it works for evil. If it grasp not golden knowledge, it will clutch at whatever lies nearest. In the untaught soul, the passions and brute instincts are like unchained beasts. For, indeed, the mind of man is an open book, in which, if we do not trace the fair characters of knowledge, there is every danger that it will be scrawled over with the hideous, staggering characters of vice.”—*The Coming Reformation.*

purpose of its being, and must frequently rush CHAP. 1.
into errors fatal to its happiness and its welfare. —

A person, once passing through a park, saw nailed to one of the trees—"All dogs found in this park will be shot." A friend, who was with him, said, "Unless dogs can read, they are pretty badly off here." But a man in the present state of society, without knowledge, is worse off than the dog in the park. He has, indeed, a master to read for him; but many of our fellow-men have left the state of nature in which they dwelt near to the first instincts of life, and they have not attained to the intellectual life which is beyond those provisions. From such persons, civilization has taken more than it has given. Alas for man! if he cannot intelligently read and reason upon his duty in the great and mysterious maze of things around him; and alas for the nation crowded with many such citizens! EDMUND BURKE wisely said, "*Education is the cheap defence of nations*;" and the man whose mind is enlightened by intelligence, and panoplied by virtue, is, of all men, most likely to feel an interest in the grave affairs of his country, and to pronounce such a verdict, that the interests of his land may not be jeopardized and invaded.

A Cautious to
poor
ignorant
Doggies.

Burke.

20. At an annual meeting of the Holmfirth Mechanics' Institute, Mr. COBDEN who was pre- Cobden.

CHAP. 1. sent, addressed the assemblage, and in the course of his speech made the following observations, illustrative of the absurdity of dreading an evil result from educating the poor. He said:

"It has, I know, been objected that the poor may be too much educated. Why, gentlemen, you may just as well be afraid of all the poor riding about in their coaches and four or playing the piano, as fear that they will be too well educated. Admitting that it would be unwise to educate the poor as well as the rich are educated—admitting it for argument's sake—there are too great and, I fear, wholly insuperable obstacles to that state of things ever arriving; the one is the want of time, the other want of means. So long as these obstacles exist, the rich need be in no fear that the poor will be better educated than they are. I remember waiting upon a person holding this doctrine, in Manchester, about sixteen years ago, when I and others were engaged in the work of starting the Manchester Athenæum. I was employed in waiting upon the principal merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen of the town, asking for subscriptions towards establishing the Athenæum. One gentleman met me with this objection—'I think the people are a good deal too much educated already. I don't think we shall be safe, if they are to be educated any more; and our property will be in danger if this goes on.' Well, I met him by putting to him this question—'*Will you tell me in what period of the world's history you would rather have lived than the present, in order to have your vast fortune safer than it is now?*' Well, he could not answer me. I urged him to point out a period he would have selected—'Would you have preferred the last reign or the reign before, or the reign of George I., or the reign of Queen Anne, or that of Queen Elizabeth, in order to have lived in greater security, both as regards your person and your property?' Why, he could not tell me. And so I answered my own question by saying, 'You would be much safer if you lived thirty or forty years hence, but not if you were to go back to any time however remote.' This is the tendency of these institutions; and yet people are to be

Knowledge
gives safety
to States.

found who charge against them that they produce disaffection, disloyalty, and revolution. Now, disloyalty and revolution come to the people from misgovernment, and misgovernment is more likely to be attempted upon an ignorant than upon an educated people." CHAP. 1.
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21. But, if learning at all, if at all educated, why not well educated.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

But the remedy for that is easy: *make it greater*. No learning at all is surely the most dangerous thing in the world; * let it be the object of the young inquirer to grow in knowledge, and to understand well the topic, or the book, to which he has given his attention. No subject worthy of thought at all is a mean subject; and, however insignificant it may seem to others it is not so insignificant but that it may be learned well. A good story is Anecdote. told of Mr. William Gray a late eminent merchant

* THOMAS CAMPBELL, the poet, says:—"It is a danger Thomas Campbell. that in this country, at least, cannot possibly exist. A man who can read his Bible has a little learning; a man who can only plough or dig has less; a man who can only break stones upon the road less still, but he has some. The savages in one of the islands in the South Seas stood with great reverence round a sailor who had lighted a fire to boil some water in a saucepan; but as soon as the water began to boil they ran away in an agony of terror. Compared with the savages, there is no boy in Europe of the age of ten years who may not be called learned. He has a certain quantity of practical knowledge in physics; and, as this knowledge is more than instinct, it is learning—learning which differs in degree only from that which enables a chemist to separate the simple metals from soda and potash."

CHAP. 1. of Boston, in America, which we may recommend
— all young men to remember. When he was somewhat advanced in years, he was one day superintending a piece of carpenter's work, and he had occasion to reprimand the man who was performing it for not doing his work well. The carpenter turned upon him—he and Mr. Gray having known each other in youth—and said, “Billy Gray, what do you presume to scold me for? You are a rich man, it is true; but didn't I know you when you were nothing but a drummer?” “Well,” said Mr. Gray, “didn't I drum well, eh? didn't I drum *well*?” Let every lad whose eye is upon this page, try to do his drumming well. The nobility or the ignobility is not in the employment, but in our elevation or degradation of it. “*This one thing I do.*” The secret of success is very frequently in this power to concentrate energy and attention upon the “one thing.” Strike out your aim, and then follow it with pertinacity, with earnestness, and resolution. The humblest powers are exalted by perpetual polishing and attention. Difficulties, as we have already said, yield up the combat, and retire from the field; and you have the satisfaction of feeling that your mind has borne the yoke and harness, in order that in the arena it might win the goal.

22. This book is intended to be rather a sug-

gestive manual than a cyclopædia, where everything may be found within the range of its subject. In closing this chapter, there are two or three leading ideas which we would give as key-notes, and for them we ask an earnest attention. The first thought that strikes upon our mind is the *value of Youth*, when the blood is bounding high, when the feelings are fresh and strong, when habits are easily made—habits which may be for good or evil, rivet round the whole future life. And I will suppose that my reader is thus blessed with the first energies of life, and that he is disposed to bring them, and consecrate them upon the altars of Knowledge, and Virtue, and Religion. But Youth is flying even while I am writing and while you are reading :—

*" No eye perceives our growth or our decay ;
To-day,—we look as we did yesterday,
And we shall look to-morrow as to-day.
Yet, with the loveliest smiles, her locks grow grey,
And in her glass could she but see the face,
She'll see as soon amidst another race,
How would she start :—returning from afar,
After some years of travel—some of war !
In his own halls Ulysses stood unknown,
Before a wife, a father, and a son."* *

Such a change so slow—sure, although imperceptible, is stealing over us all ; it is stealing, my young friend, over you. Does it not say, as

* SAMUEL ROGERS' " Human Life."

CHAP. 1. its shadow creeps over you, "*What thou doest do quickly !*"

At the same time, lest it should be thought that we have closed the door of Hope for the aged students, we will just say, "*You are never too old to learn.*"

Instances.

SOCRATES, at an extreme old age, learned to play upon musical instruments ; CATO, at eighty years of age, learned the Greek language ; PLUTARCH was between seventy and eighty when he commenced the study of Latin ; BOCCACIO neglected the polite Sciences until he was thirty years of age, yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan Dialect ; SIR HENRY SPELMAN was a most learned Antiquarian and Lawyer, yet he did not commence his studies until he was nearly sixty years of age ; DR. JOHNSON commenced, we are told, the study of the Dutch language a few years before his death. Who then is too old to be a student ? Let this be a motto with all—"Never too old to learn." The above instances are only selections from thousands of similar cases. The great Dr. HUNTER had been quite neglected in his youth, and only went to London to assist his brother in his surgery ; he instantly demonstrated his powers, and became the first anatomist of his age. Only this is certain : however old you may be, or however young, it is time to begin if you have not already begun.

23. The next key-note we would give is CHAP. 1.
 that of Religion. Religion should be made the
 foundation of Duty and of Action. Religion
 had better not be studied so much as it has been,
 through the medium of books. "The Kingdom
 of God is within you." Sit lonely with the one
 book—the New Testament—"the Powers of the
 world to come" will, beyond all question, speak
 to your soul. One of the most illustrious and
 princely English thinkers of our age, SAMUEL
 TAYLOR COLERIDGE, has said, "An hour of Coleridge.
 solitude in sincere and earnest prayer, or the
 conflict with, and conquest over a sinful passion,
 or subtle bosom sin, will teach us more of
 thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty,
 and form the habit of reflection, than a year's
 study in the Schools without them." *Religion—*
that is, God united to and the fountain of action
in the Human Soul—it should be remembered, if
 it has any truth at all, this is *the* truth, and all
 other instructions, and instructors, and studies,
 wave round it as so many subsidiary lights.
 Surely, God, Immortality, Destiny, should be the
 first *thoughts you attempt* to weigh in their
 relation to yourself.

24. Finally, *the young man stands, like Hercules*
of old, between two powerful Enchantresses—
 INDOLENCE upon the one hand, and ENTERPRISE,
 or INDUSTRY on the other. Each comes to the

CHAP. 1. youthful mind with spells of power. Indolence
— offers her tempting Lethean draught; she invites
to a life of ease and quiet; to that genteel
respectability that never allows its votary

“To say a foolish thing,
And never do a wise one.”

Indolence, the guardian angel of the Oriental throne; the spirit that weighs down the powers of the brave or the intellectual: who spreads the soft carpet and the gentle sward; who invites to meandering streams and all the tame enjoyments of life; the everlasting grumbler, who never wrote a book, or sung a glorious hymn, or perfected an existence, or enlarged the boundaries of Science, or ascended a mountain, or performed a noble feat. Indolence! the enslaver of the popular mind, at once the tyrant's master and his sceptre, the inertia of the soul; she tells the listening votary that Books, and Problems, and Poems, and Discussions, and world betterings, are all full of trouble and anxiety; she implores her friends to take things coolly; she puts on a most amiable physiognomy, and speaks of the pleasures of the fireside, the enjoyments of home; she bids you nod over the fender, and recline at ease upon the sofa; and while she offers her garland of flowers, she bears away her lovers to the dance: and there they go who follow her, and who love her—

"A parson much bemused by beer,
A maudlin poet, and a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
To pen a stanza which he should engross."

CHAP. 1.

Pope.

Or may we impersonate the Genius of Intellectual and Moral INDUSTRY, the companion and assistant of Virtue and of Civilization? She offers to the generous youth her book, and her pen. What tales has she to recite of

. "the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul who perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain's side."

Wordsworth.

She evades no difficulty; she invokes her followers by the prophecy of difficulties to be conquered. "He who wrestles with you," she says, "strengthens your nerves, and sharpens your skill; your Antagonist is your Helper; your conflict with difficulty will not suffer you to be superficial." Industry comes to the task of the youthful student, and hallows it; she makes the page to shine out with the impression of great names; she points to the temples where the illustrious dead of every age and nation are gathered. Her deeds have often been called madness; but even as when Sophocles was charged with insanity, he read his *Œdipus Coloneus* to his judges, and was at once acquitted, so can all good men point to their works. Industry preaches of the greatness,

CHAP. 1. of the dignity of Difficulty, the renown of Danger,
— and the heroism and advantage of Suffering : and
shows you how, when the cold, chill, wet earth
wraps round your remains, by a patient continu-
ance in well doing, the reward of all your seeking,
training, education, is "Glory, Honour, Immor-
tality, Eternal Life.

Episode.

WON'T—CAN'T—TRY.

It is strange to notice the difference there EPISODE. is in disposition, character, and success, between persons from the same family stock. Nobody could suppose that all the three fellows whose names stand at the head of this page could be descended from the same great-grandfather. Different as their surnames are, they all had the same family Christian name "I." Of the three, Won't was the eldest—a misanthropic, glumpy old man; he was as rich as Pluto, as suspicious as sin could make him; he had large parks and many a family mansion, in which he and his family had entrenched themselves for centuries; the whole world was in movement around him. Old Won't would never budge an inch. Old Won't had no notion of the heavenly economy of getting rich by giving; many of his possessions were useless to him, and quite unproductive, that might have turned-in every year fifty per cent. He hugged everything

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EPISODE. tightly, and gratified and contented himself with the mere beggarly gratification of having. Obstinacy, ignorance, and selfishness—these were the old man's chief virtues, for virtues he called them. Scornfully he always passed by the door of the poor sick widow; savagely he grinned, and thundered "No!" when a piece of ground was requested of him for a Mechanics' Institute; in fact, the life of this surly old curmudgeon might be numbered rather by negatives than by years—it was one protracted fit of opposition—one answer silenced all inquiries: "Sir, I'm a blunt man; 'Say a thing and do a thing' is my motto; my name is Wont, and I wont." And the consequence was, that there was "nothing stirring but stagnation" in the neighbourhood of the testy old gentleman. The cottages of his tenantry would have made respectable pigsties in the time of Thomas-à-Becket; and the intelligence and the temperance of the cottagers belonged to the same glorious age. To all schemes of improvement in which he was requested to lead the way, the answer was, "I *won't*." "My dear sir, may I beg you to read these documents?" said a neighbour to him once. "I never read, I don't want to read, read I *won't*." There was only one grim character to whom he said "I won't," who snapped his withered fingers in the leathern face of the old human milestone, and said, "But *I* will." It was old Death, who

insisted that old Won't should step into his boat EPISODE. and visit the other country. How he fared there, — after all his idleness here, who shall say?

A collateral branch of the family of OLD WON'T was YOUNG CAN'T, and a weak, waxen-faced mortal he was, sure enough. When at school, while other boys were with intrepidity enough, hard at their slates, Euclids, globes, and grammars, this soulless little abortion looked piteously in the face of master, tutor, and fellow-pupil, and murmured, "I can't." It was plain enough that for such a character as this, or rather for one so characterless, a mere automaton existence must be selected, but that was difficult; for every profession, even that of poor Flunkey, the footman, required energy, action, soul of some kind or other; and, in fact, many exertions were made to procure for poor Can't some decent situation where he could do without any labour. It was of no use; he shifted to all points of the social compass, but there he stood on the old spot at last. The times the poor fellow failed in business it is no use trying to mention; he was like Won't in one particular—all the world seemed to leave him behind. "My dear sir," he would say, "you see this thing is altogether impossible; it is really no use trying: who can compete with these times?" He could never do without his proper allowance of sleep; he feared both morning and evening air—

EPISODE. they were both consumptive. Then, again, whatever he did, he had the happy knack of doing at the wrong time, and putting in the wrong place; and then came the everlasting soliloquy, "I can't." A nice way, too, he had of confusing everything he did. He never knew where he was, and yet in such circumstances he always appeared most at home. I have seen him sitting with a pile of unrevised endeavourings before him, and as I went into the room, he cast upon me a doleful glance, and murmured, "Ah! you see I *can't*."

He was a very sickly young man, too; everything was too much for him:—"I cant bear any exertion; I can't attend to it now, but as soon as I have had my afternoon's nap, then ——" All persons despised the poor wretch, who never had courage for himself or others; and he was entirely lost sight of, until the other day, in walking through one of the wards of a workhouse, who should I see, stretched on a bed, but this very poor fellow! It was evident his last hour was approaching; idleness and poverty had done their work. The nurse stood by his side with a mixture from the doctor, invoking him to take it; he made a wry contortion of face—"I can't. I can't," he said: his head fell back, and he died.

Altogether of a different stamp was another branch of the same family—the most modest, yet the most bold of all my acquaintance—TRY. It

was remarkable that, without any prophecies of EPISODE. the boaster, of what he meant to do, he always — performed more than anyone else. You calculated upon his success as a matter of course: there was a rough dignity about his manner that bespoke self-respect, self-confidence, and courage. "Never despair," was his constant motto. Difficulties beset him; he laughed at them, strangled them, set his foot upon them. He had no possession left to him, like Old Won't, yet he has been getting, I should say, well to do in the world; and he both gives more occupation to others than the old fellow in the course of the year, and his servants love him more. He had nothing like the money expended on his education that was expended on Young Can't; but he knows more, and makes what he knows yield him a better interest; for he thinks that knowledge, like money, should be put out at interest. I don't know that we so often hear him say, "I'll do it;" but not a week passes but he says, "I'll try." And he is such a cheerful soul. I have often noticed that those people who have the most to do are the most cheerful. While the life of Old Won't was a real burden to him, and was passed in an everlasting grunt—while the life of Young Can't was like a lounge, with the hands in the pocket, face as long as a fiddle and as white as a candle, and the breath

EPISODE. only a fluid to sigh with—Try is always merry
— and cheerful ; his very laugh is like the exultancy of conquest. A school was wanted in the town where he conducted his business, but all the people said one could not be erected ; said he, “ I’ll try,” and the school was built. Can’t was his neighbour for some time ; but while Can’t was tumbling over mole-hills, Try was climbing mountains : it was observable that he got through ten times the business of other men, and made far less noise about it. There was no setting bounds to the labours of Try ; I declare we have not got a good or excellent thing in our village which he did not get for us : he built our school and our chapel they had never been erected but for his exertions ; our news-room and our institute we owe them to him. Some stood by and sneered, some dared him to success—he only said, “ I’ll try.” He has lived a good while here now, and we all know him. The magistrate sits on the bench, and administers the law ; our parson, dressed up in black, makes fine sermons from the pulpit ; but although good friend Try is neither parson nor lawyer, neither one nor the other wins more respect as they pass down the street ; people never look at him, but they see a walking, moving sermon ; and I am sure our village will never be any better than it is, until all our young men follow more closely the footsteps of I’LL TRY.

CHAPTER II.

HOW TO OBSERVE.

25. IN observation all knowledge begins. CHAP. 2.
There is such a thing as seeing without sight. —
An interesting and useful writer, WILLIAM JONES,
OF NAYLAND, says :—

Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still ^{William} miserable, if he has a grovelling, unlettered, undevout mind. ^{Jones.}
Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification ; while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts. And let another man have neither field nor garden ; let him look only at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in his works, can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, his goodness, and his truth ; this man is greater, as well as happier, in his poverty, than the other in his riches. The one is but little higher than a beast, the other but a little lower than an angel.

26. BISHOP HALL says :—

What reason may not go to school to the wisdom of bees, Bishop Hall. ants and spiders ? What wise hand teacheth them to do what reason cannot teach us ? Ruder heads stand amazed at these prodigious pieces of nature, whales, elephants, dromedaries and camels : these, I confess, are the colussuses and majestic pieces of her hand. But in these narrow engines there is more curious mathematics : and the civility of these little citizens, more nearly sets forth the wisdom of their Maker.

CHAP. 2. As travellers, in a foraine countrey, make every sight a lesson, so we ought in this our pilgrimage. Thou seest the heaven, rolling above thine head, in constant and unmoveable motion: the starres so overlooking one another, that the greatest shew little: the least greatest, all glorious: the aire full of the bottles of raine, or fleeces of snow, or divers forms of fiery exhalations. The sea, under one uniform face, full of strange and monstrous shapes: beneath the earth so adorned with variety of plants, that thou canst not but tread on many at once with every foot; besides the store of creatures that flie above it, walke upon it, live in it. Thou idle truant, doest thou learn nothing of so many masters?*

Books and
Eyes.

27. The vulgar idea is that the great method of obtaining knowledge is from books; but the method of the wise man is to value books, but to rate them at no more than their proper worth. The eyes see; but there is an inward eye which makes the optic lens subservient to its purpose; and the outward and visible eye is useless—it is without speculation and power, if it is not directed by the ever-vigilant inner eye. Observation—the power of reading Nature—is the great entrance to the Temple of Knowledge: this is the cause of the interest attaching to men; this gives supreme value to their writings. Books by themselves can never make a man worthy of our attention. Books, when they have been read alone, and never compared with men and things,

* Quoted in an admirable, but almost unknown, little help to mental improvement long out of print, *An Outline of a Course of Lectures upon the Conduct of the Understanding*, by Basil Montague.

how valueless—how tame, “stale, flat, and un- CHAP. 2.
profitable” they are. Books should never be

regarded as more than indexes of reference—as guide-books to Nature’s walks and curiosities; and even in this particular, it is far better if we can traverse the walk, and discover the hidden path, and the curious thing, without them.

Without the power to observe, it is certain that nothing originally worthy can be given to the world—the power to observe character, and to present it in its various lights and shades, as it passes before the eye—the power to observe Nature—to understand her moods, her tempers, her arrangements. All Nature is but one vast museum, to which Museums, Louvres, *Jardins des Plantes*, and Zoological Gardens, are poor, and mean, and tame. Man is perpetually stretching his vision, to behold the wonderful: he will travel miles, perhaps hundreds of miles, to see the extraordinary, when the truly extraordinary and wonderful—the noteworthy and the strange—are by his foot, and quite within his reach.

28. Curiosities, I say, are all around; let us look after them, and you will not fail to find them. Think, for instance, *the common house-Spider* has, in every thread which it spins, above The Spider. four thousand other threads, and that four millions of the threadlets of a young spider would not be thicker than a hair of a man’s beard. In the

CHAP. 2. wonders of insect architecture, you will find that
 — one species of spider lives in the water, and has a house like a diving-bell; that others build houses on the ground, and close the entrance with a door, having an elastic hinge, which spontaneously keeps it shut.

29. How many mistakes have been made from the absence of observation—that is, from trusting the eyes without the aid of the reflective powers: thus, many of our readers will remember Buffon's
 The Bat. description of a *Bat*:—An animal which is half quadruped and half bird, and which, upon the whole, is neither the one or the other, must be a *monstrous* being; because, by uniting the attributes of two opposite genera, it resembles some of those models presented to us in the great classes of Nature. It is an imperfect quadruped, and still more imperfect bird. A quadruped should have four feet, and a bird should have feathers and wings. And what is all this but a libel upon Nature's method, which is easily detected by the close observation of Nature? So also the wing of the bat has been called a wing of leather, and the idea attached to this undoubtedly is, that it is composed of a very callous membrane—that it is an insensible piece of stuff, like a glove, or a lady's shoe. Can anything be farther from the truth? Modern naturalists tell us, that of all things in creation, the bat's wing

is the most exquisitely sensitive ; its delicacy is so great, that it flies principally by the direction of its wing ; this is a sort of helm by which it steers safely through all objects that might impede its flight, with as much precision if its eyes be bandaged, and in the night, as if they were uncovered, and in the middle of the day. Few of all the millions that have been stung by *the Nettle* have condescended to inquire into the cause ; yet we might suppose that the pain of the sting would suggest some inquiry. Who has fastened the nettle-leaf upon the pin of the microscope, and inquired into the heart of the mystery ? Who has learned that the nettle-leaf is covered with millions of barbed darts, each dart filled with poison ; and that the reason why the pain was felt, was, that the dart had not only made a wound, but had deposited the poison to rankle beneath the skin ? The simple dandelion is discovered to be the early flower spread everywhere to furnish nutriment to the bee : bees lurk amidst its flowerets, and find new life there ; and the wild bees in spring, find their principal support and sustenance from it.—These are instances which we may meet in the fields. And whence, we may ask, whence came all our inventions, as we call them, though the more modest terms would be applications and discoveries ? Whence, but from the observation of Nature.

CHAP. 2. Was it the Nautilus that gave to man the idea of Navigation? Whence the whirl of the water-mill, or the cotton-mill? Whence all the marvellous instruments of optical science? Discovery, Invention? We have already said Invention is only discovery—imitation of the ways of Nature—application of her works and ways to our necessities. Observation taught man to calculate eclipses—to measure the earth—to tell the size and distance of the sun—to discover the moons of Jupiter, and the rings of Saturn; the diving-bell—the composition of the atmosphere—that the diamond is but charcoal: all these pieces of knowledge have resulted from the attentive looking at Nature, and experiments deduced from the observation.

The Queen
Bee.

30. We recently met with a very vivid and interesting picture of the Queen Bee at Home exhibiting this nice power of observation:—"The community of bees, says a writer in the 'British Quarterly Review,' is an example of a pure monarchy, unrestrained by any checks on power, yet never deviating into despotism on the one hand, or anarchy on the other. Some years ago, while our gracious Queen was making a royal progress through her northern dominions, we witnessed the no less interesting sight of the progress of a queen-bee, in the glass-hive of an ingenious friend, and lover of nature, at his

country retreat. The hive was of that construction which opened from behind, and showed the whole economy within. In a few minutes the queen made her appearance from the lower part of the hive. Her elongated body and tapering abdomen at once distinguished her. She moved along slowly, now and then pausing to deposit an egg in one of the empty combs; and it was most interesting to perceive how she was constantly accompanied by nearly a dozen of bees that formed a circle around her, with their heads invariably turned towards her. This guard was relieved at frequent intervals, so that as she walked forward, a new group immediately took the place of the old, and these having returned again, resumed the labours in which they had been previously engaged. Her appearance always seemed to give pleasure, which was indicated by a quivering movement of the wings. The labourers, in whatever way occupied, immediately forsook their work, and came to pay homage to their Queen, by forming a guard around her person. Every other part of the hive, meanwhile, presented a busy scene, many bees were seen moving their bodies with a tremulous motion, by which thin and minute films of wax were shaken from their scaly sides. Others were ready to take up this wax and knead it into matter proper for constructing cells. Frequent arrivals of bees

CHAP. 2. from the field brought pollen on their thighs for the young grubs, and honey, which they deposited in the cells. All was activity, order, and peaceful industry. None were idle but the drones, who seemed to stroll about like gentlemen."

31. But you should read that delightful and most charming book the *Episodes of Insect Life*, or the elaborate volumes of *Kirby and Spence's Entomology*, to which it is so largely indebted, to learn what wonder-working creatures insects are; they also are true operatives—'Working Classes.' And it is quite wonderful to observe and read their exploits. I do not know whether there is a single tool invented for or used by a working man not invented and used ages before by these insect tribes. Why, these insects are a perfect Polytechnic Institution, they are a gallery of practical mechanics; there are mason wasps, and mason caterpillars,—some of them make mortar; they rear earthworks; they saw, they are carpenters; they excavate; they make sawdust and turn it all to account; they weave we know; they make paper. Nature supplies them with their operative tools; some have a saw, some have a bradawl, some have needles, some pincers, some have forceps. The bees apply the principle of the wedge and the lever—thus it enters the flower—its tongue is this wedge with which it opens the lips of the

Insect Life a
Polytechnic
Institution.

flower, and then thrusts in its head. Amazing CHAP. 2.
 are the mechanisms and the instruments of these
 small creatures. When man was yet a savage The Insect
 World.
 they were using them. Look at those insects
 called water-devils, and you will find they are
 a perfect model of a boat. Some have all the
 cleverness of machinery; they progress through
 the water, working an internal pump or piston—
 a self-propelling engine; and some again are a
 kind of animated diving-bell. It is very amazing
 to see all our clever ways anticipated there. Yes,
 the insects are truly operative working classes,
 only I take this to be the great difference—it is
 between learning and working. To work is their Insects and
 men.
 appointment; to learn is man's prerogative, espe-
 cially he has Divine consciousness. Man can know
 his Creator, while these inferior things cannot.

32. Talking about insects and our imitative ways,
 reminds me of moral analogy; they remind me
 of two friends of mine, *Farmer Grasshopper*, and
Squire Cricket. Grasshopper and Cricket, in fact,
 are cousins, both belong to one family, indeed
 they are also both related to *Lord Locust*, a
 very rapacious Russian-General-sort of character.
Farmer Grasshopper lives in the country, he is a
 very cheerful harmless creature; his appetite is
 not vitiated and depraved like that of his cousin,
Squire Cricket; he is a rustic and nothing more;
 he has nothing in him beyond animal enjoyment;

CHAP. 2. he has no ambition, although he has wings; he takes no lofty flights; he has no commercial tendencies like that great voyager *Captain Bee*; nor has he had city-building ideas like *Alderman Ant*; he just satisfies his appetite and keeps out of danger; as to that dandy, *Sir Butterfly*, he looks on him with contempt. *Farmer Grasshopper* has always a cheerful song, but when he dies he leaves the world much such a being as he was when he entered it. *Squire Cricket* lives in towns, a town-bred cricket, in artificial heat and glare—queer fellow, very much like some other people I know, night is his day—noise is his sign of enjoyment, and just about the time decent folks are getting to bed *Squire Cricket* and all his family are getting ready for some calls, or dances, or balls upon the kitchen floor. A wondrous thirsty soul, always drinking and always dry. Oh, he is very like people I have met—this *Squire Cricket*. But this is an episode, and perhaps you may not be disposed to listen to the morality of it, and may think it out of place.

Moral analogies in insect life.

33. It must be remarked that *the first*, the principal benefit of observing, is to the mind of the observer. It does not follow that every observation made should be for the benefit of society. Many of the observations made have been made before; but although this may prevent the necessity of their being published to the world, it does not

detract from the merit of the discovery, or interfere with the value of the observation to his own mind. JOHN HUNTER, the illustrious anatomist, was almost self-educated, and lost much of his valuable time by his ignorance, that some of the truths he discovered had been known many years; but then the value of the discovery remained to him—valuable as it could not have been by mere learning without discovery. One of the surest methods of obtaining knowledge is to become a close observer of little things. Our observations are inaccurate and indefinite, because we too frequently attempt to seize upon the whole before we have the parts, rather than mount gradually from the parts to the whole; and every attentive servant, every careful, thoughtful person, must have observed in some degree; and these observations will help to simplify his employment, and economize his labour and his strength. LORD BROUGHAM says:—

John
Hunter.

Lord
Brougham.

The farm servant or day labourer whether in his master's employ, or tending the concerns of his own cottage, must derive great practical benefit, must be both a better servant, and a more thrifty, and therefore more comfortable cottager, for knowing something of the nature of soils and manures which chemistry teaches, and something of the habits of animals, and the qualities and growth of plants, which he learns from Natural History and Chemistry together.

34. In truth, though a man be neither a mechanic nor a peasant, but one having a pot to boil,

CHAP. 2. he is sure to learn from Science lessons which will enable him to cook his morsel better, save his fuel, and both vary his dish and improve it. The art of good and cheap cookery is intimately connected with the principles of chemical philosophy, and has received much, and will yet receive more, improvement from their application. Observation teaches us that there is *method even in the stirring of a kitchen or parlour fire*; this is quite a point of domestic dispute, and it is a well-known fact in the domestic usages and manners of our country, that bachelors alone, of all the men among us, have sole command of the poker. But how is this? Why, the stirring of a fire is a philosophical experiment; and the young father with one child upon his knee, and the other little ones about him, may deliver a lecture upon Pneumatics and Chemistry. Why do we stir the fire? Because a hollow being made, the heat rarefies the surrounding atmosphere, and then into the partial vacuum rushes the air, and imparting its oxygen, gives life to the fire. Upon this principle, which is plain enough, the following code of laws has been laid down for the management of the fire-place:—

Pneumatics
and
Chemistry
in a Fire-
place.

Never stir a fire when fresh coals are put on, particularly when they are very small, because they immediately fall into the vacuum, and prevent the access of the oxygen of the atmosphere.

Always keep the bottom bar clear, because it is there chiefly that the air rushes in to supply the fuel. CHAP. 2.

Never begin to stir at the top, unless when the bottom is quite clear, and the top only wants breaking; otherwise the unkindled fuel may be passed down in a body to the bottom, and the access of atmospheric air prevented.

35. How many are the lessons of wisdom which may be won from a glance at the domestic uses of life! *That boiling kettle*—how few have taught their children the reason of that bubbling that has expanded the water, and that therefore it is the boiling water is much lighter than the cold, and, like a cork, is floating on the surface,—and that if a pint of cold water were poured into the kettle, from its specific gravity it would fall to the bottom; yes, and in this kettle we have a familiar illustration of the process of evaporation, which, when carried on by Nature in her vast laboratory, is the cause of rain and sunshine, fair weather and storm. SIR JOHN HERSCHELL says:—

A mind, which has once imbibed a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learnt the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplations: one would think that Shakspeare had such a mind in view when he describes a contemplative man as finding

Sir John
Herschell
on Scientific
Inquiry.

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

CHAP. 2. Accustomed to trace the operation of general causes, and exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and uninquiring eye perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he walks in the midst of wonders; every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction, and impresses him with a sense of harmony and order. Nor is it a mere passive pleasure which is thus communicated. A thousand subjects of inquiry are continually arising in his mind, which keep his faculties in constant exercise, and his thoughts perpetually on the wing, so that lassitude is excluded from his life, and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of mind, which leads so many into frivolous, unworthy, and destructive pursuits, is altogether eradicated from his bosom.

Great Poets
are great
Observers.

36. The Poet, the great imaginative writer, is not less a great observer than the scientific discoverer. Wordsworth and Scott were keen observers. *For it is not in scientific pursuits alone that the observing faculty should be trained.* And how utterly unable are we to describe unless objects have passed through the eye into the mental sensorium; nay, how utterly unable are we to perceive the true meaning of objects. Nature deceives the unpractised eye and the unnoting ear. There are fine shades of tone and expression, which can only be caught by one who has listened—who has waited upon nature as a lover, and wooed her at all hours. Hence the gift of the Poet to utter, and the Painter to transfer to his canvas, the fleeting and evanescent beauty. What observation we have in the sketches of Turner and the descriptions of Ruskin!

From observation, from personal observation, all the truth and the beauty have resulted; all is the work of the brain, reflecting behind the eye. The eyes of some men, alas! are but little more than optical lenses: the spectacles upon their nose, the glasses of their telescope or microscope, have beheld quite as much as they. Let such persons go forth into the grand and vivid scenery of Nature, and attempt to recal their impressions, could they ever bring back with them the lights and colours which make up the following fine picture of a thunder-storm in the Hebrides. CHAP. 2.

Let any one who wishes to have some conception of the sublime, station himself upon a headland of the West Coast of Harris, during the violence of a winter tempest, and he will obtain it. The blast howls among the grim and desolate rocks around him! black clouds are seen advancing from the west in fearful masses, pouring forth torrents of rain and hail. A sudden flash illuminates the ground, and is followed by the deafening roar of the thunder, which gradually becomes fainter, until the roar of the waves upon the shore prevails over it. Meantime, far as the eye can reach, the ocean boils and heaves, presenting one wide extending field of foam; the spray, from the summits of the billows, sweeping along its surface like drifted snow. No sign of life is to be seen, save when a gull, labouring hard to bear itself up against the blast, hovers overhead, or shoots athwart the gloom like a meteor. Long ranges of giant waves rush in succession along the shores; the thunder of the shock echoes among the crevices and caves; the spray mounts along the face of the cliffs to an astonishing height; the rocks shake to their summit, and the baffled waves roll back to meet their advancing successors. If one ventures at this season by some slippery path to peep into the haunts of the cormorant and the rock pigeon, he finds them huddled together in

A Magnificent Picture from Macgillivray's 'Hebrides.'

CHAP. 2. melancholy silence. For whole days and nights they are sometimes doomed to feel the gnawing of hunger, unable to make way against the storm; and often during the winter, they can only make a short daily excursion in quest of a precarious morsel of food. In the meantime the natives are snugly seated around their blazing peat fires, amusing themselves with the tales and songs of other years, and enjoying the domestic harmony which no people can enjoy with less interruption than the Hebridean Cel

Empirical
Observation.

37. But *although your observations are minute, take care that they are not empirical and partial.*

You remember the French student in London, who lodged with a poor man ill with a fever; he was continually teased by his nurse to drink, although quite nauseated by the liquids she offered him; at last, when she was more importunate than usual, he whispered, "For Heaven's sake, bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please." The woman indulged his request; the man perspired profusely and recovered. The French student inserted in his book this aphorism:—"A salt herring cures an Englishman in his fever." On his return to France, he prescribed the same remedy to the first patient in fever he was called to attend. The patient died: the student inserted in his note-book, "N.B. Though a salt herring cures an Englishman, it kills a Frenchman." And whether this be a true story, or only a joke, it certainly illustrates the method of much of what

Anecdote.

is called observation. Our French neighbour, CHAP. 2.
and indeed the Celtic character everywhere, is
remarkable for the rapidity of generalization; few
persons are qualified to describe a circumstance;
simply to note and record an event exactly,
requires a philosophic acumen which few persons
possess; but to draw the *correct* inference from
what is seen, requires not only acuteness, but
breadth of observation and calmness of judgment,
which are generally possessed only by the higher
order of minds. Much of what is called observing
should be called surmising; men do not draw a Observing
not Sur-
mising.
distinction between what they have seen and what
they have inferred. You will notice a tendency
in the human mind, too, to form an opinion from
isolated facts; but this should not be done: facts
should be weighed with the great mass and body
of facts. The advice of Lord Bacon, in the
second part of the "Novum Organum," is some-
times fastidious, but his directions for making
observations upon Nature are specially worthy of
attention, and will guard the mind frequently
from false conclusions in matters of experience.
If Niveo, the youth mentioned to us by Dr. Niveo.
Watts, had studied the principles of Bacon, he
would not have writ it down in his Almanac, that
we were always to look for snow at Christmas,
because he had noticed snow on three successive
Christmas days; that observation warranted no

CHAP. 2. such inference. And as little that of Euron, who had noticed, ten times, that there was a sharp frost when the wind was in the north-east, and therefore in the middle of July expected it to freeze, because the weather-cocks showed him a north-east wind. This is the sort of hasty observation that determines at once upon the character of a people. The English believe of the French that they are all cooks and dancing-masters, and the French tell their children, that in England, in the month of November, the weather is so doleful that half the people hang or drown themselves. With the majority of people, a fact is taken for a principle; an exception is quoted for a rule. "A raw English traveller in China, was entertained," Miss Martineau tells us, "by a host who was intoxicated, and a hostess who was red-haired; he immediately made a note of the fact, that all the men in China were drunkards, and all the women red-haired;" and his generalization was as correct as that of the Chinese traveller in England, who was landed by a Thames waterman with a wooden leg. The stranger saw that the wooden leg was used to stand in the water with, while the other was high and dry. The apparent economy of the fact struck the Chinese; he saw in it strong evidence of design for a purpose, and wrote home that in England one-legged men are kept for

Euron.

Anecdote.

watermen, to the saving of all injury to health, CHAP. 2.
shoe, and stocking, from standing in the water.

Such pleasant instances remind us of *Æsop's* Æsop's Housewife.
housewife, who thought that by doubling her
measure of barley, her hen would lay daily two
golden eggs: but the hen grew fat and laid none.

When Omai, a native of Otaheite, was brought Omai.
to England he perceived that a horse went with
more speed when he was whipped, and he con-
cluded, therefore, that by increasing the strokes
the horse would fly with the velocity of his arrow.

We have met with an extract from a work
entitled *New Vulgar Errors*, in which the author 'New Vulgar Errors.'
seriously explains the mistake of supposing that
"the more ammunition is put into a fowling
piece, the further it will do execution:" and that
the tone of a violin is increased in proportion to
the force with which it is struck.

38. Such is empirical and unreflected seeing, but
true observation is the nice combination of per-
ception and reflection, should the reflection really
naturally grow out of the perception; *let the* Real Inferences.
inference, when drawn, be really in harmony with
the facts observed. There can be no doubt that
the temperature of the British climate has been
materially modified, within even the last century.
This is a fact which we have noted. We re-
member the severity of our winters, and the
bronzing heat of our summers; many have

CHAP. 2. noticed the change without suspecting the cause ;
 — many have never reflected that man possesses the power to modify, and does modify, the conditions of climate. When France and Germany were covered with wood, Europe was much colder than at present ; the Seine was frozen every year, and the vine could not be cultivated on this side of Grenoble. Forests, it is plain, lower the temperature of a country ; they detain and condense the clouds as they pass, they pour into the atmosphere volumes of water dissolved as vapour ; winds do not penetrate into their recesses ; the sun never warms the earth they shade : and then look at the soil, formed for the most part of decayed leaves, and the stems of trees, coated over with thick moss and brushwood ; porous as it is, it is constantly in a state of moisture ; and the cold and stagnant waters give rise to innumerable brooklets, and pools, and lakes. But Man, the civilizer, comes and fells the trees, and drains the morasses and the fields, strips the soils of their ancient forests, and the wind and the sun disperse the superabundant moisture : the lakes dry up and the inundations cease ; the volumes of moisture are poured into the rivers, and thus borne away, and the atmosphere becomes warmer and drier ; the refraction of heat is not so severe in summer ; the atmosphere is not so charged with frequent furious electric fires : it is not so

Influence of
 Man on
 Nature.

cold in winter: the snow does not lie so thick CHAP. 2.
upon the fields and the moors. Here is a simple
explication of what seems, to many, a mysterious
circumstance; it is the result of observation; but
simple perception, without reflection and inference,
could never arrive at the solution.

39. The Hindoos have a curious illustration of
the partial and comprehensive in reasoning, in
the form of a parable.

In a certain country there existed a village of bondmen, Hindoo
who had heard of an amazing animal called the elephant, of Parable.
the shape of which, however, they could procure no idea.
One day an elephant passed through the place: the villagers
crowded to the spot where the animal was standing, and one
of them seized his trunk, another his ear, another his tail,
another one of his legs. After thus endeavouring to gratify
their curiosity, they returned into the village, and, sitting
down together, they began to communicate their ideas on
the shape of the elephant to the villagers: the man who had
seized his trunk said he thought this animal must be like
the body of the plantain-tree; he who had touched his ear
was of opinion that it was like the winnowing-fan; the man
who had laid hold of his tail said he thought he must re-
semble a snake; and he who had caught his leg declared he
must be like a pillar. An old blind man of some judgment
was present, who, though greatly perplexed in attempting to
reconcile these jarring notions, at length said—"You have all
been examining the animal, and what you report, therefore,
cannot be false: I suppose, then, that the part resembling
the plantain-tree must be his trunk; what you thought
similar to a fan must be his ear; the part like a snake must
be the tail; and that like a pillar must be his leg." In this
way the old man, uniting all their conjectures, made out
something of the form of the elephant.*

Generaliza-
tion.

† Rev. W. WARD'S Literature, History, &c., of the Hindoos.

CHAP. 2. Such is the power of generalization.

—
Observation
is Reflection.

40. And, therefore, *accustom yourself to a habit of noting your observations, and subsequent reflection will assure you whether it be wise or not to throw such observations into aphorisms or general conclusions.* Do you doubt whether you have a wide sphere on which to observe? Why, I know not how far you may have travelled upon the road of inspection, but if you know the meaning of the frost upon your bedroom window pane, if you are acquainted with the mystery of the gas-light in your shop, or are familiar with the principle of that steam engine which whirled you along so swiftly the other day; if you are fully aware of the hidden meaning of these things, then you have learned also, that mystery and beauty lie all around you, waiting your vivid reading eye to unlock them. Why, Mr. White found in the village of Selborne a universe for observation and instruction; and Parson Crabbe read human life better in a quiet hamlet than most of the great poets have done in the wide circles of their large towns. Observe! of course, you can; so out with your note-book, and jot it down. Mr.

Mr. Gower.

Gower, in his "Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life," upon the remark that no effect is produced without a cause, and that similar causes will always produce similar effects, says, "Whilst upon the subject of Chance, it may be worthy of

remark, that even games of hazard can hardly, CHAP. 2.
strictly speaking, be called so. Let us take, for instance, the act of tossing up a shilling to see on which side it will fall. In this case, if we were aware of the exact weight of the coin, and the force employed to project it into the air, with the rotary motion communicated to it, we should be able to calculate the height it would attain, and how many revolutions it would make before reaching the ground; consequently which side would be upwards; but as we have no means of arriving at this knowledge, it is uncertain to us which side will fall upwards. But the laws of Matter had decided the question the moment the shilling was projected into the air; therefore it was not Chance, but our undertaking to decide a question without any data from which to draw our conclusion. If a spring could be so placed as to throw the shilling with exactly the same force and direction, it would always fall alike.”

—
No such
thing as
Chance.

41. Many observers have, in their own particular walk of scenery, succeeded in accurately calculating upon the certain cause which must be in operation from their beholding the event to which it has given birth; but here we have especially to guard against the illusions of the senses, by which we all are so frequently imposed on. We are frequently at the mercy of circumstances, which either modify the impressions made, or combine

CHAP. 2. them with adjuncts which have become habitually associated with different judgments. It is truly wonderful that we should receive the sensible impression of an object at all.

Anecdote.
Captain
Head.

42. The telegraphic communication between the object and the mind baffles all power of solution, but the signal is given, and the impression is received ; and as it is thus in circumstances of daily occurrence, so is it also in the more extraordinary events of life. We are compelled to link a certain cause and a certain effect together, but are altogether unable to supply the intermediate links of such cause and such effect. In Captain Head's vivid description of his journey across the Pampas of South America, he tells us that, one day, his guide suddenly stopped him, and, pointing high into the air, cried out, " A lion ! " Surprised at such an exclamation accompanied by such an act, he turned up his eyes, and with difficulty perceived, at an immeasurable height, a flight of condors soaring in circles in a particular spot. Beneath that spot, far out of sight of himself or guide, lay the carcass of a horse, and over that carcass stood (as the guide well knew) the lion whom the condors were eyeing with envy, from their airy height. The signal of the birds was to him, what the sight of the lion alone could have been to the traveller, a full assurance of its existence. One great and certain good will

result from the habit of observation: the world will be taken from the clutches and fangs of a cruel caprice; the mind will read everywhere the great and immutable principles of order; the movements of Nature will not seem to be ordained by the zigzag passion of a Grecian deity, a Pan, or a Jupiter, a Saturn, or a Nox; but will bear most evidently the engraving of a God "*the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.*"

43. And, therefore, in our observing, we should *not merely be desirous of accumulating Facts, but we should refer them to Laws*—a knowledge of facts, without a knowledge of the explaining and comprehending law, is only learned ignorance. You must try to know the signification of facts. See twenty needles under a magnet, every needle is a fact; but the magnet holds the law which explains the fact. A law of nature elucidates many a dimly perceived fact. A fact is barren and sterile; it abideth alone, bring it to the law and it becomes fruitful. A fact is the outside, it is the vesture of a law. We soon learn to distrust appearances and senses—apparent truths are not always real truths. Can you believe your senses? Not always;—you need the law to explain the meaning of sense to you. A well-known writer, to whom we have referred already, says:—

James H.
Hinton.

Analogies help us more and they are never wanting to anything that is true, for nature lends all her treasures to

CHAP. 2. adorn whatever she acknowledges. What we feel so strange is, that we should perceive around us so definite and substantial a habitation as this earth, if the physical does not exist absolutely, but is merely the phenomenon to us of some other existence. But look at the sky at night. Consider the firmament. Is it not stretched as a canopy folding in the earth, of definite circumference, and solid look? Do not say no; for humanity would testify against you. History proves that it appears so to man's natural eye. Is there any such canopy around the earth? Is there anything like it? Man dwells, to his consciousness, in an encircling heaven, which is not. A habitation, bright with gems, and stretched on everlasting pillars, has been prepared for him;—by what? By his presence to infinity bestrewn with lavish worlds. And why? Because it is the nature of his sight. Why should not man's presence to the spiritual infinitude of being place him, to his consciousness, in a home like earth, amid a universe of stars? Do we ask why? Because it is the nature of his present state to feel as dead that which is living, because *the phenomenon which he perceives is different from the truth of things, and by his defect of being, the phenomenon is his reality.*

'Man
and his
Dwelling-
Place.'

The
Imposition
of the
Senses.

44. *The senses impose upon us.* You have heard of the two children at play on the hill while the sun was setting. "What a way the sun has moved since we saw it coming from behind the tree," said the elder boy. "But you know," said the younger, "father told us that the sun never moves at all." "I know he did," said the other, "but see, look yonder. Mother says seeing's believing. I saw the sun rise there in the morning, and now, see its setting there this evening. How can it get all that distance without moving? You know that if we did not move we should remain always just where we are."

“ But you know father told us that it is the earth that moves,” said the younger. “ And that’s impossible too,” said the elder, “ for you see it does not move. I am standing on it now, and so are you, and it does not stir. How can anybody think it moves when it’s quiet under our feet? You know father says he often speaks to us in parables, and this is one of his parables—it can’t be real you know. It’s what he calls an allegory.” Thus the senses impose upon us. How many things deceive us. Where are the stars during the day time? where they are during the night; but “night showeth knowledge,” and the day deceives us; and, as Blanco White says, “If light can thus deceive why may not life?”

CHAP. 2.
—
Anecdote.
Truth
Real and
Apparent.

45. And this ought to be a great consolation, to find *how often we are imposed upon by things which seem*, by what Job calls “Parts of His Ways.” “One part, one little part we dimly scan.” We see, we think one thing plainly, ah, but it is only a piece of the thing, it is not the thing; *and it is the seeing the pieces of things which makes the sceptic, and it is seeing the whole of the thing, or things in wholes which makes the believer.* The sceptic cannot see more or further, and he says, How do you make that out? If I were to define a sceptic, I should say, he is a man always asking that question, “How do you make that out?” and you will notice that

The Sceptic
and the
Believer.

CHAP. 2. *men only cease to become sceptics when they rise from facts to laws.*

Anecdote.
Legh
Richmond.

46. We have heard how a good man—we believe the late Legh Richmond—silenced a sceptic in his village. He was a shrewd labouring man, fancying himself much wiser than in reality he was. He believed in his senses, he never reflected. Mr. Richmond saw him at work in his garden on a very hot summer's day.

"This is a hot day my friend."

"Aye, it is sir, I never knew such a day in all my life. Why, if it was decent I could pull off every rag I have about me."

"Well, never mind, we shall have it cold enough when the sun gets nearer to us."

The fellow leaned on his spade, and looked up with an arch and knowing smile, and said,

"You know a good many things, and you tell us a many queer things; but sir, you'll never get me to believe that."

"Why, what cannot you believe?"

"Why, that the sun's nearer to us in winter than it is in summer. Here am I now, and he be a regularly blistering me here; sure enough he be a good way further off when I stand shivering in frost and snow."

A day or two after the man tapped at the clergyman's study door; he came to say he could not believe that staggering statement about our

being nearer to the sun in winter than in summer. CHAP. 2.

The clergyman lit a lamp, and he took the finger of his labourer and held it by the side of the flame. "Do you feel that?" "No, of course not." "Now then, give me your hand again." He took it and held it not close over, but some distance above the flame. "Do you feel ——?" but it was not necessary to finish the question. A loud expostulatory cry was a sufficient answer.

47. Here was an instance in which sensation Sense
opposing
Sensation. seemed to contradict sense, feeling rebuked sight.

It seems certain that we are nearer to the sun in the summer than in the winter. How prompt the reply and the reasoning of a child would be; it is observation, the combination of reflection and perception, which shows the fallacy of the first impression. How ignorant are we, but how dogmatic we are. We have accumulated a few facts and instances, and we think we know the system of the universe. How ignorant are even the most learned! What is this we call knowledge?

Oh, could we but perform a miracle. Could I but throw up an Orange and cause it to go The
Orange an
Hypothetical
Miracle. through its double motion in the centre of a room.

Could I make it to revolve an annual and diurnal round; then could I conceive it covered with little Lilliputians, with their needles engaged in their explorations into the science of *Orangeology*; first the rind, then the white; then some great wedge

CHAP. 2. of pith striking its strata through Wernerian waves, down beneath and below, great fresh-water formations; then he who makes this last discovery of the primary rocks comes to the surface, announces his theory, and proclaims that this last is the great formation of the globe. Such are we. This is not a satire upon one science, but upon all when they assume the dogmatic sceptic and law. The mere accumulation of facts will do little to elucidate without the reverent and believing spirit—little to elucidate the mystery without a knowledge of the law which regulates the facts. One law will always throw light upon an amazing number of facts. Hence, I say, be not merely anxious to accumulate facts; find their meaning. *The facts of nature are a dry study without the light of a law behind them.* The law is the grammar, it gives the syntax, and the prosody, and turns a chaos into a universe of light and music. And it is thus that *things themselves lead to the science of things*, and this is the striking down the shaft into the mines of knowledge.

Laws
Interpret
Facts.

Such observations will increase our wonder, and heighten our veneration. We shall, alike in the finest details and in the most profound and infinite rangings of the plummet of science, find the mighty arrangements of power and goodness deeper than the plummet, and far more infinite than the straggling fancy of the spectator.

Episode.

AN HOUR'S CHAT WITH A SEA ANEMONE.

THE other day, in rambling among the rocks of EPISODE. —
one of the most beautiful parts of our coast,
among the seaweed and sea-shells of varied shapes,
I came upon a little cove of shattered rocks, every
crag of which held an anemone; and, as I was
in one of those moods in which we delight to
please our idleness with the contemplation of the
curious actions of the children of nature, I sat
down to watch them. Has nature a more wonder-
ful child than this little creature? Its beauty is
very marvellous, and the grace of its actions
astonishing. And as I sat there watching it,
shrinking in as a cloud or shadow or momentary
darkness seemed to sweep a periodical cold around
the place, and then again when the sun shone high
and warm, stretching forth its innumerable floral
fingers or tentacula, I found it to be quite one of
those subjects which keep the mind half dreaming
and half thinking. The creature, one of a wonder-
ful race of creatures, the tribe of the polypus, or

EPISODE. many-footed, looked such a riddle fastened to the rock, it seemed in its strange existence to be a sort of bridge over which the flower passed into the animal or the animal returned again into the flower.

This little creature, and the numerous tribe to which it belongs, the vast race of coralline and gelatinous polypi have often been the subjects of speculation, and inquisitive observation to naturalists. Its very name implies that it is an animal flower, like a flower remarkable for its susceptibility to light and to the warmth of the sun, and like an animal with digestive functions, and beautiful and simple as it seems, and lovely, maintaining its life by the exercise of a rather remorseless maw upon creatures, animalculæ and shells within the range of its power or its appetite. As I sat upon the rocks, I saw strewn round about me in a number of places which the sun could not touch, a number of these creatures like so many small ripe figs done up in a compact parcel, without any trace of all that immense feelage and foliage which my little friend at my feet exhibited. I could not but think how perfectly it resembled, perhaps, the seed of every tree; the acorn itself, which in its cell has to be unfolded by the powers of electricity and magnetism, heat and light, contains stem and branch, leaf and fruit. And as I saw about me

too, a number of these creatures that had been left EPISODE.

by the retiring waves, and at the same time deserted by the necessary beam, but spreading out on all hands into a kind of sea-weed—fancy connected with them all the vast masses of algal forests amidst which I almost stumbled in exploring the coast. I could not but think it possible that the sea-weeds very likely owed their origin to some such creatures as the anemone; on our coasts we do not see to advantage these little beauties; our climate is never sufficiently warm to develop them in the fulness of their beauty. We only see the embryo of the thing, though still having revealed to us much of its loveliness. Again, as I sat and watched, it seemed to me like a beautiful little basket of living flowers, tendril twisting round tendril, all nodding and curtsying to the wave, the sun, and the breeze.

I am not a naturalist, I am only a lover of nature, and therefore did not feel myself disposed to cut it in pieces to attempt to get at the meaning of the mystery, although, with great difficulty, I did succeed in getting one away from the rock. Naturalists often seem very much like the ungrateful old farmer with the goose that laid golden eggs, who cut the goose open to get all the eggs at once, and found that he had not only a dead goose for his pains, but that his income of eggs

EPISODE. was gone besides. But I must not do so wicked a thing as speak evil of naturalists, yet I often think the thirst of their curiosity deadens their perception of beauty. I prefer to take what nature gives, disposed indeed to ask questions, but questions which may be answered without stretching nature upon a rack, and torturing every nerve for a reply. I prefer the study of a living physiology to a dead anatomy. And so there I sat moralizing and recollecting. I could not but remember that a certain Abbé Dicqumarre had made sundry very curious observations with his penknife on this same creature, and he assured us, this pretty little innocent would take periwinkles, shrimps, and shells, even much larger than these, and picking the creature out of them, would throw the shell aside just like any experienced old gentleman or lady at the tea-table. I could not but recollect that he had told me how when he had cut off all these branches they would sprout forth into life again; and how, although the creature had no eyes, yet it has exquisite sensibility to light, in which curious observation we have the hint that a sense may operate even without a peculiar faculty. I could not but recollect also what the same Abbé tells us too in reference to its tenacity of life, independent of the atmosphere, that when placed under an exhausting receiver it felt no inconvenience. And

all these things came very pleasantly to my mind EPISODE
while I sat there in the sunlight on the hard rock,
looking at this wonderful animal riddle.

But even while I looked the sun retired, and the water in the little hollow, sustaining the life and action of the animal flower, trickled away, and it began to contract, gathered up all its tubes or fingers, and bound itself as if into a bag or purse, and there seemed to fix itself, perhaps for death (though it is rather mysterious to us when such creatures die)—perhaps until another beam of sun or the rising tide should call forth its flowery life to nod and curtsy again.

But I had not done with my little friend, although it ceased to play its interesting movements before me, and I to be the observer—I became a moralist, and I recollected a number of my friends who seemed to me exceedingly like sea anemones. There is a kind of people who vegetate rather than live. We have known some who are in the moral world, what this little creature is in the creation. They seem to be a bridge over which matter passes into spirit to give to it automatical action, or spirit passes back again into matter. Many men seem to us rather the embryos of moral being, than the being itself; they contain the seeds of infinite enjoyment, but they live like the anemone, and after death leave only behind them, as it were, the memory of an

EPISODE. incomparable weed ; innumerable multitudes in all parts of the world, born in a certain spot, continue riveted there, and cannot allow an affection, a memory, a hope, or an imagination to pass beyond the confines of their little rock, their village, their little home, their pool of drink ; when the sun visits it they are happy, when the sun retires they are moody ; they know no more, they care for no more ; they live on and die like the anemone. Thus the thought came to me — how possible it is to have the character of the anemone without its beauty. The anemone charms and fascinates ; animal or flower, it is where its Maker placed it ; it fulfils the intention of its existence, and, in unconscious carelessness, it tosses to and fro, thoughtless, and only sensitive to its appetites. You do not expect it to move beyond, that which is natural is always beautiful. But as man's nature was never intended to find its sustenance or life in a sphere so low as the mere region of animal appetites, man can only be beautiful when he seeks to make all his senses means for the transfusion of a higher life ; when he recoils from the dark shadow of evil, or lives happily in the sunlight of good, and so has in his nature a moral barometer as true to him as are light and heat to the sea anemone.

CHAPTER III.

BOOK-LIFE—WHAT TO READ AND HOW TO READ IT.

48. IF I take down my Bible, and turn to the words of Solomon, I find that he gives to the young student a clear and vivid picture of the method of his student life—" *Through desire a man having separated himself seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom. A fool hath no delight in understanding, but that his heart may discover itself.*" Here are the great conditions of the intellectual life, and the first condition is moral, is emotional, through desire, seeking for knowledge, yearning for knowledge, as the same wise man says, "If thou seekest for her as for hid treasure, thou shalt find"; intellectual advancement cannot be separated from the will, *through desire it is that the end is gained*, the motive must be a love, a passion, there must be desire. Go to the grocer's and get the best tea, five shillings, six shillings mixed, what matters it—what makes a good cup of tea? *boiling water*—the pudding may be well made and mixed, but what makes it a pudding? *boiling water*. Now desire is the boiling water;

CHAP. 3.

Proverbs
xviii. 1, 2.

CHAP. 3. it is of no use to have the largest library, the best books, the best instruments, without desire. The pursuit of knowledge is not only a passion, it is a consecration too—the man must separate himself. He must walk alone—separate himself not merely from dissolute companions, that of course—from idle, thoughtless companions—from the courtship of frivolity—how many have lost the golden hours of life because they gave themselves in their early days, when work was over, to the mere insipid chatterings of idleness; but this comes as the condition. Wouldst thou know, then thou must separate thyself—first the desire, then the isolation, and then intermeddle with all knowledge.

49. "Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found," it is all before thee; "ransack the ages, spoil the climes." But not for the purposes of vanity—a low motive that. "A fool hath no delight in understanding, but that his heart may discover itself," that is reveal his own possessions, always in such a case very poor. It is not so with the earnest student, the thoughtful man, it is for the divine satisfaction of wisdom, "Seek her for she is thy life; exalt *her* and *she* shall promote *thee*."

A Taste for
Reading.

50. Surely it is not necessary to use any arguments to excite to reading; this is a taste very early formed. The young boy who has not yet reached his seventh summer, frequently hastens away to the little garret with some precious

volume, which will be perused until the darkest shades have fallen over the house-tops ; or eagerly enough, perhaps, while the mother is ironing, or sewing, or knitting, will he take the volume, borrowed from the school library, and sit down by the bright fire and read, and pause to suggest the question : may he find his delights when manhood shall have ripened his life, with the book by the fireside of the dear ones too ! The taste for reading, we say, needs no defence, no apology. All who have ever had access to the portals, the first pillars of learning, will easily estimate the power of the fascination, and the charm of books ; a charm which accompanies us, in some way or other, our whole life through, arresting our boyhood, even in the midst of our sports, by the spell of novelty, by the attractions of fable and history, of legend and heroism, of strength and poetry. In youth and manhood, reciting the grand romances of science—unveiling the magnificent speculations of Geometry or Astronomy ; or, if these be far above the reach, then beckoning the fairy lights from the more rudimental lessons of knowledge. Sick, and world-weary, we invoke the kindly voice of wife or daughter, to break the monotony of the sick chamber, and read to us ; or when age films over the orbs of vision, and our glasses are a weariness to us, and the eye-balls soon ache and roll over a misty page, how pleas-

- CHAP. 3. ant is the presence of one who will come to us
 — with the cheerful book, and illuminate the passing hour with the hints and intimations from the suggestive page. Thus, then, we have to use little persuasion, we suppose, to prosecute the mere pursuit of reading ; indeed, where persuasion has to be used in this particular, we may, perhaps, be sure of the incapacity of the individual, for the pleasure or the labour that may be connected with books ; but over most of those who have begun to
 • tread the walks and ways of Knowledge, they have shed a witchery and an influence, which in every age of life it is delightful to feel. The engagements of life make the book a comparative luxury, but it is a luxury ever acknowledged, and frequently sought.

Systematic
Reading.

51. Again, therefore, we say it is not necessary to invoke to reading, but to read with a method, *systematic reading*, reading to purpose and to profit. There never was so large an amount of profitless reading in the world as now ; books, by millions, find their way through all the channels of our population, but of those books, printed and sold, few, very few are read : and of the books read, how few either have an useful aim, or are perused to any useful purpose. Society is now filled with vast hosts of cultivated dunces—wealth and the facility of making it have levelled distinctions which once existed, and millions now being

Cultivated
Dunces.

able to read and write, fancy themselves learned, CHAP. 3
and wise, and clever, simply because they can read
and are rich. —

52. Again, *there is a possibility of reading* Read with
the Mind.
without any very distinct mental action; the mind of
the reader is passive to the book, the individuality
of the reader is surrendered to the book: this is
always bad; no book has any right so to captivate,
but thus it must always be, when we read, as
thousands read, merely to stretch the mind upon
a luxurious lounging-couch. A great deal of the
reading of our times is merely *intellectual ennui*,
it is an attempt to fly from self; we dare not be
alone, even in a railway carriage; we shun soli-
tude, we abhor thought, the mind cannot walk, or
leap, or dive, or run, and therefore the shilling
novel is in so much request, and many other books
beside shilling novels. Now, it may be asserted
as a general principle in reading, that *all reading*
is useless which does not conduce to mental activity,
which does not tax the imagination or the judg-
ment, the comparison or the inquisitiveness.
Much reading is done merely by the eye; even
the tale read cannot be recounted, the process
of reasoning cannot be repeated, or the main
proposition stated. No! no! my young friend,
as the lines glide before the eye, tax the
powers of your mind; if a volume of travels,
then transport yourself to the scenery and the

CHAP. 3. localities described, paint vividly, let Imagination use her colours, let human sympathy go forth and note the condition of the inhabitants, and let Memory awaken her daughter Comparison, and bring the ancient story of the English country to bear on the illustration from the foreign but modern picture. Of what use is any volume of travels in the library if it is not made to be a lamp, to shed its lustre over the conditions of moral and physical Geography, and thus lighten up the pages of all history? Read in this spirit: read, indeed, with a spirit. It is possible to make even a *worthy* novel an assistant to mental education; but, when has it been read in this fashion? when has the volume been laid down in order that the picture—the historic picture—might be recalled? How often have we heard of “skipping the descriptive parts,” precisely because *there* was a little mental work? We will repeat it again, that all reading is worse than useless (for it lulls the mind to sleep with most benumbing opiates), which does not create the necessity of some kind of action. Burn the books which will not do this for you; what is their use? Do they profess to bring you information?—you cannot receive it without mental action. Do they profess to bring to you the panoply of linked, mailed, severe thought;—but you cannot put it on without action. And all the didactics of the metaphysi-

—
Give
attention to
Reading.

cian, or the moralist, are useless, unless you beat them out yourself, and make them, as he shall show you the way, into a mental harness;—and this cannot be done without action. And if you surrender yourself to the spell of the poet, do you suppose that all is to be done by him, and nothing by yourself? You must use your own eyes, mount by your own wings; and this cannot be but by action. In the first place, therefore, in reading, let the young man have done with all the passive and powerless perusals, which indeed affect the eye, but never reach the intellect, and never call into play the moral approval or disapproval. This remark is certainly very general, but the reason why it is so is because there is so vast an amount of crude, ill-digested reading—reading which in no sense is worthy of the name, which is scarcely worthy to rank as mental employment at all.

53. Another remark which may be made is in reference, not so much to the worthless method of reading, but rather *the worthless matter read*. *It is with minds as with bodies: we in our growth greatly resemble the food upon which we grow. Coarse food will naturally produce a coarse body.* We do not look for grace and beauty, for Caucasian symmetry and proportion from those who feed upon offal, and whale blubber, and the flesh of seals and bears; and how can we expect

Mental Food

CHAP. 3. minds seizing with hungry avidity the most
 — wretched mental garbage to be gifted with health
 Coarse Mental Food. or stature, with athletic vigour, or noble proportion? Impossible! and therefore in the intellectual regions we are frequently meeting with those whose false and sickly sentimentality—whose deformed and dwarfed mental proportions—betray the cradles in which they were nurtured, the food upon which they were sustained, and the kingdoms in which their days of wan and stunted intelligence have been passed. And we are compelled to feel for such persons a pity—rising to contempt—which the Laplander and the Kam-schatkese never awaken within our breasts.

54. At the risk of appearing to address some of our remarks to very young beginners—the juveniles in the ranks of knowledge—we may say, then, that it is most important in reading to remember three things:—

Not the
 amount but
 the effect.

55. *First. It is not by the amount of reading you go through, but by the value of the impressions made upon the mind that you are to estimate its importance.* Perhaps, as a general statement, we may say, that where there has been the most prodigious and varied amount of reading, there it has been to the least and most inconsiderable purpose. The heads of such persons have been described as Encyclopædias turned upside down; a vast body of information, if one could only get at it

or if the memory could only have retained it; but as it is, a mere heterogeneous heap without order or array: systematic reading disciplines in the exercise of thought, and tends to make the mind strong. *The reading therefore should be definite, condensed, and methodic.* CHAP. 3.

56. *Second. That which is worth reading once is generally worth reading many times, especially if its tendency is to train the mind or the imagination.* Gibbon somewhere makes the remark that he usually read a book three times; he first read it, glancing through it to take in the general design of the book, and the structure of the argument; he read it again to observe how the work was conducted, to fix its general principles on the memory; and he read it a third time to notice the blemishes, or the beauties, and to criticise and discuss its bearing and character. This is reading indeed, and many books cannot be said to have been perused until they have been carefully traversed, not only three times, but still more frequently. The mastery of one book on any particular subject will be found frequently, if the book is a really worthy one, and it is of such books we are speaking, to be a mastery of the whole subject of which it treats. Sir John Herschell says, in his "Natural Philosophy,"—"I am now commencing the perusal of 'Lyell's Geology,' the third (or fourth) time, and find my

Gibbon.
How he
Read.

Sir John
Herschell.

124 *Understand that you may Remember.*

CHAP. 3. interest increased with every perusal." Yes! the resolute reading of a book like that, the determination to comprehend each theory, each term, each induction and observation, places the reader beyond the need of a large library upon the topic he has been studying; as far as books *can* instruct him he is instructed. The facts and the principles are engraven firmly upon his understanding, and this is one of the most important methods for reaching the memory. *Clearly understand, and the probability is, that you will vividly remember.*

"Exercise
thyself."

57. *Third. It follows from all this that the value of reading depends quite as much upon yourself as the book; nay, far more upon yourself than the book; frequently, therefore, put it down and recal; re-collect that which you have read, that you may niche it in your understanding; and following these hints you will find that although you may not apparently travel with rapidity, yet, like the tortoise of old, you will win the race. Your memory, be it ever so indifferent, will accumulate facts; from the books you read—Histories, or Biographies, or Philosophies, you will certainly acquire principles; and some of the lines and the pictures of your favourite poets must impress your fancy and your memory.*

Coleridge.
Four Kinds
of Readers.

58. COLERIDGE tells us of FOUR KINDS OF READERS. "*The first, like the hour-glass; their reading, like the sand, running in, and then out, and*

leaving not a vestige behind. *The second, like the sponge*, which imbibes everything, only to return it in the same state, or perhaps dirtier. *The third, like the jelly-bag*, allowing the pure to pass away, and keeping only the refuse and dregs; and the *fourth, like the slaves in the mines of Golconda*, casting aside all that is worthless, and retaining only the diamonds and gems. See to it that you are of the latter class, gathering riches from all your reading. To this end, do not read at random—indiscriminately. The world is full of books, and a lifetime would not suffice to read all, even if they were good, which vast numbers of them are not. Make, then, a selection of your books, and be careful in making it. Touch not, if possible, a single volume that is unworthy, trifling, or useless. Seek first for the most important subjects, and then for the best works respecting them. Be as careful of the books you read as of the company you keep; for your habits and character will be as much influenced by the former as the latter. See to it, then, that both are good. And even in perusing good books—for the best are imperfect—imitate the fishermen spoken of in the Gospel, who, in drawing their nets full of all kinds of fishes, ‘gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away.’”

59. Ever have, also, some high and useful aim CHAP. 3.
in reading. Whatever you read, have an object in

CHAP. 3. reading it. Know not only *what*, but *why* you read. Read for the discipline of your intellect, the elevation of your taste, the extension of your knowledge, the improvement of your heart, the regulation of your conduct and life. Read, that you may store up lessons of wisdom, to apply them to yourself; that you may follow every good, and avoid every evil example, and thus daily become wiser, happier, better, and more useful.

In the course of reading, it will be well to bear in mind the following purposes:—

60. *Read, FIRST, to form the mind, to awaken its powers, its consciousness*

This is the first essential to the formation of the mind, like the electricity to the hedgerows and buds in the spring—a great good book will awaken its powers; this is the aim of liberal knowledge, to set mind free, for mind unfreed must be unformed. To inform mind we must enlarge it, carry it out into new scenes, into a realm of new impressions;—let a person accustomed only to survey nature in her more quiet and level scenes, visit those spots where the wild and awful forms of nature rise—the savage moorlands, the mountainous glory and gloom, the broken and precipitous crags, the solemn forest, the resounding shore—here is new thought, new feeling, a new chain of impressions—in fact, a volume whose every page gives freedom and

information. In a survey of the midnight heavens, CHAP. 3.
a man capable of receiving the magnificent discoveries of modern astronomy, seems to be borne forward into a vast sea, where, for a time, the bearings are lost—he finds a new centre, the universe is larger than he thought it was—he is living, not in a village, but a universe. Here is a wonderful book. Such a book is Science with its marvellous combinations, its apprehension and seizure of imprisoned forces, how it enlarges the mind! and seeing other countries by travel, a few days on the continent in any of the kingdoms of Europe, with new people, a new language, new churches, new habits and manners; how this tends to enlarge, to liberalise the mind—this is the opening of the eyes which makes some minds recoil from what they behold, they look over a steep and fearful cliff, the novel light throws all into the mist to them. Then, too, comes the unfixing and the unsettling of judgments and opinions, and the spirit feels itself recoil from the knowledge it has attained, but it cannot, it must go on, only it must watch, and wait, and pray that its pathway may be one of illumination indeed, for there is a tendency in the mind to cut itself from all moorings to make the new visions a foundation for mental licentiousness and unhallowed dissoluteness of thought. Such persons look back upon their former state with pity, and

—
Reading to
enlarge
the Mind.

CHAP. 3. upon all who are in that state with pity; they have abandoned their village life, and they will live nowhere, they find the enlargement of intelligence is not necessarily the enlargement of peace. Knowledge may enlighten the eye, but does not always inform the mind—it is analytical and distributive, but not harmonising, not comprehensive.

John Henry Newman.
'Scope and Nature of University Education.'

It has been remarked, "a great memory does not make a philosopher, nor can a dictionary be called a grammar—there are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations towards each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists, they may be learned in the law, they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place, still there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. *Well read men or men of information may not have that culture which is the mark of a liberal mind.*"

61. But you need, perhaps, to be attracted to the walks of Study; and what is presented to you at first must be presented in a fascinating style to provoke the appetite for knowledge. Such books as "My Schools and Schoolmasters," by the lamented Hugh Miller, and "The Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," full of interesting anecdote and philosophy, simple, lucid, and interesting, and Todd's "Student's Manual" contain

good hints conveyed in a very interesting manner ; CHAP. and Drummond's "Letters to a Young Naturalist" — is a most entertaining and highly instructive book upon the preliminaries of knowledge; then Watts' "Improvement of the Mind," and Sir John Herschell's "Natural Philosophy," should be read and re-read. I speak of forming the mind, and to this end no plan is so valuable as the making an analysis of a good book. I knew a boy who did this with Blair's "Lectures on Rhetoric," with Locke "On the Mind," with Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and with Robertson's "Charles V.," and "State of Europe," and several other eminent books; and the value of these performances is with him till this day. This plan is, perhaps, one of the most excellent that can be recommended for disciplining the mind, and giving method and consistency to its powers.

62. *Read, SECOND, to obtain a stock of ideas—* Get ideas. *mental furniture*; and they will not be obtained by travelling over a very large ground, but by well measuring every step, and noting the ideas and the impressions to which it gave birth in the memory. Some books are vast storehouses of ideas; but it is a mistake to go to collections of aphorisms, anas, and laconisms; they may present here and there smart and startling expressions; but those ideas are the most suggestive which

CHAP. 3. occur naturally in the ordinary course of reading, and come to the mind attended by all the weight of surrounding argument and illustration.

Words
vehicles for
ideas.

63. It is a characteristic of learned ignorance to rate the value of words above that of ideas, but what is a word? Words are of no value in themselves—like closets, and caskets, and picture-frames, and settings, they are valuable for what they contain. Suppose a regiment of soldiers marched to battle with scabbards by their sides, but no swords in the scabbards; well, they would not do much mischief: *and a word is the sheath of an idea*; words are only valuable as they give ideas—they can only give ideas as they contain ideas—or, again, it may be of as much value to speak in an unknown tongue, if at nine o'clock at night I am able to tell a number of people in ten languages that it is nine o'clock. I should not add much to their stock of information. Thus *one idea in ten languages is not so valuable as ten ideas in one language*.* Ten ideas are better than ten words—words are only valuable as they enable us to accumulate or to communicate mental furniture, to learn or to teach. We have made the linguist to be a wonder and a strange marvel; yet we are told that languages cease in heaven, and it would seem they were given as a curse on earth. No doubt the entrance into the mind of a

* Goethe somewhere makes this remark.

language is a great discipline and acquisition. On the contrary, what learned ignorance we meet in this very particular, and if it is so in the accumulation of knowledge, how much more so in the communication. What idealess nonsense we have

CHAP. 3.
—
Idealess words.

heard alike in pulpit and on platform—what heaps of words, where every word was pointless. Some men have learned many languages, but when they come to speak their own, their words go wandering about like ghosts without clothes — things that ought to be ashamed of themselves, saying,

“Where are we? who will own us?” Like the letter put into the post-office to John Smith, to a superscription fitted to ten thousand people, meaning anything. Poor letter! very much surprised that it did not get to its destination. Thus men speak.

A puzzled letter.

I have heard a very fine preacher some time since in a pulpit, talking of the “vastitudes,” and “the spaces,” and the “sapphire seas,” and “emerald plains,” and “argent realms,” and “mountains of light, whose towering cliffs bore stars of tremulous majesty,” when “adolescent angels moved upon their stellar way,” and “woke gushes of melody from glittering golden wires,” &c., &c.; and while I was between a flutter of indignation at the folly and amazement, at the nonsense and impertinence of the thing, a minister—an M.A., too, —touched me and whispered, “Isn’t it very fine?” Fine, certainly; as fine as the attire of the

A very fine preacher.

CHAP 3. African king, of whom we have read, who presented himself in a cocked hat, and old red officer's coat, but without any breeches. Such finery is a beautiful exposition of nakedness.

A photograph.

All affectation of speech implies cowardice in character.

64. Language should clear our ideas to ourselves. No doubt we only see clearly when we speak clearly—when our language is that of sharp definition; and when we speak unnaturally we speak ignorantly. All these affectations of speech are vulgar, and they are all ignorant, however well the speaker may have been educated. All affectation is weakness, vanity, timidity, self-consciousness—all self-consciousness is weakness—the affectation of the young lady or the young clergyman. I saw the other day a brave young military captain, with immense whiskers, and hair parted Madonna fashion across his forehead. He was so tightly put together you might almost have fancied his groom had girthed him instead of his horse. Had anyone dared to impeach his courage, he would have called him out. Well as he stood there, balancing himself to and fro, and haw-hawing, and attempting to make you “comprehend the principle,” and all that kind of thing, you understand, why it was easy to see it was all timidity, self-conscious timidity—poor little military heart, fluttering away. All affectation of speech is uncertainty—timidity.

65. *Our first duty is Plain Speech*—and our first

danger in mental accumulation is of words rather than ideas. The old gentleman spoke to his servant Tom—"Take off the saddle from the bay horse, and lay it on the ground; then take the saddle from the grey horse and put it on the bay horse, and then put the other saddle on the grey horse." The fellow very naturally said, "Master, couldn't ye have said 'Change the saddles?'" Yes, the first duty is to use great plainness of speech; a mind is just as wealthy as it is furnished with *ideas—that is, definite conceptions of things.*

—
Plain speech
wanted.

66. *Read, THIRD, to fortify your convictions—that is, mature them in the understanding.* Convictions are not originally in the understanding, but they grow up to resolution and strength by nutrition from the understanding; and to this end the patient perusal and careful compending of such books as Dr. John Young's "Christ of History," and the "Foundations of our Faith," by Professors Auberlin, Gess and others, will be very helpful. Education of the religious nature is the most important part of all mental and moral training. Reasons for faith give mould and character to all life and perceptions, and relations of truth; but all reading of this nature should revolve round the New Testament, and this, read in the original Greek, will bear wonderful waves of light, refreshment, and truth into the mind.

Fortify your
convictions.

CHAP. 3. 67. *Read*, FOURTH, to aid reflection, to develop your own consciousness, to aid your own personality, to mark and note the consentaneousness of your faculties, and in this to have confirmed to you the great assurance that you are an immortal thought of God. Metaphysics may be, to those able to read them, a very pretty manly sport, and ought to assist you to realize your own being, and to enter into the secret of all being.

68. *Read*, FIFTH, History. This is the great visible representation of the point of contact between the divine and human in man; it is the interpretation of the divine consciousness which pervades and rules the world. God in history is the sublimest study: if Natural Theology be possible, this is its noblest field.

69. *Read*, SIXTH, English History. It is a wonderful story, and it gives on a smaller diagram the lessons and results of the last paragraph.

See Chapter
VII.

70. *Read*, SEVENTH, to train the imagination and the taste.

71. *Only, be careful* to form your mind before you allow yourself to attempt its adornment.

How to treat
an author.

72. When good great books are read thus, they case the spirit in fine armour, and fit it to grapple with the subterfuges, and falsehoods, and sophisms, either of argument or style. Many books may be appropriately analysed and condensed, and put into the language of the student. Where the

author is obscure, enlighten him; where he is imperfect, supply his deficiencies; when he is too brief and concise, amplify a little; where he is redundant, retrench his paragraphs; if the book be irregular in its method, reduce it into form by a little analysis of your own.* Follow that course which will aid in the selection of the most truthful ideas, and in the presentation of them in the most logical and connected manner. And thus having prepared the mind to read, what stores of knowledge, and long hours of enjoyment are before you! You are now free to enter the most distinguished company that ever came on earth. You have qualified yourself for high, noble, and unfettered communion with the greatest spirits—by no possession of wealth, by no rich mansion, or widely extensive park; for they will come to the very humblest cottage, where the ground has been prepared by a fitting and a reverent taste; there is much company into which the lowly can never enter; you and I, my friend, can never expect to be very well acquainted with the dwellings of princes, with the halls of peers; these men will pass by us, and think our homes too poor for their condescension: but PLUTARCH will not pass by us. He will come and chat familiarly to us, and tell us the quaint and

* See WATTS' *Improvement of the Mind*. Chapter IV., "Books and Reading."

CHAP. 3. pleasant story, and give to us his humours or
 — his reflections; he will make the awful men of Grecian or Roman days to move vigorous and life-like before us. ' Old MONTAIGNE will not pass by us; no, hale as ever, the hearty, loquacious, sceptical old prattler will come and sit by our side, and penetrate our hearts with all the deep, quaint loveableness of wisdom: and old THOMAS FULLER and SIR THOMAS BROWN will not pass us by; the one deep, condensed, and quaint,—the other, rapt, inspired, and wrought to the majesty of strange mystic eloquence and curious learning; but both of these will come and bear us company. For us CHAUCER will make his Canterbury Pilgrims recite their famous tales: for us SPENSER will brighten or darken the forest—will make the chamber to give back the lights of beauty or glamour, and lead before us,

“The gentle Una, with the milk-white lamb.”

And so with the moderns, too, men to whom we never spoke, and whom we can never hope to see; whose portraits and whose books we have looked upon, and whom we have learned to venerate from those books.

Books
realise.

73. Books break down the walls between the present and the past. They bring before us vividly the old times, and antique ways and manners: they are a light, before which the dark hollow ground

becomes illuminated with reality, and all the buried men and buried buildings are brought distinctly before the eye. Books enhance our estimation of character; the good Biography transfuses the life of the departed into us; Arnold makes Hannibal present to our minds when we read the "History of Rome;" and the biographer of Arnold in turn, makes us feel that we are near to him while reading his life. Good books, good histories are really dramatic; Carlyle's "French Revolution" is a storm of a book, and how immeasurably more important to us than the "Iliad" are its vivid narratives of events, and men, and things? Books translate us as they will; they carry us as in a magic car; hither and thither we roam, deep down in the clefts of the Himalayas, where sunbeams never penetrated, far out of the sound of human voice or footfall; we tread amidst the charmed marble courts of Old Granada, our ears and our hearts are lulled by the sounds of waters from fountains. Give us a good book, and it touches us, we move over continents, seas, mountains, and volcanoes; we can look into the homes and social assemblies of the men of all lands. If a magician is left in or on the world yet, that magician is a good book.

74. SIR JOHN HERSCHELL, in a lecture to the Eton Mechanics' Institute, once said,

Sir John Hershell on a taste for reading.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand by me

CHAP. 3. — under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree derogating from the higher office and sure and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hand a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history; with the wisest, the wittiest, and the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the characters should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization, from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best-bred and best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion, in a habit of reading well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet—“*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*” It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.

75. Nor can we resist the pleasure of transcribing the following beautiful sentences from the

Leigh Hunt. “Indicator” of LEIGH HUNT:—

Immortality
of books.

How pleasant it is to reflect, that all these lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired! How Ovid and Horace

The Thoughts of the Great are Immortal. 139

exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no farther; which generates, and yet is not destroyed. Consider: mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal. CHAP. 3.
—

Yet this little body of thought, that lies before me in the shape of a book, has existed thousands of years; nor, since the invention of the press, can anything short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this, so small, yet so comprehensive, so light, yet so lasting, so significant, yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this, turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this, the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together,

“The assembled souls of all that men held wise.”

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? *Surviving in:* This is a question which every author, who is a lover of a book. books, asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know that I cannot exclaim with the poet,

“Oh that my name were numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days;”

for my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing, as I do, what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more. At all events, nothing, while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if Fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before

CHAP. 3. I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my over-beating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

The novelist. 76. But the novelist. Here occurs a grave question: should we read fiction? And to this we must reply in the first place, we all do read fiction. Our literature teems with it. Perhaps now too abundantly. You have fiction in the shape of Mrs. Sherwood's and Mrs. Cameron's stories for sabbath schools; the Religious Tract Society, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, industriously avail themselves of the instrumentality of fiction for pointing the sacred moral. You observe that fiction has interfused itself into all our literature. Social teachers produce their precepts and examples now in fiction. Philosophers unfold their theory and their fact in fiction; if a spirit oppressed with the weight of its own experience seeks rest, it pours out its experience in fiction; if a reformer wishes to utter the cry of inspiration and prophecy, he does it in fiction; so has it been in all ages—you can only meet the greater masses and multitudes of mind so. The *Paradise Lost* of Milton or the *Divinia Commedia* of Dante, what are they but fiction? The *Iliad* of Homer, or the *Æneid* of Virgil; the *Prometheus* of Eschylus, or the *Œdipus* of Sophocles; The *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer; the *Fairy Queen* of Spenser; or the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare; the *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan;

or the Robinson Crusoe of Defoe. Nay, further, CHAP. 3.

and to speak reverently and to draw a distinction too between other writings and these now mentioned, what are the Parables of our Lord; and what are the Proverbs of Solomon—Proverb is only another name for Parable; a short story, a word of analogical history. Determine to read no fiction, and you may as well determine to read nothing. It is by fiction you make truth legible to the understanding; it is by fiction you make the abstract concrete, and focalise the light and colour of humanity. The parable utterer with the Æsthetic truth. orientals was the wisest man. We do not desire to see fiction removed from literature; we want it ennobled, for fiction idealises truth, and fact, fiction; it makes life Æsthetic; it shows us what life ought to be; it shows us what life must be. As there are some men who live as much in one year as other men in a whole life or more, so such men—men of keen observation and mighty sympathy in a book, in a few pages, collect the results of life; we see life slowly developing itself to us, but such men run their eye over a large range of facts, and characters, and experiences; and put those passions and vices, those wisdoms and virtues, at once vividly—like life itself before the eye. In the high art of fiction nothing is set down that is not true and natural; although perhaps the circumstances forming it never actu-

CHAP. 3. — ally cohered together as they do on those pages.

Ideal forms. 77. The quarrel with what is called Fiction, if there be any, is rather with poetry; and to be consistent, the quarrel must be maintained with art altogether, with all ideal forms. Raphael and Flaxman, Murillo and Thorwaldsen, Wilkie and Roubiliac, all are guilty—guilty of grouping the variations of nature into idealizations—guilty of vindicating man's power to find in the realm of the ideal the realm also of the true real; for it is only that which *ought* to be, which can be said in the highest and best sense really to be. The great poet can see, in his ideal, sins and virtues;—what humanity is capable of any way—what he may sink to—what he may rise to. To him it is especially given to unfold the capabilities of the soul. Iago, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Lear. He leads the spirit through the circumstances which unchain its passions, which unfold its powers. And as he throws the plumb and line down, "deep calls unto deep."

78. And, finally, we should remember the words of ST. AUGUSTINE:—"In Cicero and Plato, and such other writers, I meet with many things wittily said, and things that have a manifest tendency to move the passions; but in none of them do I find these words—'*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!*'"

CHAPTER IV.

THOUGHT LIFE—THE ART OF THINKING.

79. IF the Self-Educator reads in the fashion and manner we have recommended, the art of reading will also train him in the art of thinking; this is the real difficulty of the Intellectual Life. It is, however, this culture of the thought which is the main purpose of all education. *The three leading characteristics of healthy thought are Clearness, Comprehensiveness, and Adroitness*; and although it may tax the powers for a considerable time, it should be the object of the Educator to train an intellectual energy by which the most vivid impression of a subject should be presented to the mind, not merely by itself, but with all its attendant relations and bearings, and this distinct and compendious view reached by the most rapid and immediate perception. On many subjects, this rapid insight into the core and the circumference of subjects is impossible, even with profound and accomplished thinkers; but the well-trained mind will be so fitted for intellectual gladiatorship, that most of the sophistries which cross the path

CHAP. 4.

—

Thought-
life.
Clearness.
Comprehen-
siveness.
Quickness.

CHAP. 4. of ordinary life, will be cloven through at once as by the two-edged sword. There is a twofold method of regarding a subject, which greatly aids the thinking power: the first is the collection of details, and throwing them into generalization—the perpetually looking at parts in relation to wholes. Thus the mind finds its views enlarged; thus it is emancipated from the village-life view of things, to the lofty and universal framework of being; but if the mind is too much accustomed to look at things in their larger relations, then let it be educated by reflecting on the infinitely small and minute parts which make up the whole: instead of tracing from the inner to the outer, it becomes then the duty to trace from the outer to the inner.

Thought is
the art of
discrimina-
tion.

I. 80. Thought is the faculty of the mind. The Art of Thinking is the first real step in Self-Education and Formation. We must not only learn, but we must learn how to use our learning. Thought must teach us how to use our mental stores; it is not mere reading or even accumulation—this may only lead to congestion of the brain—a swamp in the understanding; the man who desires a fountain in his garden will not obtain it by pouring pails full of water there—but he may get a swamp. The mental stores and store-houses should be like other stores. Much, no doubt, gets into the stores which does not reach the exchange and the

cottage; but for what are the first but to minister CHAP. 4.
to the intentions of the last. Eating is pleasant
work, but there may be eating without digestion.
Yet it is only by the last that we have either
health or food, and food we have said determines
character—what have we an appetite for?

81. *Thought is the faculty of mind.* Thought is a Thought.
worker in three great factories—Minds, Things and
Words. It is thought which needs especially to
be educated; *it is by thought we know the excel-
lence of the soul; the quality of thought reveals
the character of the soul.* A philosopher once
asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked
up into his face with an air of astonishment and
offended dignity, and replied, "To be sure I
have." "What makes you think you have?"
"Because I have," she promptly replied. "But
how do you know you have a soul?" "Because
I do know," she answered again. It was a child's
reason; but the philosopher could hardly have
given a better. "Well, then," said he, after a
moment's consideration, "if you know you have a
soul, can you tell me what your soul is?"
"Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't
you suppose that I know what my soul is?"
"Perhaps you do. If you will tell me I shall
find out whether you do or not." "Then you
think I don't know," she replied, "but I do; it is
MY THINK." "Your think!" said the philosopher,

My soul is
MY THINK.

CHAP. 4. astonished in his turn ; “ who told you so ? ” “ No-body. I should be ashamed if I did not know that, without being told.” The philosopher had puzzled his brain a good deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few words.

Method. II. 82. Another great indispensable preliminary to correct thinking is METHOD. We have called it a preliminary, but it is, in truth, the very body of the Art of Thinking. *All that logic can do is to methodize our thoughts—it does not profess to give us thoughts ; as Rhetoric professes to teach us the arrangement of our diction, so as to make words in their application effective, so Logic professes to teach us how to arrange our reasons and our ideas, so that they may wear the most complete appearance. Method, therefore, we say, should be studied. First arrange your own ideas, and you will be the better able to detect the discordancy of those which may be presented to*

Unmethodic minds. you, even in some of your great men. Upon being admitted into the chambers of their intellect, we behold the wardrobe and vestments of their minds scattered about in ridiculous disarray ; and whenever this is perceived, although you admire the genius, it is certain that you lose a large amount of your previous confidence in the teacher. Methodic minds move in a solar pathway, and they leave a track of light after them in the path along which they travel.

83. I have already said *look after the words* for CHAP. 4.
they are the signs of things, that you may clearly
understand the thing, clearly understand the word
which is used to express the thing, the meaning.
The following may be a joke as an illustration of
a clear definition—it is the complaint of a
Frenchman to some newspaper editor; but it is not
merely in learning a language we need to have a
clear comprehension of words, but in learning to
think—clear words and speech indicate clear
thought.

MONS. EDITEUR:—I spake the English language some-
times almost, not quite, vere vell, and my friends tell a me
zat I soon be so proficient, zat I can open an academie for ze
petits enfans—mais, but I often sometimes fall in wis words
which I no comprehend—par example. My frien tell me
sometime ago about some “net work,” which his wife con-
struct—eh bien! I go to my dictionary of Monsieur Walker,
and I look for ze word—ah-ha! I find him, and he read in
zis manner:—

A French-
man's
troubles with
a Dictionary.

“*Net-work*:—worked like a net.”

Ma foi:—zis no definition!—I no comprehend what he
meanst, so I borrow ze dictionary of Mons. Johnson, and I
find ze word—He says zis:—

“*Network*:—Anything reticulated or decussated at equal
distances, with interstices between the intersections.”

Quel horreur—I never shall put in my mous such difficult
words—for I shall dialocate ze bone of my teeth. Vere
good! I shall look for zese hard words—by and by I shall
soon find out vat for mean ze word network.

“*Reticulated*—Made of network: formed with interstitial
vacuities.”

Excellent!—I shall improve vere much!

“To *decussate*—to intersect at acute angles.”

Eh bien! I come on superb!

CHAP. 4. “*Interstice*—space between one thing and another.”

— Pretty well!—we shall see—we shall see.

“*Intersection*—Point where lines cross each other.”

Now I shall get him—I shall combine all ze definitions, and see vat he will make.

Net-work—Anything made of network : formed with interstitial vacuities, or intersected at acute angles at equal distances, with spaces between one thing and another, between the points where lines cross each other!!

You see, sare, vat I have done—shall I evere know vat is net-work?—Vere good! I have come to ze conclusion zat net-work means—network.

84. There is a very old story which will not be without its value here, as containing a hint and an illustration of the value of method in the art of thinking.

Old story.

Method.

A lady was complimenting a clergyman on the fact that she could hear and recite more of the matter of his sermons than those of any other minister she was in the habit of hearing. She could not account for this, but she thought that the fact was worthy of observation. The reverend gentleman remarked that he could explain the cause. “I happen,” he said, “to make a particular point of classifying my topics—it is a hobby of mine to do so; and therefore I never compose a sermon without first settling the relationship and order of my arguments and illustrations. Suppose, madam, that your servant was starting for town, and you were obliged hastily to instruct her about a few domestic purchases, not having time to write down the items, and suppose you said, “Be sure to bring some tea, and also some soap, and coffee too, by-the-bye; and some powder—blue—and don’t forget some light cakes and a little sugar; and now I think of it—soda.’ You would not be surprised if her memory failed with regard to one or two of the articles. But if your commission ran thus—‘Now, Mary, to-morrow we are going to have some friends to tea; therefore bring a supply of tea, coffee, and sugar, and light cakes; and the next day you know is washing-day, so that we shall want soap, and

starch, and powder-blue,' it is most likely she would retain **CHAP. 4.**
your order as easily as you retain my sermons." —

85. Indeed this *Art of Thinking is what is meant* Logic is the art of thinking.
by Logic, or the Science of Inference; but Logic has usually been studied merely as an intellectual amusement—a pastime for the closet: as it has been usually studied, it is wholly unfitted for the pugilistic gauntlet of the man of the world. The art of sound thinking and right reasoning will be obtained more readily by an earnest perusal of Locke on the understanding, Butler's "Analogy," Paley's "Natural Theology," Lyell's "Geology," Sir John Herschell's "Natural Philosophy," or even from the following out the higher order of legal evidence, than from all the volumes of mere Logic ever written or read. The Sophisms and The trap-doors of speech. Syllogisms of the Logician have very frequently been only the trap-doors of speech, and have been used by adroit and acute men simply to endanger unwary adversaries: honestly followed, they may give some aid in the prosecution of mental method, but in *the art of thinking it is most important first to clearly understand terms,—then to arrange ideas.* Archbishop Whately's work on Logic is valuable, because by it the mind is emancipated from the slavery of absolute forms, and guided to the foundations of thought and of things. In the art of thinking, there are several things against which the young student will need to guard. For

CHAP. 4. instance, accidental coincidence is often assumed
 — as sufficient to establish real connection. In this defect in reasoning, many of the errors of superstition have their foundation. By a dishonest confusion of the ordinary experience of men with
 Hume. universal experience, David Hume has obtained for his "Essay on Miracles" a surreptitious credence. Rightly understood, Logic is the art of marshalling and arranging the thoughts, and detecting those either in our own reasoning, or in the reasoning of others, which are only fallacies.

A system
 like a skeleton.

86. At the same time that all this is said, I must say that method itself—system should be worn gracefully, not obtrusively, in the mind and in the life—within the life, not upon the life; even as an eminent writer says, "Our skeletons are inside our bodies; so, generally, ought our systems to be inside our minds." I hate to see a method worn like a straight waistcoat—proof that we are no better than we should be, that there is a great deal of wildness which has to be tamed in and reined. Early training and education should make our discipline pleasant to us, and we should, I say again, if we can, see then that it is worn as a garment is worn, and if not seen as the bones of the human frame, yet giving principle, and erectness, and dignity, to the whole life and character. These remarks, perhaps, may seem to refer rather to method in the life—the necessity of method in

character—for a character without method, fancy that, then fancy a wheel without a tire—a barrel without a hoop. In everything it is so, in books, and in reading, in the mind, and in thinking, in conducting and in acting; we have already seen in the world of books how no one can read to purpose who does not read with a purpose—a large library and a young man in it not knowing which way to look—there they are, and a large proportion of all that mental property he may make his own—but only by careful selection; is it to skim pages, is it to read the title page? or is it to come actually into the company of the great living—or the greater dead and their thoughts, and the scenes thro' which they moved—their adventures, their actions, their discoveries? then a man must put his reading into harness. It is just so with thinking. How few educate thought—how few consequently think to any purpose, and at the same time, not knowing how slowly truth dawns upon the mind, they are intolerant if every question is not immediately answered, and they fall to work to destroy the beautiful, because they cannot comprehend it. We have heard of a stupid, vain, vapid dunce in this country, calling himself Iconoclast; he says it is his work to break down things. Poor fellow, not to seek to comprehend the awful mystery around him—and his place in it: no, but to break things—so might an

CHAP. 4. ass go into a porcelain factory in Etruria or at
 — Sevres, and kick its hoofs about, and break and
 destroy, and if expostulated with, and if it
 happened to be a talking ass, which some asses

A mission to
 break things.

are, then it might reply, "Ah, I cannot make
 things out; that's not my mission, my forte, or
 my faculty—but I can do something else, I can
 break things." But harness thought—methodize
 and discipline thought—and perhaps you may see.
 It is neither to our honour to know everything,
 nor is it to our dishonour that there are many
 things unknown to us. Some men desire to know
 all things, and become strangely angry if all
 things are not explained; nay, they say they *can*
 comprehend all things. Some time since, a friend
 of ours was in a railway carriage with two hard-
 headed sceptics—they were laying down the
 canons of their wisdom, and the limitations of
 their belief—and they agreed, they said, that they
 would believe nothing they could not comprehend.
 "Well, gentlemen," said our friend, "now I shall
 get a little light, for do you see that field?"
 "Yes." "You do believe those are cows and
 sheep in that field?" "Certainly!" "Then
 now," said he, "my mind has been much perplexed
 —but you can tell me how it is—that, as those
 cows and sheep are both feeding together in the
 same field, on the same grass, how it is that the
 food in the one case becomes wool, and in the

Wool and
 hair.

other, hair?" Yes, when we begin to think, we often become confused. There are questions which Ignorance might put to an archangel, and receive no reply: but there is a reply. As Andrew Fuller said, when Robert Hall followed up some advantage in argument—"What do you make of that, sir; what do you make of that, sir?" and the meek man replied, "I have not any answer ready, Mr. Hall, but I know there is one somewhere!"

CHAP. 4.
—
No answer ready, but one somewhere.

III. 87. A most important section of study is the USE OF ANALOGY—investigation of the nature of Analogic Evidence or Probability: Comparison we shall find to be the great clew-line of thought. In countless instances of our lives, Probability throws the determining weight into the scale. With what admirable, and indeed, overwhelming force, is this circumstance used by Bishop Butler. How few things are believed by Demonstration; or rather, how few things are *known* by us to be. Demonstration is plain and simple, while *Probable Evidence*, or which is the same thing *Circumstantial Evidence*, as the Bishop has remarked in the very first sentence of his immortal work, admits of degrees, and of all varieties of shade, from the highest moral certainty to the very lowest presumption. We can well conceive, perhaps are acquainted with, instances in which circumstantial evidence really furnishes more cumulative proof

CHAP. 4. than Demonstration. The Ratiocinative Faculty
 — lies especially in the power to detect relations,—or
 likelihood. Fanciful minds trifle with the ideas
 presented to them; but well formed, well grounded
 understandings build from step to step the plat-
 form of irresistible argument.

Command
 your
 thoughts.

IV. 88. The two preceding requisites in the Art
 of thinking will suggest a third, which, perhaps,
 should be first—THE COMMAND OF THE THOUGHTS
 —*the power to marshal them.* Now the charac-
 ter of the thought gives the character to the mind,
 to the whole mind, yet thought is obedient; a
 particular kind of thought stays with us no longer
 than we will it to do so. If you “hate vain
 thoughts,” say so to them, and they will speedily
 depart from you. It is a pitiable thing when a
 man lies entirely at the mercy of his cogitation;
 when he has so long indulged the impure, or the
 improper thought, that it dares him to reject it!
 What a man thinks, that he is. The real life of
 a man is his mind life; his daily outer life will be
 shaped after it, and in accordance with it. Yes,
 and when the thought has fairly entered the mind,
 and identified itself with it, it will demand food:
 there must be a process of mental assimilation!
 Thus we come to another question, What does
 the mind eat and drink? It becomes, therefore, a
 hard, severe duty for the understanding to deter-
 mine what shall, and what shall not, enter the

mind; to say to this thought, Depart, or to that CHAP. 4.
 one, Come; to say to the mind, You shall not
 read this book, or, You may read that. And not
 only so, not only is the regulation and the control
 of thought most important, but the succession of
 them, to put thoughts in their right places, right
 not only in themselves, but in the right order too.
 Thus, this command of thoughts has two bearings;
 it has, first, to do with the quality of the idea
 admitted into the mind at all, and then, with the
 relation of this especial idea to the development of
 an argument, or the illustration of a subject.

V. 89. Again, in the scale of thinking, **LET US BE** An author
must not
absorb you.
CAREFUL TO PRESERVE OUR MENTAL INDIVIDUALITY.
 Our minds do not belong to the great beings from
 whom we have derived our mental excellence and
 strength. If I am to be benefited by the perusal
 of the master mind, I must absorb him, he must
 not absorb me. There are many who, in reading,
 abandon themselves; the book turns them about
 like puppets; they surrender themselves to the
 author; they take him for better or worse;
 "they swear to their hurt," they never notice the
 frailty, or the failing, the casual inelegance, or the
 occasional inaccuracy; all is conclusion, all is
 perfect. How many readers do we know of this
 description; not satisfied with admiration, they
 pass on to worship; not satisfied with worship,
 they pass on to imitation; they lose their own

CHAP. 4. identity; they become servile; the teacher who
— would have inspired them, degrades them; the
book which would have emancipated, enslaves.

Of what are
you think-
ing?

VI. 90. WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT? *Is it the topic which will be useful to you?* Æropus, King of Macedonia, spent his time in making lanterns. Harcatius, King of Parthia, spent his time in catching moles, and was one of the best mole-catchers in his kingdom; and Briantes, King of Lydia, is represented to us as excellent at filing needles.* George III. was a lame sort of monarch, and indeed gave but little attention to the lessons of government, but he spent every spare moment in turning; in the gardens of his Palace at Kew, he had a workshop, and thither the queen would frequently repair, to inform him that a cabinet council was waiting for him. Louis XVI., the unfortunate King of France, spent all the surplus portions of his time in making locks; while Leopold II., like Charles V., was eminent in watch and clock-making. Thus did these men spend their time—thus did they occupy their thoughts. The eminence of their position places the meanness of their mental occupancy in a strong contrast, in that all the great affairs of State should be waiting the decisions of these men, and they all engaged upon employments which, although not worthless in the world, were wholly beneath the attention of kings and sena-

Foolish
kings.

* TODD'S *Student's Manual*. Section V.

tors. Thinking should be definite; should have a practical tone and aim; should have a bearing on something that shall be done; desultory thinking is not always mischievous, but it is dangerous; beware of that desultory reading which is the result of desultory thinking. It is the subject of a man's thoughts which contributes most essentially to the formation of his character. Let your thinkings all have a subjective character; let them be moulded and controlled by aim and purpose. If the wires separately seem to others insignificant, show that to you they were parts of a great mental telegraphic system. CHAP. 4.

VII. 91. Perhaps all that has already been said supposes GREAT CAUTION as indispensable in the art of thinking—imagination results from the exercise of thought, and judgment results from the exercise of thought: without caution, neither the one nor the other can be correct: for imagination, that most aerial power, has its weights and balances, is healthy and unhealthy, even as any other faculty of the being. We prize the imagination that submits to the curb-rein; we prize the judgment that weighs so steadily and carefully all the associations and possible conditions of the case, before the opinion is pronounced. Thus attended, guarded, balanced, let Thought spread her wing; the ample fields lie all around her, innumerable subjects invite her. How ex- Cautious thought.

CHAP. 4. cellent to be able to think ! to quit the earth and
— walk the avenues of pure being ! to anticipate the
Angel State ! to surround the soul with the conditions and the enjoyments of the spiritual life !

Byron.

“ The beings of the mind are not of clay,”

and the exercises, however brief, of the well-balanced soul, crumble not away, but leave behind them, to the remotest time, traces of their moulding, subduing, and creating power.

An Episode.

THE SOUL OF A WATCH.

How often in the minds of sceptics, and even of EPISODE
those who are not sceptics, yet are in the habit of
thinking loosely, *Life is confounded with Organi-*
zation. How difficult it is to separate the idea of
life from the visible moving body. Some minds
appear to delight in excluding from the range of
their observation the knowledge of an independent,
vitalizing energy. "All," say they, "that we
know of animated bodies is that they are an
organization, and that in their organization they
live, and when the organization dissolves, they
die." They refuse to see anything more than a
complicated and mysterious arrangement. The
human body is a wonderful machine. The brain,
the heart, the lungs, it is admitted, are all held
together by life; but these reasoners argue as if
that life were in the organization, and not a mys-
terious principle compelling the organization to

EPISODE. its purposes. And it is true that the principle of life eludes us. We know something of the physiology of its organization, or of the channels through which it acts, but the principle itself escapes our vision. We are not so fortunate with the life of the body, as we are with the life of the eye; we can not only dissect the eye, but we can dissect light too, which is the life or soul of the eye. When we dissect the human frame, like the eye which is a part of it, it lies cold before us; but that life which gave to it its motion and its force, its grandeur and its beauty,—that we cannot dissect. Now it is from this reasoning, or rather we ought to say from reasoning within a limited circle like this, that many have, as we have said above, arrived at the conclusion that organization is life. Are we wrong when we say that this is the stronghold of many infidels?

The other evening we were walking along with one of this very school. He was a young man who had read something, and like many persons of our acquaintance similarly principled, supposed himself to be learned because he had read many books on one side of the question. He had made up his mind too. He had arrived at the conclusion that life is merely the combination of parts, and that there remains after what we call death no independent existence which can look down on all the parts as they lie broken and decaying.

And he was very dogmatical; for you never knew EPISODE.

a person who saw only one side of a question, who was not dogmatical. Indeed, between you and me, my reader, you may usually define a dogmatist to be a man exceedingly positive, because exceedingly well acquainted with one side of a question, and resolutely determined not to examine the other; my young friend was quite of this order. As we walked along our conversation passed into the vein I have just mentioned: he became very eloquent upon life as the manifestation of something seen. "Life!" said he triumphantly; "what do we know of life, excepting as we see it exhibiting itself in form and motion? When the man dies, the principle of life is destroyed, the organization falls to pieces, and he ceases to be." "How is it then with this?" said I, and I took my watch out of my pocket; "did you ever see the Soul of a Watch?" "Oh," said he, "you are answering a fact with a joke." "Not at all," said I, "a watch has a soul as well as an animal or a man. Souls exist in degrees; there is the soul of the animal which goes downward, and the soul of the man which goes upward, and the watch has a soul which goes somewhere when it is taken to pieces." My friend was startled with this, and still maintained that I was only joking with him. But I very soon set him at rest on that matter. If my reasoning was false, I assured

EPISODE. him at any rate that I did not intend to convey it as a joke. "Look," I said, "the watchmaker is the father of the watch—from him it derives its life—he is the author of its complicated being. He gives to it its faculties of motion and utterance. He arranges all those wonderful parts, and in doing so, exhibits to us one of the most extraordinary instances of human contrivance. You see, as long as the watch holds together it has life; there is motion in it—you hear the beating of its heart in every tick. When its heart ceases to beat, it is as fatal to it as when the vital motion of your heart stops. You talk about expression on the human face divine—the face lit up with animation;—well, even so with the watch; its face responds to its tongue, and apparently, without any human intervention, excepting that as it is necessary for you to put the food into your mouth to support nature, so it is necessary for you to put the key into the watch. There was a sage old fellow whom I once knew, who used always to call his meals winding-up times; and thus you see, in a way altogether inexplicable to some persons, the watchmaker's little creature you carry in your pocket is made to be the spokesman of the sun. And now you take it to pieces, or let it fall into decay through age, and of course you have lost your pocket-companion. As I said before, the heart ceases to beat, and the face

ceases to reflect the truth. What then? What **EPISODE.**
was the soul of the watch? It must have had a
soul in its way and degree. It was an organiza-
tion, and it must have had some principle that
kept its parts together, and gave to it action, and
vitality, and expression. Now tell me what was
that soul, and whether, because the organization
has fallen to pieces, the soul has ceased to exist,
and whether the soul of the watch and the work-
manship were, or are, one?" My friend was
silent. He was looking for an answer, but it did
not come. We walked on quietly together for a
little way. "Come," said I, tell me, what was
the soul of the watch?" "I should say," said
he, "that the mainspring was the soul of the
watch." "Oh, there," said I, "you run up
against some of your pantheistic notions. That
is the way you confuse the organization itself with
the spirit of the organism. Well! now," said I,
"when you go home, perhaps you may get at
the soul of the watch more readily if you look at
the clock. A clock, I think, could not go with-
out weights, just as a watch could not go without
a mainspring; but the mainspring of the watch,
or more properly the balance wheel, and the
weights of the clock and the pendulum, what are
they both but the regulators of weight? Gravity,
gravity is the soul of the watch and clock. And
now tell me if all the watches and clocks were

EPISODE. destroyed, would there be no gravity in the universe? And what are watches and clocks with their contrivances of weight and pendulum? What are they but means of measuring time by weight, and giving to us, for the regulation of our human existence, the ideas of principles which existed ages before us, and will exist ages after us. And thus you see, I have a very clear idea of a soul—an absolute principle, existing quite apart from any organization.” “That is very striking,” said my friend, “but if you mean that to serve your purpose in proving the independent existence of a human soul, and its consciousness and vitality after dissolution, I think your instance will sadly tell against you. I grant you, that for the sake of illustration you may, if you like, speak of the soul of the watch and clock, but your very illustration tells in my favour. Your watch and clock tumble to pieces, and although there was a soul animating them, what becomes of the soul? Why, it floats off into the infinite; you have destroyed the attractive forces and principles which gave a character to the soul—you have taken away its local habitation, you have almost taken away its name. It has no longer any distinct character as belonging to watch or clock; it has floated off, and become a part of the great all. And this I very much fear and think is our destiny. The forces of nature hold the element of

life, as you call it, for a little while in this poor EPISODE. timepiece of a body. Like your watch, it is constantly getting out of repair; like your watch, it cannot last long; and then, like the soul of your watch, your spirit loses its local habitation and its name. It is human no longer—it has lost its identity.” “Have you done, my friend?” I said, “because I quite see that all the while you walk along, you are only making the case clearer against yourself. Do you not see that up to a certain point, the analogy between the soul of a watch and the soul of a man holds good, but only up to a certain point? I like my figure very well—I think that it is expressive enough; but I will tell you where you have been guilty of an oversight. Look, *the soul of the watch has no sentiment of personal identity. It does not know that it is the soul of a watch.* It cannot wind itself up. The soul of the watch cannot prescribe for a watch, or for itself. The soul of the watch cannot go to the watchmaker. The soul of the watch cannot in any way regulate its movements. I hold the watch in my hand; it is a thousandfold more helpless a creature than anything Nature ever made, for it has neither an instinct nor a reason; it is made, and it is held in mere subserviency to mechanical law. Now do you not see here the great distinction between the two souls? I know that when your mechanism has fallen to pieces, your watch, or your clock,

— EPISODE. that principle of weight and attraction of which we spoke, loses its individuality, and is absorbed back again into the universe. It has no longer a dwelling place in that rounded sphere which I carry in my pocket. But have you any right to think it is the same with the soul of man? You see that *the soul of man has not only power over the mechanism in which it dwells, to feed it, to command it, to control it, to arrange it; the soul of man has power over itself—its nature, after the dissolution of its surrounding materials and clothing, remains the same.* I argue that while the soul of the watch, which passes off to mingle in the universe, is lost like a dew-drop in the air, the soul of a man starts forth like a butterfly from the chrysalis, to enter into the loftier realms and regions of being." My friend was silenced, if not convinced. We walked along,—he said nothing; it was clear that he was arrested with the idea that possibly the organization through which the soul acts, and the soul, are not one and the same. It was but a suggestion, it was not evidence, it was only an analogy, but it sufficed to arrest. Happy are they who have the "more sure word of testimony—the light shining in a dark place, till the day dawn, and the day star arise on the heart."

CHAPTER V.

THE EDUCATION OF THE MEMORY.

92. WHAT a fortune would that man make who could CHAP. 5.
sell to people, Memories! This is the universal
desideratum. Wherever we go, we hear com-
plaints of *bad* memories, and how is this? and
where are we to find a remedy for this? for if the
memory does not retain, how vain are all the
achievements of the Mind. Memory is the store-
house, and if Time, like a thief, takes out of the
storehouse whatever is placed there, how useless
is the effort to accumulate. With the Ancients, The Muses
born of
Memory.
Memory was the mother of the Muses. All the
presiding spirits of Science, History, Music, and
Poetry, were born of memory; thus the great
framers of the Grecian Mythology indicated their
conception of the importance of this faculty of the
Mind. But what is Memory? For, perhaps we
shall obtain some assistance in giving vitality to
it, if we remember the nature of it. Memory,
then, it should be remembered, depends upon
Attention and Suggestion. Attention places the
jewel in the casket, seizes upon and preserves the

CHAP. 5. thing desirable to be remembered ; and Suggestion
 — is the Secret Spring touching the lock and presenting the jewel when it is needed by the possessor. Dr. Thomas Brown cleared up much of the mystery attaching to the powers of Memory, when he declared that much of the confusion in which Memory has always been involved, resulted from the usual method of speaking. Each faculty of the mind seems to possess the power of recollection ; but then there must be something to
 A bad memory. recollect. A bad memory means very generally an empty cupboard. It is very frequently the case, that years pass along, and no attempt is made to store the mind ; suddenly the person bethinks himself, “ I have a bad memory ! ” He does not condemn his own carelessness, but throws the
 Thomas Fuller. blame on Nature. “ There is concealed strength in men’s memories which they take no notice of. Spoil not thy memory by thine own jealousy. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust ? ”

93. But learn to prize this power, this wonderful power ; Memory, which teaches us our individuality and Identity ; Memory, by which we know ourselves the same beings we were twenty years since, although time has changed our body ; thus preaching to us the indivisibility of our mind. Memory, so ready when practised in all emergencies ; wielding a wand of power in all pro-

fessions; pouring upon us like a flood the tears of past emotions, or bowing our spirits with the recollections of old joys; Memory, unseen recorder, the traces of whose invisible ink, when shone upon by the fires of Likeness and Association, come forth to the mental eye vivid and legible, although written a generation ago. The Egyptians had their sarcophagus, with its wondrous and secret hieroglyphics; the Mexicans their knotted cords; and Babylon of old, and China, in all ages, have alike employed letters of strange and mystic significance; but what are these letters compared with that wonderful power within every one of us—a bridge also between the present and the past, for ever thronged with weird and beautiful shapes and sounds, and surrounded with the scenery of terror and of beauty—or

“A pen to register; a key
That winds thro’ secret wards?”

Wordsworth.

I. 94. In order to the education of memory, it is very necessary in the first place to fix the ATTENTION. And in what does the Art of Memory consist? *First, in making a strong impression*; to this end the mind should be clear and free—and foreign and alien thoughts should be cut off; and for some purposes rhythm and verse give strong impressions, and proofs of algebraic and geometric strength, and slowness of impression usually aids strength of impression. *Secondly, in recalling the*

See Analysis
of Memory in
'Novum Or-
ganum,'
Lord Bacon.

CHAP. 5. *impression when made*—and this is (a) by cutting off infinity from the impressions, as it is easier to number the trees in a park than in a forest, (b) and by reducing intellectual to sensible things, i.e., imagination or analogy, (c) and by order and arrangement, (d) and this last has led to another means, technical or artificial memory. Old Thomas Fuller says “this is rather a trick than an art, more for the gain of memory mountebanks than profit of learners. Yet surely,” he says, “an art of memory may be made no more destructive to natural memory than spectacles are to eyes,” both the hope and illustration are doubtful. Students devote themselves for long years to intellectual habits, and sometimes never do this: unless the attention is fixed, it will not be engaged; that is not attention which is arrested by every passing object and sound; that is not attention which skims like a butterfly over a subject and never penetrates, nor seeks to penetrate, beneath the surface. The real evidence of things is frequently never perceived by the person who supposes that he is talking very learnedly and profoundly upon a matter: and the reason is obvious; his attention has never been enlisted. *Mental Dissipation is a cause of impoverished memories; a course of study chains the mind and prevents its vagrancy. There will be a sharpening of all the powers, an absorption of the energies, in the*

Thomas
Fuller.

pursuit of the one subject, which will give system, consistency, and stability to the mental character. CHAP. 5.

In order to this fixing of the attention, too, it may be recommended to learn to love the study in which you have engaged; attempt to realize it in its most friendly aspects, and in its most familiar relations; if it deals in narrative, acquaint yourself with it; if with diagrams, acquaint yourself with them. Sensible images and corporeal things illustrate frequently notions in themselves; very abstract concatenation, too, fixes the attention. Writers who speak in fragments, in suggestions, hints, and intuitions, are not easily remembered. How different in this respect the æsthetics of Schiller and Coleridge from those of Emerson: in the first, we have the long-drawn and clearly linked chain; in the other we have a diamond necklace broken into shivers. So also the place has much to do with fixing the attention. Fine scenery, or fluctuating life, the busy city, or the bright and shining vestments of Nature, these are unfavourable to the repose of the thought. Be content, too, to be ignorant for a time, until Knowledge shall have ripened and brought forth fruit; be not too hasty to come to a conclusion, and watch the dominion of the senses; be not enslaved by them, passions and appetite interfere with the sceptred attention of thought. These directions are worthy of being remembered, and

CHAP. 6. acted upon; for in order to insure a good memory, let there be before all things a fixed and steady attention.

Clear perception.

II. 95. We remember most vividly what we have seen; PAINT YOUR IDEAS *therefore, or at any rate* ACQUIRE *distinct and* CLEAR PERCEPTIONS *of them*; one great cause of our confused recollection is our very confused perception. If the eye beholds objects through a mist, how can we be expected to give any clear account of them; on the contrary, objects distinctly beheld are longest retained in the mind, and most vividly recalled; thus also it is with mental perception, and the reflection of the objects upon the understanding.

Method.
Sir James
Mackintosh,
Robert Hall.

III. 96. Argument, or METHOD, *greatly assists the understanding and the memory.* Sir James Mackintosh is said by Mr. Hall to have had so wonderful a memory, that it appeared as if everything in his mind was arranged upon pegs;—an Historical peg, a Natural History peg, a peg for Natural Philosophy, another for Poetry, another for Theology; and he had only to lift his hand, and take down the illustration he most needed: this seems very convenient, and there must have been, in the man capable of this, originally great power of retention; but it resulted also from habit—vigorous habit of arrangement. How can there be in that mind selection, and compact and various orderliness, over which no supervision has been exer-

cised? "Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight CHAP. 5.
trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward flapping and hanging about his shoulders." —
Thomas
Fuller.

IV. 97. Again—*REVIEW your attainments*—*RE-* Re-collect.
COL your ideas from time to time. We should not make a sink or sewer of our memory—we must not make our books the sepulchre—the immuring tomb of the soul. The miser counts his wealth—the landlord walks over his fields—should not you review the progress you have made from week to week, and from year to year; and review with the pen if you would remember: set down upon paper the topics; writing calls forth the attention and elicits thought. Dr. Watts has said, "There Dr. Watts.
is more gained by writing once than by reading five times."

98. These methods are simple, but they will be effectual; whoever rigidly employs them will not employ them in vain. Thus memory will grow, not by any trickery of art; memory cannot be conferred, although the powers which constitute it may be rendered more acute—not by drenching the memory, by pouring upon it promiscuous and indiscriminate streams—by wheeling barrowful after barrowful into that great lumber-room, the mind, and expecting that the mind will, in its simultaneousness, by some primitive quality,

CHAP. 5. separate, and reject, and preserve. Carefully, carefully, let every fact be noted and added : but, at the same time, let it be remembered, too, that memory is the most valuable which retains facts, and incorporates them into principles. The FACTOLOGIST is by no means a great mental character. Events, and dates, and anecdotes, should all be remembered as subsidiary to some general and controlling principle. All facts are valuable for the moral interpretation that may be put upon them ; what is any memory worth without this ? The writer once knew a man who had learned the whole of Josephus' " Antiquities and Wars of the Jews," and of what use was this ? Of what use is much of the mere recollection of dates and statistics, upon which so much stress is frequently laid ? A variety of disconnected facts resembles the different limbs of a corpse—dead, scattered, useless ; but, when animated by some great controlling purpose, then every fact finds its appropriate place : it has its true relation when it is subsidiary. Philosophic system reunites the scattered limbs, and gives them life.

The Factologist again.

99. Thus it is, that in every relation of life, memory is necessary : it gives to the Poet a great variety of images and words. The fancy and imagination depend upon memory for the variety of their selection and the fulness of their power : so judgment depends upon the readiness with which the

memory can seize the most fitting opinions, and bring them to bear upon the case before the court. The orator could wield no thunders or lightnings but for this power. The problems of the Mathematician, and the experiments of the Chemist, would, indeed, dissolve into thin air. Memory is the golden thread linking all the mental gifts and excellences together. Memory, when treated well, is like an angel ever within the soul; but, treated ill, is like a black weird shadow, casting a baneful and remorseful eye on all within its reach.

100. *For there is a mysterious but certain connection between the powers of memory and conscience.* Memory and conscience.

"Son, remember!" is the awful peal of the funeral bell in the belfry of the lost soul—who can describe, who can anticipate its powers?

"I knew a man," says Dr. Lyman Beecher, "who said that, in falling twenty feet, when he expected to die, the thought of a lifetime seemed to pass through his mind. He thought of his business—of his wife—of his children—and of that eternity to which he was going. A life seemed to pass through his mind, and nothing was lost. So it will be when memory summons the acts of a life at the last tribunal. Nothing is lost. Thoughts once impressed, but apparently lost, will come again. A life is written on our memory, as with invisible ink. It is apparently lost to our frail sight while here. But in the Judgment light it will be seen enveloped around us, and will be unrolled till every line and letter is made visible. I knew a sailor once, who said that when once in a storm, on the giddy mast, while trying to furl a sail, and could not, he cursed God. It passed out of his mind for twenty years, but now, in a season of excitement, he said, 'Now I remember it. I am lost!'"

CHAP. 5. 101. And in a very blessed sense memory is
 — the ligature of moral being—it not only touches
 the most dreadful, but also the most pleasing emo-
 tions of the soul—it is the lamp of the inner life.

Dr. Brown. 102. Dr. Brown recites a pleasing instance of
 this :—

The Eagle's
 nest.

“During the time I passed at a country school in Cecil county, in Maryland,” says Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, “I often went on a holiday with my schoolfellows to see an eagle’s nest, upon the summit of a dead tree in the neighbourhood of the school, during the time of the incubation of that bird. The daughter of the farmer in whose field the tree stood, and with whom I became acquainted, married, and settled in this city about forty years ago. In our occasional interviews, we now and then spoke of the innocent haunts and rural pleasures of our youth, and among other things, of the eagle’s nest in her father’s field. A few years ago I was called to visit this woman, when she was in the lowest stage of a typhus-fever. Upon entering her room I caught her eye, and with a cheerful tone of voice, said only, *the eagle’s nest*. She seized my hand without being able to speak, and discovered strong emotions of pleasure in her countenance, probably, from a sudden association of all her early domestic connexions and enjoyments, with the words I had uttered. From that time she began to recover. She is now living, and seldom fails, when we meet, to salute me with the echo of ‘the eagle’s-nest.’”

Youth and
 Memory.

103. We may add, that the period of youth is the day when memory sows the seed for some future golden harvest. The attempt to write upon the memory of childhood and of age is like writing on water—the impression is immediately effaced : *

* There is an affecting characteristic of this loss of memory in extreme age, related of the beloved and honoured Samuel

not so the memory of youth and middle life; it is like writing on rock, or granite, or marble. Perhaps there is not a more beautiful sight in the whole world than the old man, with a memory well stored, sitting by the fireplace, and giving forth the result of his experience to his descendants around him. The racy anecdote, the kindly sentence, the clever and the wise advice, the method of a sound and wise mind, the counsel of a sage warrior about to lay aside the harness, and to retire to the silence of the last deep home;—it is a sublime sight; to some degree we may all realize it; for although the castles in the air fade away, and “the days do come, and the years draw nigh, when we say we have no pleasure in them,” the piles of oriental splendour we had figured in the clouds—the Aladdin lamps and the Armida

CHAP. 5.

A well-stored memory in an old man.

Rogers, the author of “Pleasures of Memory.” “Although his impressions of long-past events were as fresh as ever, he forgot the names of his relations and oldest friends whilst they were sitting with him, and told the same stories to the same people two or three times over in the same interview. But there were frequent glimpses of intellect in all its original brightness—of tenderness, refinement, and of grace. ‘Once driving out with him,’ says a female correspondent, ‘I asked him after a lady whom he could not recollect. He pulled the check-string, and appealed to his servant. “Do I know Lady M——?” The reply was, “Yes, Sir.” This was a painful moment to us both. Taking my hand he said, ‘Never mind, my dear, I am not yet reduced to stop the carriage, and ask if I know you.’”—HAYWARD’S *Biographical and Critical Essays*.

Affecting anecdote of Samuel Rogers.

CHAP. 5. palaces do melt into thin air—yet there are some
— visions that never perish; they deepen into reality and beauty ever as time rolls on; the memory of some great and venerable book: of the first inspiration caught from the magic of genius guiding to the steps by which we prosecuted our studies, until all the blaze and magnificence from the altars of knowledge enchanted and astounded us; the curious fact, the profound intimation, the revelry, the dance, the choral hymn within the soul, when some peculiarly glorious thought shone like a newly-discovered planet overhead; all these are things never to be forgotten; they perhaps grow more intense as we grow old, and, like the Rosicrucian lamps of the ancients, blaze out in full lustre when the body is consigned to the sepulchre.

Wordsworth,
'Ode on Memory.'

"O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear the memory's touch.
Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene;
Age steal to his allotted nook,
Contented and serene."

CHAPTER VI.

MORAL HABITS.

104. It is here, in the training of the moral being, CHAP. 6.
however, that the great work of education at once
begins and ends; the other parts of education are
objective, and outside, and apart from the mind,
but this is subjective, and lies immediately within
itself.

I. 105. The writer will have been much misun- This topic
supreme.
derstood if, all along, his readers have not perceived
that his estimation of this section of education
was supreme and most important; and, indeed,
the preceding chapters have contained much that
has especial reference to the moral discipline of
the life. In reference to the matters of moral
education, there are some things which ought to
be attended to at the outset; and, first and fore-
most, practise a rigid temperance. Intemperance
is, indeed, low, mean, disgraceful, degrading.
Save yourself from it by the practice of modera-
tion in all things, proper abstinence from all that
could interrupt the harmony and balance of the

CHAP. 6. physical or mental action,—for the disastrous fact is, that the beginning of mischief is like the letting out of water—who can tell what havoc and ruin may result from its streams? It is altogether trite and commonplace to remind my readers of the thousands, nay millions of men, whose minds, in the accomplishments, attainments, and powers of genius, approached to the sublime, and who yet lost all, and became melancholy moral wrecks through their intemperance. Many teachers would pass this lesson by; but it would by no means comport with the writer's conceptions of duty that he should do so. The games of chance, at which so many young men spend hours—what do you think of them? The shuffling of pieces of card, with black and red marks upon them—is this, think you, a very rational employment? And billiards, and bagatelle, and even chess—I confess that I am ignorant of all of them; but, I may ask whether, while so much remains to be done, while the world is so full of topics of abiding interest, it is worth while to spend time thus? This is the view in which these laborious frivolities have always presented themselves to my mind.

Cards. And dancing!—an immortal being hopping about like madness broke loose from an asylum, making grimaces for a long night in the pestiferous atmosphere of a ball-room—can we figure to ourselves any of the illustrious men and women—

Dancing!

Platos, Socrates', Miltons, and Washingtons, CHAP. 6.
 Rolands, Agrippinas, and beings of such glorious
 mould, thus frivolously trifling away moments
 which fashioned their immortality? And where
 such beings refused to go, it must be right for you
 and I also absolutely to refuse.

II. 106. But these are, indeed, only the pre-
 liminaries of higher moral habits—moral habits
 which should be the foundation of the whole life;
 and first, I was about to say, cultivate a habit of
 DECISION; but decision is not a simple quality of
 the mind—it is complex, and a combination of
 several of the most exalted powers of the soul.
 Physical character and temperament have much to
 do with the formation of this habit—earnestness,
 courage, will; but this only proves the necessity
 of an education in all these aids to moral power;
 for who would be a characterless man, a poor
 being of straw, the sport of every wave, the
 creature of every thoughtless being's scorn?
 Who would be a poor wretch without an aim or a
 purpose in life—tossed hither and thither by the
 breath of the strong-minded man, or crushing
 weight of circumstances—a being who is not a
 being—for he who is not his own property, who
 never can tell one hour what he will be the next,
 can scarcely be called so. What characteristic of
 the moral nature is there upon which man's
 happiness so much depends as decision? Without

CHAP. 6. it a man must be trampled down ; and as he lies
 — embarrassed, feeble, powerless, he wonders at his
 own misfortunes. All the evils and afflictions
 of the world poured their streams there ;
 there so many confluences met and therefore
 he was overwhelmed. Nobody else ever had
 to encounter such disasters. If he attempts
 to bestir himself, he calls for crutches and for
 stick, for aid from the nearest neighbour, or from
 a dozen of the nearest neighbours ; for he is
 willing to accept the advice of so many, but not
 at all willing to follow any advice, or even the
 promptings of his own common sense. But behold
 the decided man : he may be a most evil man ;
 he may be grasping, avaricious, covetous, un-
 principled ; still, look—look how the difficulties
 of life know the strong man, and give up the
 contest with him. An universal homage is paid
 to a decided man, as soon as he appears among
 men : he walks by the light of his own judgment :
 he has made up his mind, and, having done so,
 henceforth, action—action is before him ; he
 cannot bear to sit amidst unrealized speculations :
 to him speculation is only valuable, that it may be
 resolved into living and doing. There is no in-
 difference—no delay. The spirit is in arms ; all
 is in earnest. Thus Pompey, when hazarding his
 life on a tempestuous sea, in order to be at Rome
 on an important occasion, said, “ It is necessary.

The unde-
 cided man.

The decided
 man.

Pompey.

for me to go ; it is not necessary for me to live." CHAP. 6.
Thus Cæsar, when he crossed the Rubicon, burned ^{Caesar.}
the ships upon the shore which brought his soldiers
to land, that there might be no return. It was
this same spirit which enabled our own glorious
Milton to embrace darkness and blindness, in order ^{Milton.}
that he might perform what seemed to him a
sacred duty to his country ; and this enabled
Ledyard, when asked by some official person when ^{Ledyard.}
he would be ready to start off upon the expedition
to Africa, to reply promptly and firmly, "To-
morrow."

107. BE STRONG ; it is easy to say it, how hard
to be it. Strong, but this is one of the truest ^{Sermons.}
marks and tests of a man. The Rev. Frederick
Robertson strikingly says :—

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will,
and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore,
for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over
them. Now it is here we make a great mistake ; we mistake
strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all
before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose
bursts of fury make the children of the household quake,
because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all
things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is
the weak man ; it is his passions that are strong ; he, mas-
tered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of
a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the
power of those which subdue him. And hence, composure
is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never
see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little
pale, and then reply quietly ? That is a man spiritually
strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if
carved out of solid rock, mastering himself ? Or one bearing
a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world

CHAP. 6. what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remained chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

Decision. 108. Decision is the foundation of character—the robe and vestment of character (for character may be good or bad, but it may be questioned whether any person has attained either one or the other without decision)—it is that bright and vivid insight into things, and that determined and resolute activity of mind resulting from the insight. Decision is never lazy, does not lie down to sleep on highways; does not despair of success; does not accept every interpretation of a matter, and renounce his own individuality. Individuality! why, what makes the individual? How is it that some men impress you as possessing a character as soon as they are introduced to you; while others never seem to belong to the company at all. Some men, like seals, stamp themselves wherever they go, and leave their mark; and others receive impressions wherever they go, and each impression is in its turn obliterated by the succeeding one. In all this we trace the lack of character; for character absorbs all impressions, and makes them a part of itself and of its individuality, and the force by which it does so is spontaneous and immediate. Decision is the moral vertebræ of the character: it gives to the whole being a bearing, stamina,

Individual-
ity.

and consistency; he who has it not, cannot walk erect,—you may know him by his shuffling gait, by his timid and fearful appearance; by the craven and downcast look; by the hesitating and snail-like motion. We write beneath the persuasion that while much of this is of course constitutional, and belongs to the temperament, much of it also is the result of Education, and may be removed in early life by training to rapid and vigorous habits, to determined and conclusive modes of thought, and to Self-Respect and Self-Reliance; these two have not claimed and received the respect they deserved; and the consequence has been,—as always such consequence must follow—there has been a sort of moral pauperism of character, a self-abandonment; who shall say how much evil, and folly, and sin, have resulted from simple weakness; from vacillancy, from the inhabitation to look at things fairly and fully, and in the same manner to calculate their consequences. The man of decision will not always be a good man, but he will never be a weak one; and who does not know that—

Self-respect
and self-
reliance.

“To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering”?

109. There is a striking passage, illustrative of the character we are desirous should be developed, in “The Autobiography of a Working Man,” by Alexander Somerville; a book which we know

Alexander
Somerville.

CHAP. 6. not whether to recommend most for the graphic
— character of its pictures of life, or for the vividness of its moral interest and instruction. He says, "It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly if I omitted it. When filling a cart of manure at the farm dunghill, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another man; I pushed over what I had heaped up, to help him, as doubtless he did to help me, when I was last and he was first. When I have filled my column or columns of a newspaper, or a sheet of a magazine, with the literature for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped, if the subject required more elucidation, or the paper or magazine more matter, because there was no contract for more payment, or no likelihood of their being more. When I have lived in a barrack-room, I have stopped my own work, and have taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and nursed it, or have gone for water for her, or have cleaned another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature, and travelling for a newspaper, I have not hesitated to travel many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject into its minutest particulars, if it appeared that the

public were unacquainted with the facts of the subject; and this at times when I had work to do which was much more pleasant and profitable. When I have needed employment, I accepted it, at whatever wages I could obtain—at plough, in farm drain, in stone quarry, in breaking stones for roads, at wood cutting, in a saw-pit, as a civilian, or a soldier. I have in London cleaned out a stable and groomed a cabman's horse for sixpence, and been thankful to the cabman for the sixpence. I have subsequently tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—been sought after and offered—ten guineas for. But had I not been content to begin at the beginning, and accepted shillings, I should not have risen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working. Whether at labouring or literary work, with a spade or with a pen, I have been my own helper."

III. 110. Amongst moral habits, nothing is more important than the gathering up the fragments of Time. How many minutes have you to spare? Five, ten, fifteen? Much may be done with them; we have heard of a young man who perused a history of England while waiting for his meals in a boarding-house; we have heard of a mathematician who is said to have composed an elaborate work when visiting with his wife, during the interval between the moment when she first started

Gather up
the frag-
ments of
time.

CHAP. 6. to take leave of their friends, and the moment she had finished her last words. "The small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks; so the right and wise use of spare moments contributes not a little to the building up, in good proportion, with strength, a man's mind." Merchants and clerks may find *fifteen minutes*, during a few intervals of the day, to learn what goes on beyond the day-book and the ledger. Mechanics and artizans may find fifteen minutes occasionally to gather a hint, a thought, a fact, an anecdote, which they may ponder over while at work. Good housewives need not be so ignorant as, alas! they too often are, supposing the world of books is not for them. One and all of you, one and all of us, let us *take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves*. It has been well said that industry is of little avail without punctuality—this is the spirit that watches the minutes, and turns them to account.

Lord Nelson. When Lord Nelson was leaving London on his last and glorious expedition against the enemy, a quantity of cabin-furniture was ordered to be sent on board his ship. He had a farewell dinner party at his house; and the upholsterer having waited upon his lordship, with an account of the completion of the goods, he was brought into the dining-room, in a corner of which his lordship spoke with him. The upholsterer stated to his noble employer, that everything was finished and packed, and would go in the waggon from

a certain inn at six o'clock. "And you go to the inn, Mr. A., and see them off." "I shall, my lord, I shall be there punctually at six o'clock;" "A quarter before six, Mr. A." returned Lord Nelson; "be there a quarter before; to that quarter of an hour I owe everything in life." CHAP. 6. —

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest states- De Witt.
men of the age in which he lived, when asked by a friend how he was able to despatch the multitude of affairs with which he was engaged, replied, that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. "If," says he, "I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else till they are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them, till they are set in order."

III. All our energies should be put forward so as to produce a healthy individuality, so as to form a character. In the third volume of Mr. Coleridge's "Friend," there is a paper, the introductory one, written by the venerated Wordsworth, abounding with the most lofty maxims; yet at the same time inculcating those lessons which do not find a remote application, but one which meets us in the every-day life of the plain man: for let it be remembered that our eye is fixed upon no virtue which lies apart from, or transcends human nature; there is no such virtue. Such is the inherent dignity of human nature, that all its sublimest and most heroic and noble performances may be attained and performed by

CHAP. 6. all men. The great step to this is, primarily :—

—

The word
'Ought.'

IV. 112. To learn the sanctity of *DUTY*. It is to be feared that thousands even of intelligent persons, and persons who are supposed to be religious beings, have no conception of the greatness of the idea of duty—of moral accountableness, of the meaning of the word *Ought*; but it is certain that nothing is done well until it is done from the sense of a controlling principle of inherent and essential rightness. Duty is the child of Love, and therefore there is power in all its teachings and commands. What can go on well without this? Will our intellectual progress be considerable? Shall we feel fresh incentives in every page and every study? The obtaining of knowledge is not always enchantment, does not always seem the reading of a Fairy Tale, or the bewitchment of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment;" and when the road is rugged, and the way long and weary, when the head aches, and the pulse is languid, what then will sustain the spirit? what then will animate in the pursuit? *DUTY* and *LOVE*, love to knowledge, and the sense of high principle; of the imperative importance of seizing upon every method by which the faculties of the spirit may so expand, as to make it more worthy of its origin and its destiny; and actions and books, and all the routine of daily life, should be examined beneath the light of Duty. The univer-

Duty and
love.

CHAP. 6.
—
sality of a moral sense has been questioned by many; yet everywhere the idea of duty is formed in the mind of man, and although the scale of duties differs in various nations and portions of the globe, everywhere Man has a scale of duty. There is nothing—there can be nothing—lofty about the objective life of the man to whom the world, and the affairs of the world, present no lessons of commanding duty. Conscience is in the breast—listen to its commanding and authoritative voice. Let Conscience itself be educated; for Conscience, which may be called our “moral skin,” is like our bodily skin; it may be made comparatively insensible, and sometimes quite so; and, therefore, some persons have argued against the existence of a conscience, an inner vision, a moral sense; and hence, again, have attempted to subvert the idea of duty, a thing of prime moral moment, and have resolved it into expediency and conveniency. As well might we nail the magnet to the south, and deny its tendency to the north. You have heard the anecdote of the lady who was desirous of rising at six in the morning, and for this purpose purchased an alarm; the alarm was true, but the will of the lady was weak. She heard the warning the first morning, she heard it the second, the third—she heard it several mornings; but at last, although it continued to speak, she never heard; and thus

Conscience.
Anecdote,
The alarm.

CHAP. 6. it will be in the Education of the Mind to Duty.

—

The action will be pleasant as it is prompt; the frequent neglect of the warning to exertion, to attain the standard of excellence, will leave the powers more enfeebled and benumbed than before. The Poet of our age has apostrophized Duty in words which we all should make our own :—

Wordsworth,
'Ode to
Duty.'

"To humble functions, awful Power,
I call thee. I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour.
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give,

And in the light of Truth thy bondsman let me live."

It is a beautiful arrangement in the mental and moral economy of our nature, that that which is performed as a duty may, by frequent repetition, become a habit; and the habit of stern virtue, so repulsive to others, may hang around

Lord Bacon. our neck like a wreath of flowers. "*Habit is the magistrate of our lives; and, therefore, we should see that we have good habits.*" Well says DR. CHALMERS,

Dr. Chalmers.

113. "The law of habit, when enlisted on the side of righteousness, not only strengthens and makes sure our resistance to vice, but facilitates the most arduous performances of virtue. The man whose thoughts, with the purposes and designs to which they lead, are at the bidding of conscience, will, by frequent repetition, at length describe the same

track almost spontaneously,—even as in physical CHAP. 6.
education, things laboriously learned at first, come
to be done at last without the feeling of an effort. Chalmers.

And so in moral education, every new achievement of principle smooths the way to future achievements of the same kind; and the precious fruit or purchase of each moral virtue is to set us on higher and firmer vantage ground for the conquests of principle in all time coming. He who resolutely bids away suggestions will at length obtain, not a respite only, but a final deliverance from their intrusion. Conscience, the longer it has made way over the obstacles of selfishness and passion, the less will it give way to these adverse forces, themselves weakened by the repeated defeats which they have sustained in the warfare of moral discipline; or, in other words, the oftener that Conscience makes good the supremacy which she claims, the greater would be the work of violence, and less the strength for its accomplishment, to cast her down from that station of practical guidance and command, which of right belongs to her. It is just, because in virtue of the law of suggestions, those trains of thought and feeling which connect her first biddings with their final execution, are the less exposed at every new instance to be disturbed, and the more likely to be repeated over again, that every good principle is more strengthened by its indulgence than before.

CHAP. 6. The acts of virtue ripen into habits; and the goodly and permanent result is, the formation or establishment of a virtuous character."

**Make Habit
a Friend.**

114. Thus all the actions of our life become easy by repetition; let us then make Habit the friend of Virtue—too frequently she has been the foe. Most of our habits interfere with our progress in excellence; we encumber ourselves with them; we wrap ourselves round with artificials, and then labour to prove to ourselves and to the world that they are natural.

"Use doth breed a habit in a man."

**Duty is
Happiness.**

115. The more completely we surrender ourselves to the Truth of Nature, the more perfect is at once our ease, our independence, and our happiness; and why should we love the grotesque? why should we seek it? why should we wear it? Alas! has any man of thought reached the period of thirty years without feeling how morally inconsistent he is? There is a path to happiness. Find out what is thy duty—weigh it well, and do it.

116. The education of duty will greatly depend upon two moral attitudes,—*Avoidance of Temptation*, when we pray, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity";—and *Resistance to Temptation*, when we are compelled to betake ourselves to the warlike demeanour, and to notice the inscription

on the banner, "Quit ye like men: be strong." CHAP. 6.

There are some temptations to which we need not expose ourselves; our safety demands departure. Be Men.

Intemperance is of this order; we need not parley, or debate, or struggle; we must cut ourselves off from the first invitations of temptation. With *Sleep*, on the contrary, which sits like a vampire upon the spirits of most of the men and women in England, and destroys their health, strength, and life, with this habit of self-indulgence we have to grapple and to fight; and our success in these two methods of dealing with our mental adversaries will, under Heaven, depend upon the degree of moral character to which we gird ourselves. The young clerk who takes his place at the desk of the counting-house, does not go there without preparation. Could we expect that difficult questions of trade were to be solved without a previous preparation and discipline in arithmetic? And the captain, who is called to the helm of the vessel when the winds are out upon the great sea, has he not prepared himself by study, by the chart, and by the compass? But the young man entering society, called to the various social tables, to various companies, called to perform actions which demand an immediate, an unhesitating yes or no,—has he prepared himself? has he studied the chart of duty? has he determined that his life shall be regulated and shaped after certain

CHAP. 6. principles and authoritative and inevitable laws,
 — or, like a vessel without compass, rudder, or captain, is he at the mercy of the social wave and usages? Alas, for him, if so!

117. Beware of every kind of passion—beware of all violence—beware of all those moods which are hostile to the tranquillity of the soul—of anger—of malice—of desire—of the passions, which rule by their vehemence or their inexorability. Almost all passionate people, sooner or later, realize the story and the proverb of “the bear with the tea-kettle.”

Anecdote.
 Parable and
 Proverb.

118. Fish, which forms the chief nourishment of the Kamtchatka bears, and which they procure for themselves in the rivers, was lately excessively scarce in Kamtchatka. A great famine consequently existed among them, and, instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter through, even in the streets of the town of St. Peter and St. Paul. One of them finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea machine, full of boiling water, in the court; the bear smelt to it and burned his nose: provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the kettle, folded his fore-paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burned himself, of course, still more

and more. The horrible growls which rage and pain forced from him brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighbourhood to the spot, and poor Bruin was soon dispatched by shots from the window. He has, however, immortalized his memory, and become a proverb amongst the town's-people; for when any one injures himself by his own violence, they call him "*the bear with the tea-kettle.*"

119. There are those who would maintain that life is rather formed for us than by us; some critics of life say what does it matter so long as the end is gained? The *Saturday Review*, remarking in its usual cynical style upon John Foster's recently published posthumous work on the "Improvement of Time," sneered at the watchfulness which aims at improvement and sorrow over what is lost—"What does it matter so long as life is shaped somehow, and the end is gained?" True, there may be morbid dreamings—there may be a sentimental sorrowing and grieving—true, life may be so indulged until it also becomes morally dyspeptic—when life is passed in listening to preaching, when men become hearers but not doers—then there grows that unhealthy fastidiousness of appetite. As men who can eat nothing unless it is prepared especially to gratify the palate, sermons and books must be neat, spruce, beautiful, rhetorical, or they are disgusting—and what is the remedy for

Life, is it
formed by us
or for us?

CHAP. 6.

CHAP. 6. this mental and spiritual dyspepsia? The same
 — as in life—to eat plain food, and to go to work. Still it is not therefore to be supposed that we may not indulge healthy and wholesome fears, and healthy regrets. There is early rising—this stands among the more frequent topics of grief.

Capel Loft. A most interesting writer says, "For my whole life through, this difficulty of early rising has been a quicksand in my course." *He who can master his early hours, has won in the battle life.* He who can say with Milton, "My morning haunts are where they should be—at home, not sleeping, but up and stirring; often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour or devotion in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier to read good authors, or cause them to be read." He has gained a double life—he, as the old wit said, drives the day—he is not driven of the day. Well may a man grieve if he has lost golden hours in bed; he has lost life, for "*Time is the stuff that life is made of.*" He is always indulging in the thought, "What plenty of time every creature seems to have but myself." "*Begone about your business,*" says the dial in the Temple, and it has been remarked as a good admonition to loiterers on the pavement below.

120. It is more true that life is formed from within and from above, but this is true also of flowers, and seeds, and cattle, yet the understanding

of man can improve the dahlia, and the fruit, and the creatures of the stable, and the farmyard—
and what a reflection it is, how full of suggestion and solemnity, that man can improve his own life —his own being. It is late now to notice how the hours of the wise man are lengthened by his ideas —while those of a fool are rather shortened than lengthened by his passions. Man *can* form his moral character, and in the sublime effort, God has promised to help him. He forms his character by the subject of his thoughts, that with which he holds converse he ultimately becomes—of the earth, earthy—or by Divine intelligence and communion, changed to the heavenly by the Spirit of God.

CHAP. 6.
—
Man can
form his
moral
character.

121. If asked what, then, are the moral habits upon which especial attention should be fixed? I should say, charter them all. For the disciplining of the life, Franklin's plan was unquestionably a good one; he formed a scale for the virtues, including in the scale, Temperance, Silence, Order, Respect, Frugality, Independence, Sincerity, Justice, Moderation, Cleanliness, Tranquillity, Chastity, and Humility; he devoted attention especially to one virtue for a week; taking each virtue in succession, and headed every virtue with a motto by way of definition. Thus, by definite reflection upon the Nature of virtue, and frequently recalling to his mind some direct impersonation of it, his life was kept perpetually on the guard.

CHAP. 6. 122. The following were the rules he laid down
— for guidance and action :

- Temperance* . . Eat not to fulness ; drink not to elevation.
- Silence* Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself ; avoid trifling conversation.
- Order* Let all your things have their places ; let each part of your business have its time.
- Resolution* . . . Resolve to perform what you ought ; perform without fail what you resolve.
- Frugality* . . . Make no expense, but do good to others or yourself ; that is, waste nothing.
- Industry* Lose no time ; be always employed in something useful ; cut off all unnecessary actions.
- Sincerity* . . . Use no hurtful deceit ; think innocently and justly ; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.
- Justice* Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
- Moderation* . . Avoid extremes ; forbear resenting injuries.
- Cleanliness* . . Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.
- Tranquillity* . . Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
- Humility* . . . Imitate Jesus Christ.

The same great man likewise drew up the following plan for the regular employment of his time ;

examining himself each morning and evening as to CHAP. 6.
 what he had done, or left undone; by which practice —
 he was better able to improve his future conduct:—

MORNING.	HOURS.	
The question, What good shall I do to-day?	6	Rise, wash, and address Almighty God;
	7	contrive the day's business and take the
	8	resolution of the day; prosecute the present study; and breakfast.
	9	Work.
	10	
	11	
	12	
	1	Read, or look over my accounts and dine.
	2	
	3	Work.
	4	
	5	
	6	
	7	
EVENING.		
The question, What good have I done to-day? what have I left undone which I ought to have done?	8	Put things in their places; amusement;
	9	supper; examination
	10	of the day; address the Almighty.
11 P.M. to 5 A.M. Sleep.		

CHAP. 6. 123. Perhaps in our complex age something yet
 — more definite is needed to give consistency to our
 moral habits. Temperance, indeed, but temperance
 not restricting its teachings to the table or the
 bottle, but exercising imperial influence over all
 the senses, the subjection of the appetites to the
 John Foster. spirit—the state to which *John Foster* had ascended
 when he said, “*My soul shall either rule in my
 body or quit it.*” Truth, let us have, as the basis
 of all character. Truth, that shall live for its own
 sake and not for the pay it may receive for being
 true; Truth, that shall banish for ever the idea of
 a reward for well-doing, extraneous from, and
 unrelated to itself.

The Sleeper. 124. There is a solemn tone in these verses,
 whence obtained we know not, entitled “THE
 SLEEPER;”—are they not a warning?—

“ My master travelled far away,
 And left me much to do ;
 Alas ! I trifled all the day,
 Although my days were few.

“ Wandering and playing like a child,
 And moved by every wind,
 The fleeting moments I beguiled,
 Forgetting that I sinned.

“ I went to sleep, like all the rest,
 Whilst Time seemed still and dumb,
 But soon he struck upon my breast,
 And cried, ‘ *Thy Master’s come !*’

“ ’Twas grass cut down by sudden mower,
 Or tree by lightning stroke :—
 ‘ Oh ! time, time, time, is this the hour ? ’
 And, trembling, I awoke.”

125. This chapter cannot be more appropriately CHAP. 6.
closed, than by the following letter from the late
venerable WILLIAM ALLEN, the member of the <sup>Letter of
William
Allen.</sup>
Society of Friends, to whom the nation owes so
much.

“ Dear E——, I feel anxious for thy welfare in every respect, and especially in thy going among perfect strangers; but if thou art careful to attend to the Divine Monitor in thy own mind, the Spirit of Christ, thou wilt be under the notice and protection of the greatest of Beings, and wilt be favoured with that sweet peace in thine own soul which is far beyond all other enjoyments. Accept, dear E——, the following hints from thy friend and well-wisher. Preserve this letter, and peruse it occasionally.

“ 1. Devote some portion of the day to the reading of the Holy Scriptures alone in thy chamber; and pray constantly to the Almighty that He would enlighten thy mind to understand them.

“ 2. Endeavour to keep thy mind in such a state that thou mayest turn it to think upon God many times in the course of the day; and pour out thy petitions to Him in secret for preservation.

“ 3. Never do anything privately which thou wouldest be ashamed of if made public; and if evil thoughts come into thy mind, endeavour to turn from them, and not follow up the train of them, or indulge them for a moment; always endeavour that thy very thoughts may be acceptable in the sight of God, to whom they are always open.

4. Be careful not to read books of an immoral tendency, as novels, romances, &c., and endeavour to discourage it in others—they are poison to the mind.

5. Be punctual in attending a place of worship.

6. Be very careful what company thou keepest; how few intimates, and let them be persons of the most virtuous character: for if a young man associate with those of bad character, he will infallibly lose his own.

7. Be very circumspect in all thy conduct, and particularly towards females.

CHAP. 6. 8. Study the interest of thy employer, and endeavour to promote it by all fair and honourable means in thy power. Study the duties expected from thee, and fulfil them faithfully as in the sight of God.

9. Endeavour to improve thyself in thy studies in the intervals of leisure.

Never do anything against thy conscience.

I have not time to add more than that my prayers are put up for thy preservation, and that as long as thou continuest to conduct thyself in a virtuous and honourable manner, thou wilt find a steady friend in William Allen.

Episode.

BACKBONE PEOPLE.

It is with men as with animals—you may divide EPISODE.
them into two classes, vertebrated and invertebrated. —

Animals remarkable for dignity, and elevation in the scale of existence, are vertebrated or backboned; their backbones give them eminence and place: all animals to which we apply the term “inferior” want this backbone, and they can only crawl or creep because they are invertebrated. We have often thought, when looking among men, that this is the great distinction we notice between them—the successful and the unsuccessful, the principled and the unprincipled, the true and the false. The schoolmaster, as he bids farewell to his pupil about to enter the great world of action and business, says: “I know they will never make anything of that boy—there is no backbone in him.” Jenkins, the grocer, looks doubtfully at his apprentice, and says, as he shakes his head: “Ah, I wish I had never had anything

EPISODE. to do with that lad; I doubt there is no backbone in him." And Thompson, the architect, refuses to have anything to do with building the row of houses, "For," says he, "there is no knowing where to find Williams, who wants me to build them: he has no backbone." These are customary modes of speech, and they represent the simple truth of life. We recoil instinctively from the touch of the spider and the wasp, the leech and the slug; and we recoil as instinctively from that large class of persons of whom these little creatures are a sort of moral analogy, because they have no backbone. They can sting sometimes; they can weave a brittle web sometimes; they leave here and there a slimy trail; they can draw blood; but the instincts of society and humanity recoil from them. They have no backbone.

There is nothing in this world of so much importance to man in his dealings with his fellow man as faith, mutual faith, and trust. Where this is wanting, no shining exterior can compensate, nor any amount of fleeting elegance. It is the bone by which the various parts of society are held together; it is the vertebral column which gives majesty and consistency to all relations. I never see a man whom I suspect of double-facedness—and some such we are all compelled to see—but I think of him as a man afflicted with a moral

spinal complaint. It gives to his whole appearance and demeanour a creeping and cringing aspect, and, spite of the indignation which such characters awaken, perhaps the more prominent and general feeling in every mind is pity. We pity those who are afflicted with so severe a calamity as the prostration of the spinal column and nerve; and who are compelled, therefore, instead of bounding about and abroad in the elasticity and strength of healthy enjoyment, to lie wasting and feeble—who have not strength to walk uprightly without a crutch, who never appear without a melancholy stoop, and whose voice partakes of the weakness of the frame. Such tender beings command our pity; and how cheerfully we give to them our help! And should not they command our pity, too, who morally are all this—from whom is taken that bold and open-faced uprightness which with transparent features looks upon you, and dares you to doubt it; and who, in place of this, present to your eye a bowed and stooping moral character, ready to cringe to any servility—to prostrate itself to any extreme of humbleness—not merely, it may be, to obtain wealth, but even to be tickled with a passing smile, or cajoled with a flattering breath. Once upon a time, a worm, moved by indignation at its own littleness, and yet more indignant to find the giant man standing by his side, ventured to attempt to erect itself upon its

EPISODE.

EPISODE. rings, and to address him ; but it fell down again

— to the earth, and mourned thus : “ And why should not I walk erect? Why should I be compelled to creep, while this great being by my side strides and walks? Very clear is the contrivance of my rings—very expertly can I wind in and out of the mud and the sand ; I can even digest with satisfaction a great quantity of dirt. Clever creature that I am, why should I be compelled to live thus, instead of occupying a more exalted sphere and dignified place in creation ? ” And the spirit of the man who heard the little creature bemoaning itself thus, said to it : “ Consider thyself awhile ; thou art fulfilling, admirably fulfilling, the purpose and the law of thy being in thy little day. But, alas ! for us in our upper world, we have creatures yet called men, who were not made to creep, and who have limbs for motion as exquisitely made and balanced as the loftiest of their kind, and who delight to prostrate themselves on all fours—to wind in and out of all muddy places—to live frequently not only *among*, but *in* the dirt—and, with all the capacity to move upright, as far as possible to imitate the actions and the life of the backboneless worm.”

There are some invertebrated people to whom we should not like to apply all the harshness of this condemnation, but who yet lack the noble-

ness of the higher classes. These are *persons* **EPISODE.**
who are all sensation. Their whole being quivers
 at every breath. They cannot bear the faintest
 breeze of the world's misfortune. You stretch
 them on a rack whenever you tell them a story of
 the world's cruelty. The spectacle of suffering is
 so painful to them, that they cannot attempt to
 alleviate it. They move perpetually through an
 enchanted realm, where they are exposed to nipping
 winds and cruel sleet storms. Every word irritates
 them one way or the other. They can neither
 bear praise or blame. They are a pretty little de-
 licate creature, living, like a transparent lizard, in
 the southern climes of life. Yet they are at the
 mercy of all the elements and all the seasons.
 All efforts are too great for them. A storm in a tea-
 cup sends them into hysterics ; a breath through a
 keyhole shipwrecks their craft. You can never rely
 upon them. They can never rely upon them-
 selves. They do not understand an unyielding
 principle—an inflexible determination ; every last
 tale is the right tale. The last speaker always
 has the best of it. They can never turn from
 present impressions to inward principles. Should
 you talk to them about reading a sophism, you
 would see them go off in a fit of the spasms. All
 people are nice people ; all things are nice things.
 They have some dim idea that there is something
 like justice somewhere or other in the world ; but

EPISODE. they have no resolution, no power to stand by it, as by an abiding principle. These have ever seemed to me invertebrated animals, backboneless people.

There is yet another class you must have met with. There is *a man who is always beginning and never going on, always taking up and always giving up.** A little above we said that faith was the vertebral column of life, and faith develops itself as much by perseverance as by any other trait of character. The length of our walk, and the strength we can put forth in it, depend upon our spinal structure; and the man, unyielding and invincible, who has so much faith in his principles, with so much perseverance that his pathway is always plain before him—always ready for action, and resolute in action—I have ever thought to be a man with a good backbone. Un-persevering people perplex you. A moment or two, they are erect in earnest sympathy. A moment or two afterwards, they are utterly feeble. Call upon them to-morrow with a bright idea, and they are quite fascinated by it; but if you dare to calculate upon their aid for giving practical efficiency to it, woe betide you! As long as you are with them, your consistency may support them—

* This paper was written many years before the publication of the admirable paper of the "Country Parson"—Concerning giving up and coming down.

even as Health, strong and ruddy-faced, takes EPISODE. weak and pale-faced Sickness by the hand, and leads it out for a walk; but as soon as you quit the hand, your weak one relapses into the state of weakness and despair. Perseverance, especially for the man of business, is the backbone of life; without it, nothing can be done efficiently or well. The blow is not only to be given, but to be repeated often; the iron must melt before the horse-shoe can be made, and then it is not enough to have strength for one blow: the strokes must be rapid, swift, measured, and determined, to be successful.

And what we said of that last character will apply very much to that well-known person whom the Scotch call *Ne'er-do-weel*, whom all our readers know to be an everlasting failure, who is always coming back to his father's house, but never better than when he set out, to whom life never presents a possibility of success, who, like Uncle John in "The Caxtons," has always some new scheme, or, like Mr. Micawber in "David Copperfield," is always waiting for something to turn up. There are people in the world who suppose that they have a right to go shares in other people's backbones. You cannot get them to believe that they have one of their own. They would have you dissected and turn your vertebral column into a walkingstick, rather than attempt

EPISODE. to learn the truth unpalatable to them—that they must rely upon themselves, that is, that the principles of life are self-reliance and self-trust. A great deal has been written and said latterly about heroes. The principle of heroism operates with more or less power in proportion to organism and circumstances. But in your definition of a hero, you cannot go much beyond that, a man with a good backbone, integrity, faith,—these are the elements out of which the noblest characters that ever blessed our world have been built up; and while the reader admires that which looks so great in history, let him remember that these are elements also which are found, or which may be found, in every cottage.

But come, for a desultory chat we have held our readers long enough. To hit the happy medium between a mammoth and a maggot is almost the art of life. Decided men, strong backbone creatures, men who have dashed through the world with the imperial mace or the warrior's sword, would not have done this without the inflexibility of character to which we have paid some homage. Most of them do not look particularly attractive to our eye. There is no reason, therefore, why we should sink into the opposite inglorious extreme; yet even great men, men remarkable for their pertinacity and inflexibility, have sometimes wonderfully illustrated this moral meanness. Dean

Swift was in everything a man of strange extremes; EPISODE.
no man so dogmatic, invincible, harsh, and resolute when it suited his purpose; but it suited his purpose sometimes to truckle, crawl, cringe, curvet. Our readers will remember the anecdote mentioned of him whom no power could bend, who awed statesmen, exasperated people, terrified kings, but who was once frightened out of a street by an old woman. The Dean had often called at an upholsterer's on the quay in Dublin, to order some rubbish to be removed, but without being obeyed for several days. At last he called in considerable wrath, and said to the upholsterer's wife, "Woman, do you know who I am?" "Yes. Please your reverence," said she, "you are Dr. Higgins." The Dean hated Dr. Higgins. He was a prosy, noisy, crazy old Jacobite, a favourite of Lord Harley's. The Dean was so chagrined that he never went into that street any more. Here was a lion subdued by the yelping of a lap-dog. And how many men have their moments when, overcome by trivial circumstances, they have yielded and become the victims of a slight and foolish impression, marching, as we have said, in might and energy, one moment before the eye, and the next, succumbing to the most insignificant event.

After all that we have said, we must say further, there is nothing like religion for sustaining



EPISODE. character, and giving dignity as well as beauty,
— firmness as well as gentleness, to it. A man whose principles, both of perception and action, are based on the love and fear of God, will have an ability imparted to his whole walk and life which will save him from ever becoming the subject of the sarcastic allegation of being a backboneless man.

CHAPTER VII.

INTELLECTUAL DANDYISM.

126. At the outset of the Intellectual Life, perhaps it may be as well to guard the young aspirant to the portals of Knowledge against a very common deformity beheld there—the Intellectual Dandy; the spirit of the Fop is not confined to clothes and fashion; there are the Beau Brummels of the Literary Institute as well as of the tailor's shop. The Literary Fop is, indeed, but a very small affair—as innocent and tame an animal, my friend, as you could well meet. The danger, therefore, is not in anything he can do to you, but the creature is contagious; you may possibly become like him; for this Fop is “a very attractive and agreeable young man,” or, rather, to adopt the patois which such persons use, “a vewy atwactive agweeable young man.” It is one of the characteristics of this class of characters that they mutilate the English language most barbarously. Very few words are pronounced with any degree of correctness; their information is supposed to be most extensive, since, travelling

CHAP. 7.

—
The Literary
Fop.

CHAP. 7. from street to street, they have picked up a vast hodge-podge, a kind of "Omnium gatherum," without any reference to quality, but with great reference to quantity; and there is no book, no science, no paper, no person, upon which or whom they are not prepared to pronounce dogmatic strictures. They are a kind of gad-fly dancing about in all the pools, and over all the fields of life. Everything of body and mind is arranged to strike with surprise; those books, therefore, are read, which all people are talking about. It may safely be questioned whether any of the motley group ever read a really serious book, or a book that had a serious purpose. The life of such persons is an everlasting offering upon the altar of Sensuality and Selfishness; everything in the world is made to reflect the character of self; they truly deserve the character of the poet; they are, wherever found,

—
The Literary
Pop.

A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all-in-all.

127. Such persons belong to the large family, the Turveydrops. They are always studying deportment; learned in the art of a well-bred stare; learned in the art of fixing an eye-glass discreetly—the art of speaking mother-tongue so that the poor old lady, dear old mother, don't know herself, but fancies herself in some barbarous country; the art of making not the most of time but the

least of it—contriving not to get twenty-four hours into half-a-dozen, but about one or two into twenty-four; the art of being, or at any rate seeming, perfectly indifferent to everything and everybody; the art of keeping up an amazing appearance of munificence outside by an amazing reality of meanness within: such is good breeding, and such the indications of a desultory mind. It implies a state of moral dissipation, a shallowness and emptiness fatal to advancement in worth or intelligence. And the lives of even eminent men sometimes only create the impression of desultoriness and vanity. Thomas Moore, the poet and historian of Ireland, was not an ordinary man; but the perusal of his life leaves contempt as one of the most abiding emotions in the mind.

128. These characters are not rare. They are the Commons of the Senate of which Chesterfield—Literary Vanity. if we judged him by his letters to his son—was a Peer. In some instances, they possess a larger average of intelligence than in the above lines we give them credit for; but the real substratum of the character is vanity. In this age, the propensity of the village clown to decorate his person, and to appear occasionally to the best advantage, is not sufficient for those who occupy the same position in their sphere which the clown occupies in his; they are desirous of ranging above him. Read, therefore, they must; but their reading is

CHAP. 7. confined to the pages of worthless sensation novels.

— And, as such books are very generally read, and they have read them with the same avidity as other persons, their criticisms are very cheaply won, and very well received. They belong in this
 Miss Skeggs. age precisely to the class of persons to which, in the days of the Vicar of Wakefield, "Georgiana Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs" belonged; they have learned the name of Shakspeare, whom they always call "the gifted, the universal, and the immortal;" and they are qualified to talk upon the merits and the meaning of Shakspeare with Miss Skeggs. Their scorn of mediocrity is amusing; they have confidence in their own powers; they have picked up the slang of charlatans and mountebanks, and of course can talk about "the spirit of the age;" about "the mighty thoughts heaving in the breast of the future;" about "the scintillations, hallucinations, &c. &c. brightening in the eye of Humanity." Nothing is more sickening than the euphuistic verbiage of this disgusting and meaningless common-place in their minds and on their tongues. It means nothing! it is innocent! for it is lifeless; words are used which, to their minds, never had a meaning; and thus their characters present an everlasting lie. For here is, indeed, the sadness of all this hollowness. Who that has thought at all does not know the danger of moral sentiment,

Beware of
Hollow
Speech.

unaccompanied by active virtue? The remarks of the Rev. Archibald Alison are worthy of some pondering, when he insists that the faithful parent, or the wise instructor, will ever endeavour assiduously to accommodate the ideas of excellence to the actual circumstances, and the probable scenes, in which their future years are to be engaged. If the life is not thus prepared, what a melancholy failure does it usually exhibit!

129. "It is the fine-drawn scenes of visionary distress to which they have been accustomed, not the plain circumstance of common wretchedness; it is the momentary exertions of generosity or greatness which have elevated their fancy, not the long and patient study of pious duty; it is before an admiring world that they have hitherto conceived themselves to act—not in solitude and obscurity amid the wants of poverty, the exigencies of disease, or the deep silence of domestic sorrow. Is it wonderful that characters of this enfeebled kind should recoil from the duties to which they are called, and which appear to them in colours so unexpected?—that they should consider the world as a gross and a vulgar scene, unworthy of their interest, and its common obligations as something beneath them to perform; and that, with an affectation of proud superiority, they should wish to retire from a field in which they have the presumption to think it is only fit for vulgar minds to combat?"

Alison's
Sermons.

CHAP. 7. "From hence come many classes of character
Allison. with which the world presents us, in what we call its higher scenes, and which it is impossible to behold without a sentiment of pity as well as of indignation. In some, the perpetual affectation of sentiment, and the perpetual absence of its reality; in others, the warm admiration of goodness, and the cold and indignant performance of their own most sacred duties; in some, that childish belief of their own superior refinement, which leads them to withdraw from the common scenes of life and of business, and to distinguish themselves only by capricious opinions and fantastic manners; and, in others of a bolder spirit, the proud rejection of all the duties and decencies which belong only to common men, the love of that distinction in vice which they feel themselves unable to attain in virtue, and the gradual but too certain advance to the last stages of guilt, impiety, and wretchedness. Amid these delusions of fancy, life, meanwhile, with all its plain and serious business, is passing; their contemporaries in every line are starting before them in the road of honour, of fortune, or of usefulness; and nothing is now left them but to concentrate all the vigour of their minds to recover the ground which they have lost. But if this last energy be wanting, if what they 'would' they yet fail to 'do,' what, alas, can be the termination of the once ardent

.

and inspiring mind, but ignominy and disgrace? CHAP. 7
A heart dissatisfied with mankind and with itself;
a conscience sickening at the review of what is
passed; a failing fortune, a degraded character,
and—what I fear is ever the last and the most
frantic refuge of selfish and disappointed ambition
—infidelity and despair.”

130. Seneca, the moralist, is an eminent illustra- Seneca.
tion, unless his character is grossly traduced, of the
possession of fine theoretical views of virtue, the
power to utter glittering sentences, words, scintil-
lations, without any love for virtue or truth in the
heart, or, at any rate, without any fulfilment of
them in the life. How easy it was to pen those
fine and fanciful sentiments on contentment and
happiness, and the pleasure of virtuous emotion,
while avariciously accumulating his hoards of
wealth, banqueting at ease in his magnificent
gardens and palaces, pandering to the wild and
licentious enjoyments of a corrupt and cruel prince,
conniving at the parricidal murder of the mother
of the Emperor by the son she had raised to
empire and to dignity. All this appears to be
true of Seneca, and, therefore, he may be appro-
priately held up, rather to the execration than the
admiration of mankind; and it should be a warn-
ing to the people of every age, never to divorce
magnanimity of sentiment from magnanimity of
action; life is only real when they are combined.

CHAP. 7. 131. There dwelt in Athens, as Xenophon tells us, in the time of Socrates, a young man named Euthedemus; he was also surnamed the Fair. He was sufficiently wealthy to purchase a great number of manuscripts and books upon all subjects, and his wealth also allowed him to lounge his time away in various parts of the city of famous resort, in a kind of elegant laziness. His appearance was attractive. His exterior was the cause of the vanity of his mind. Finding so much praise bestowed upon his body, the fair proportions of which had caused him no labour or pain, he arrived at the belief that he might obtain a mental reputation on the same easy terms. He affected rather, therefore, to patronize knowledge than to be a disciple. He mentioned with condescension the great names of the poets, and teachers, and generals of Greece. He had no real ambition to be wise, but a great ambition to be thought so. He had no great yearnings after excellence, but he greatly desired the honour of excelling. What books he had were, for the most part, unread. His knowledge was superficial and crude. He did not, of course, perceive it to be so: on the contrary, he aimed to be thought rather the teacher of other men, the setter-to-rights of opinions. He had books upon his shelves: was not that knowledge? He heard wise men talk: was he not therefore wise? and

The
Affectation
of Books,

he walked about in the streets of Athens, his head full of immense ideas of his own power and importance. He affected elegance in dress, too, and altogether sought as far as possible to impose the appearance of a most fashionable decorum upon the literary citizens. He was, in brief, a kind of literary dandy; and he paraded the titles of books, and his criticisms upon them, and upon men and things in general, just as an exquisite in our age might parade his rings or studs. CHAP. 7.

132. Indeed, the modern Euthedemus might be sketched very well by the side of the Athenian one. The modern Euthedemus lounges still through our literary saloons and circles, himself the impersonation of a *savant*, a poet, a moralist, a theologian, with a jaunty fashionable air, priding himself very much, too, upon a fashionable exterior and free and easy bearing. He, too, has heard of all books, and is quite able to weigh the merits of them all. He holds in his hand the gauging-rod of all sciences, and can measure the figures of all poetry. He talks familiarly of all poets, as one who could do all that kind of thing quite easily, but will not be put out of the way to perform such trifles. It is the inevitable result of certain states of civilization to produce men who desire to receive some of the reflected light of literature; for all professions and all ages have their *amateurs* and dandies, men of the Euthe-

Without the
Love of
Knowledge.

CHAP. 7. demus class, who wear the star of hereditary nobility, but are yet utterly powerless to make themselves noble. For worth and fame generate the ideas of vanity in other minds; and hence there must be 'foplings'—ignorant pretenders, in every walk of life and society. So Euthedemus wrapt his fashionable robe around him, and priding himself much on the admiring glances of the maidens of Athens, as he stepped along upon his way, sought the company of the *literati* of the city. Into the public assemblies he was, as yet, too young to be admitted; but there was a harness-maker's, whither he was in the habit of resorting—a kind of bazaar, or meeting-place of the most wealthy and talkative persons of the city. There were no booksellers' shops, no circulating libraries; but the Athenians would pride themselves on the furniture and the housings of their horses and chariots; and there the young man gathered a company round him to whom his word was a kind of oracle, the staple matter of his discourse being the deficiency of the Sophists and philosophers, and the innate power of man to develop himself without culture, or education, or reliance upon the previous discoveries and teachings of men.

Socrates.

133. But Socrates perceived beneath all this depth of vanity and conceit, a foundation of ingenuousness, and, perhaps, capacity for wisdom; his

mind was filled with compassion for the young man without a leader, and he determined to attempt the correction of his follies; and on one occasion he followed him to the harness maker's, and, accompanied by some of his friends, the topic was started by one of them, "Whether Themistocles had been much advantaged by conversing with philosophers; or, whether it were not chiefly the strength of his own natural talents which had raised him so far above the rest of his fellow citizens, as made them not fail to turn their eyes towards him whenever the State stood in need of a person of uncommon ability?" Socrates, willing to pique Euthedemus, made answer, "It was monstrous folly for any one to imagine, that whilst the knowledge of the very lowest mechanic art was not to be obtained without a master, the science of governing the Republic, which required for the right discharge of it all that human prudence could perform, was to be had by intuition." This does not appear to have been said to Euthedemus, but in his hearing. It filled the young man with uneasiness; it was a word of common sense, unlike what he had heard and believed; and how uneasy it made him he showed by avoiding Socrates, cautiously. He feared to be taken for one of his followers, for the sayings of Socrates clove right down through the heart of all his vanity. He had supposed himself superior to all

CHAP. 7
—
Meets him

and awakens
him by
Satire.

CHAP. 7. the teachers of his age ; and here, brought into
 — contact with one, and the most despised one, he found himself worsted in the very first few words. His vanity was alarmed. He drew a circle round himself from which he attempted to exclude Socrates.

Socrates
 follows him
 up,

134. But Socrates would not be excluded ; he followed Euthedemus, and designed to attack him openly ; and once they were brought opportunely together, and Socrates, turning to some who were present, " May we not expect," said he, " from the manner in which this young man pursues his studies, that he will not fail to speak his opinion even the very first time he appears in the assembly, should there be any business of importance then in debate ? I should suppose, too, that the proem to his speech, if he begins with letting them know that he hath never received any instruction, must have something in it not unpleasant. ' Be it known to you,' will he say, ' O ye men of Athens ! I never learnt anything of any man ; I never associated with persons of parts or experience ; never sought out for people who could instruct me ; but, on the contrary, have steadily persisted in avoiding all such, as not only holding in abhorrence the being taught by others, but careful to keep clear of even the least suspicion of it ; but I am ready, notwithstanding, to give you such advice as chance shall suggest to

.

me.' Not unlike the man," continued Socrates, CHAP. 7.
"who should tell the people, while soliciting their
voices, 'It is true, gentlemen, I never once
thought of making physic my study; I never
once applied to any one for instruction; and so
far was I from desiring to be well versed in this
science, I even wished not to have the reputation
of it; but, gentlemen, be so kind as to choose me
your physician, and I will gain knowledge by
making experiments upon you.'" Of course,
loud was the laughter at this humorous sally.
Euthedemus, after this, never avoided the com-
pany of Socrates, but attempted to impose upon
him by the affectation of a modesty he was far
from feeling. But Socrates desired to rouse and
stimulate him to the pursuit of knowledge and
wisdom by active habits of self-denial and virtue;
he spoke in hints, and constantly, while he spoke,
he made his words turn in this direction. To
govern men, to master science, to be able to dis-
course with others, can only be obtained by the
improvement of our mind by a regular apprentice-
ship to knowledge. Said Socrates: "Is it not
strange, sirs, that while such as wish to play well
on the lute, or mount dexterously on horseback,
are not content with practising in private as often
as may be, but look out for masters, and submit
willingly to their commands, as the only way to
become proficient and gain fame, the man whose

That he may
win his soul.

CHAP. 7. aim is to govern the Republic, or speak before the people, shall deem himself aptly qualified for either without the trouble of any previous instruction? Yet surely the last must be owned the most difficult; since, out of the many who force themselves into office, so few are seen to succeed therein; and therefore it should seem that diligence and study are here the most needful."

Socrates
teaches him
self-
mistrust.

135. And thus Socrates prepared the way for a more definite discourse, and a more conclusive grappling with the peculiarities of the character of Euthedemus. By hints and hits like those we have quoted, he would lead the young man to suspect himself; he would lead the young man to infer that his mind needed training, that the work of governing men was not so easy as he had anticipated; that the world had wiser men than himself. *In self-suspicion is the foundation of much knowledge, nay, the commencement of all wisdom. He who has not distrusted himself is, as yet, in the very cloud-land of ignorance.* As we watch Socrates moving about among his fellow-citizens, we are struck with this as the chief characteristic of his teaching; that he leads men to a distrustfulness of their own opinions, their own powers, their own knowledge, certain that the mind fully occupied with ideas of its own importance and its own worth, must be closed against the entrance of all truth, all other knowledge. And in the next

conversation he proceeded to give shape to his ideas of the method of education to be pursued by the youthful Euthedemus. CHAP. 7.

136. We have always thought the conversations with Euthedemus among the most affecting and influential recorded by Xenophon. When he so cleverly rebuked the mere book collector, who yet had no purpose to serve but his own vanity in the collection, till the bated spirit exclaimed, full of emotion, "O, Socrates, I will not deny to you that I have hitherto believed I was no stranger to philosophy, but had already gained that knowledge so necessary for a man who aspires after virtue. What, then, must be my concern to find, after all my labours, I am not able to answer those questions which most importeth me to know? and the more as I see not what method to pursue whereby I may render myself capable?" The inscription at Delphos.

"Have you ever been to Delphos?"

"I have been there twice."

"Did you observe this inscription somewhere on the front of the temple—*Know thyself*?"

"Yes, I read it."

"But it seems scarcely sufficient to have read it, Euthedemus. Consider it, and, in consequence of the admonition, set yourself diligently to find out what you are?"

Episode.

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF CRUTCHES.

EPISODE. CALLING the other day upon an old friend, who
— had some time before met with an accident which had disabled him, and compelled him to betake himself to crutches for support, I was surprised to find that his sticks had never been thrown aside; the poor fellow was afraid to take a single step without his crutches. He could not go across the room without them; the old fellow did not know how healthy he was; but there, obstinately, pertinaciously, he must shamble along on his crutches; a stick, in the streets, would have served every purpose, and, in the house, even that faint support was not in the slightest degree needed. But so he moved through life; and as he went, he grumbled out, "I'm weak, sir, very weak, you see—I can't do without this. Ah! sir, 'twould be a great blessing, if I had the use of my limbs as you have. Oh ma'am"—a long gasp—"well, well, God's will be done." And so, from

that day, the poor creature used his crutches, and talked of his crutches, till the idea had made him a hypochondriac, and martyred him to its power. To hobble had become an essential part of his life; he would have felt dissatisfied with himself could he have gone alone; to talk against his crutches was to enter into a conspiracy against him. I ventured to throw out an expostulatory hint:—

“Now, don’t you think that those things could be given up? Why, you’re only weak because you don’t struggle to be strong; now, take my arm—there, there. Now you see you can go without crutches.”

Well, I got him to budge a step or two; but I believe ever since he has had a suspicion of me: he looks at me and shakes his head; he always seems demure when I approach him. If he tries to rise before me, he firmly compresses his lips and teeth together, saying as plainly as silence can say, “You see what a state I’m in, and yet, you wicked dog, you want me to give up my crutches.”

An able-bodied man stumbling through the world on crutches! Once for all, let us admit that it is the most solemn sight the eye can rest on; yet it is not an unfrequent and uncustomary one. Get a man into the habit of hobbling on crutches at all, and the habit will gradually become necessary

EPISODE. to him, and he be loth to give them up. And
— how can strength grow, and how can the body become pliant, and muscular, and powerful on crutches? Thus the weak become more weak, and the incapable yet more incapable. It is a glorious moment when a man breaks a crutch, even although it be on the head of the one who persuaded him to use it—when he determines to walk along the level road in his own strong purpose and power—when he betakes himself to the work of mountain-climbing, and leaves his crutches behind him at the inn where he slept last night—when he determines to be imposed upon, and to impose upon himself, by wooden helps, no longer. Some men have been in health all their days, and have never known that they are strong; but to the weak man who has feared to take a step by himself, to the man whose religion it has been to believe that he could not walk alone, it is a moment of high exultation, when the winds of heaven pipe around him, and the distant figures before him beckon him onwards, and each turn of the road reveals something new, and each piece of scenery invites to rapidity and energy—at such a moment, it is, indeed, a source of high exultation to the man himself weak, to be able to say, “But I am strong.”

You see the drift of it, my friends: it is a problem rather difficult to be solved; but the

probability is, that every one of you, with this EPISODE. book in your hand, is also leaning upon crutches. —
The lesson of self-reliance, of independence, is both holy and noble; and yet, alas! almost every soul you meet has its own appropriate crutches; and, still further, it is not an unfrequent occurrence, that the weak attempt to persuade, and sometimes do persuade, the strong that they are too weak: and, for very company's sake, to try to convert them to crutches. So we have seen a lopsided man,—as we should say, a man with a “moral squint,”—and this man has really contrived to get an idea, to fetch up from the unfathomable depths of somewhere, a prejudice, a notion, a whim—let us suppose it a truth; very soon he has exaggerated it—distorted it till it grows into a huge, knotty, gnarled branch of an error: then he cuts it into shape and primness, lends his whole weight to it, makes himself a crutch of it, *sets up a crutch shop*, and offers—good, benevolent citizen that he is—to make you crutches, too, for a price: but if you will not buy, the mischief of the matter is, that he stands at his shop door, and lays about him with strong, hearty blows, upon all who go to other shops. He must not only have a crutch himself, and have full liberty to lean upon it, but you, and everybody else, must lean upon that particular crutch too, or you shall have woeful blows. Go into my

EPISODE. library, and fetch me down that truly direful
— history of the battles of the schoolmen, or the history of the middle ages, and read me the battles of the Guelph and Ghibbeline; or run your eyes over the contending philosophical and religious sectarian squabbles of the day; and then what does it all come to? Sum them up, and call them *The Battles of the Crutches*. It seems very probable that if each of these disputants, instead of squabbling about a whim, had exercised freely his own moral and intellectual capacity, the histories of these chivalrous, intellectual, and other battles, had been for ever lost to mankind.

The fact is, men are unwisely economical in the use of their legs—hence the reason why they like and use crutches. Mental crutches are an apology for laziness. A great many books are bought and read—resolve me the reason why. Would you not think there was an intellectual research—an earnestness in the acquisition of knowledge? Nonsense! At least half the books bought are never either read or cut; and two-thirds of the other half are crutches for lame souls. Men cannot endure that their spirits should be alone; there must be company, although it should be the most frivolous chit-chat of a fashionable novel. Men cannot endure the labour of digging out their own opinions; they must obtain them ready made, from “orthodox” crutch-makers; for it is

very curious, perfectly wonderful, to know that EPISODE. there are, among other "patents," Patent Intellectual Crutch Manufacturers. —

What, did you never hear that old story of the Battle of the Crutches?—it is English, too, and at a famous watering-place—one of those comfortable and solacing spots whither lackadaisical ladies and indolent gentlemen go to be persuaded that they are all invalids,—and that they may have the pleasure of leaning on crutches in company. Now there were in the town two great crutch depôts. The old established shop was Spivy's—the more modern one, Spokey's. Now, when it is remembered that some hundred or two hundred pairs of crutches were used by the patients of Shamwell Down, it is not wonderful that, often reclining on the couch, or in the bath-room, in all the elegance of indolence, when talk did not flow, and subjects seemed few, and at last the patients came to talk about the fabrication and properties of their crutches, nothing could seem more innocent, no topic less calculated to excite feelings of animosity, than the relative claims to popular estimation of Messrs. Spivy and Spokey.

"Alas! how light a cause may move
Dispension between hearts that love!"

The more frequently the topic was reverted to,

EPISODE. the more bitter became the controversy. The crutches were every day brought to the test of experience. There was that choleric old Colonel M'Grumphy, who complained of a traditional gout; he affirmed the ease and the comfort, the superior character of the wood, and therefore the magnetic virtues of the article made by Spokey;—while a testy old gentleman, a retired lawyer, named Crimp, passed his verdict for Spivy. Very soon the crutches absorbed every other topic: in the bath-room, the news-room, in the hotels, the relative merits of M'Grumphy and Crimp formed the staple of conversation. Each party had its own little coterie: and it is wonderful what a display of argument and eloquence was expended upon the rival crutches. The rival manufactories, too, joined in the warfare; they became the captains of the combat. Papers flew about; M'Grumphy printed a pamphlet, which Crimp replied to, in a manner so grossly personal, that the colonel called him out to a duel, and the lawyer sought shelter from the civil authorities, and the colonel horse-whipped him in the bath-room. The lawyer entered an action against the colonel, while each of the partisans felt his own honour or heroism (for the ladies of Shamwell Down were also in the strife) implicated in this most important controversy. Long was it before the fever subsided, and, to the present day, who-

ever visits Shamwell Down will be regaled with **EPISODE**
the immortal history of the celebrated combat of
M'Grumphy and Crimp, touching the crutches of
Messrs. Spivy and Spokey.

And, I declare to you, I have very often thought that books have degenerated into crutches. Men surrender themselves up altogether to the dominion of a book; they do not take the book, the book takes them. What is the use of a book to you, upon which you lean, to which you become a slave and a vassal? *Neither healthy minds nor healthy bodies need crutches. The diseased turn all things into mere crutches.* Preachers, lecturers, books, ordinances, they are none of them aids to development—they are crutches to limp upon. And thus the whole moral part of manhood suffers.

Perhaps if we were to stand behind a bookseller's counter, and to interrogate the souls of the purchasers, the dialogue might run somewhat thus,—

“Madam, in what can I serve you?”

“Sir, I feel rather *weak in my religious legs*; in fact, faith will not walk at all. I sometimes have fancied if I were to get direct to heaven for strength and faith, and commune somewhat with myself, I might be strong; but all my neighbours move on crutches, and I want you to furnish me with a neat, respectable-looking pair.” And in a day or two you see the lady hobbling along on her

EPISODE. crutches, defending them, proud of them, as if she
— had used them all her life.

“Sir, what can I do for you?” continues the bookseller to another customer.

“Well, sir, I want a good stout political crutch; something that I can lean on pretty safely, and use occasionally on my neighbour’s back, without any fear of its breaking.”

“Sir, allow me to show you several: here is a fine assortment, sir; and give me leave to say, that if you purchase and use them for a little time, very soon you will be able to give up the use of the crutch altogether, and walk quite naturally.”

“Oh, pooh, pooh, nonsense; I don’t want to walk naturally; none of my neighbours do,—why should I? I don’t want to appear singular. Sir, a nice, easy, fashionable crutch; an old English crutch,—you understand me, sir,—with a crimson cushion for the arm; something of the Gladstone and Sewell cut.” *And away goes the gentleman, on his political crutch.*

“Now, sir,” says the bookseller, “let me attend to you. What kind of crutch can I accommodate you with?”

“Well, sir, the fact is I have nothing to do, and I don’t know how to set about it;” and, before our friend has left the shop, he has filled his pockets with books. They will serve a double purpose; they will effectually weigh down all the

powers of his brain, and he will go limping on them, in a kind of industrious idleness, all his days. EPISODE

Blessings on good books, and on the dear departed spirits who gave them to us !—they are our companions, counsellors, guides, friends ; but even on the best of them we will not lean to the surrendering up of our own proper mental and moral dignity ; we will walk arm-in-arm with books, and chat with them friendly by the way ; but we will not honour them as crutches.

It will be a rare holiday for the world when all men determine to throw away their crutches ; when the dignity, and—as one has called it—the “ elegance ” of self-help is really seen ; take our word for it, we have been shambling and shuffling along now for a good many ages, making the most ungainly grimaces and limpings conceivable. And this has been, to a great degree, because we have not held our heads erect, and had faith in ourselves and our mental muscles ; we will lay it down that, as a general principle, where there are many servants, many helpers, there must be some quarrelling, and, to one person at least, much weakness. In the holding, as a most sacred doctrine, the individuality of man, and in invoking the man to work out, in true heroism of soul, his opinions and faith, is our only hope from the intolerance of priestcraft, and the bigotry of per-

EPISODE. sonal whim. And let no one dread the moment
— when men shall dare to exercise their mental
natures thus ; that moment will not only release
the man himself, but reverence for his own free-
dom will teach him rightly to reverence the free-
dom of all. In a society composed entirely of
men moving on crutches, want of self-respect
would also lead to want of respect for all. There
are indeed who love to be petted into mental and
moral weakness. *A crutch* should be derived
from *cruz*—a cross—for this is its shape, and its
idea should be a help in bearing some cross or
trial ; but with many persons the cross so inter-
preted becomes the apology for all inertness and
inactivity. Believe me, my friend, you may do
much good to man ; you may feed him, give him
good laws, give him good books, train him to good
manners,—but if you would give him that good
which sums up all others, here it is,—*publish a
crusade against voluntary lameness, and persuade
all men who can to throw away their crutches.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH.

137. THAT is but a kind of learned ignorance which CHAP. 8.
regards simply the excitement and the pleasure of
the attainment of knowledge, forgetting that
possession and rest are the things desirable. Man
knows this better than he thinks he does; have we
not already said or intimated that all books, all
thoughts, all disciplines, all trials, all telescopes,
all sciences, all spades, all ploughs, all harbours,
are intended for something beyond—more than
themselves? Boats are to cross rivers, and ships
are to cross seas, and ploughs are to create wheat
fields, and bricks are to build houses. Gymnastics
are not their own end—they are for health; so the
excitement of knowledge-getting is not its own
end—it is the immortal thing which gleams before
the eye, ungrasped as yet—this is the end. I
confess I do not like the use which has been made
of Gray's lines:—

The end of
knowledge is
not excite-
ment, but
possession.

“Our hopes like towering falcons aim
At objects in an airy flight,
But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.”

- CHAP. 8. Not so; even the joy of the hunter and his excitement—the bound of the blood and the triumph of the sport—are more to his animal nature, unable to fly at higher game, than he knows of.

Wordsworth.

“ We feel that we are greater than we know ; ”

it is not altogether in that we feel, it is not altogether in that we possess. The savage stands on the bank of the river and hews him down a tree; he sees the airy Nautilus spreading its little sail—the beautiful fairy voyager that it is—and he drags his tree trunk to the river, and having excavated it and shaped it into a canoe, he launches it, and hies him away. On the opposite bank is one who has extorted from flints and trees the secret of fire. Brave attempts! Fancy the thrill of wonder as the rude, savage man struck the first spark. It is no doubt true, that we have often lost, in the sense of the excitement, the end of the excitement. But it is true, that, if not in the very excitement itself, then, in that state which follows and flows out of excitement, the highest discoveries are made, the noblest flights attained; even as out of the shock of battle, and the roar of cannon on the field, laws and nations rise; and arts have sprung to life from the clash of arms. Then follows the state in which we feel the knowledge nearer, but even then a higher pant possesses the spirit as we exclaim, “ not as though I had

already attained, either were already perfect: but CHAP. 8.
I follow after, if that I may apprehend." But —
all the excitements, the gentle agitations, and pulsations of soul, all these throbs and thrills are openings and inlets to divine intelligence, in these we have felt

"A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Wordsworth.

138. He is learnedly ignorant who accepts the delight without the education and the end. From all we must accept the aid which builds up the being within us, otherwise all is to us

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Coleridge.

Many of the discussions of the learned are idle enough, but they leave, or have left, results nobler far than themselves. It is good to cultivate both a wise trusting and *mistrusting* of our powers and of ourselves, for God has not constructed our mental and moral being so that we at once grasp the whole of truth; there is to be an earnest quest after it. There are ignorant Christians who denounce the cultivation of thought and knowledge; what do they make of such texts as "Give attend-

CHAP. 8. "ance to reading." "Neglect not the gift that is
— in thee." "Prove all things, and hold fast that
which is good." We must bring our will to the
truth; we must "search for it as for hid treasure."

Lessing. We may remember the great saying of LESSING :
"Did the Almighty, holding in His right hand
Truth, and in His left hand Search after Truth,
deign to proffer me the one I might prefer, in all
humility, but without hesitation, I should prefer,
Search after truth."—Thus is man constituted.

Goethe. "Man," says GOETHE, "is not born to solve the
problem of his existence, but he is born to attempt
to solve it, in order that he may keep within the
limits of the knowable." This is the denuncia-
tion of the absurdity of rationalism, which makes
the human reason the measure of truth, and puts
the Universe in a spoon or a nutshell; and this
is the denunciation of that arrogance and dogma-
tism which would cage, and chain, and fix the
limitations of men—human authority upon the
mind. *Mental activity is a means to spiritual
growth*; this is, indeed, the ultimate end of all
mental exercises, and this is the nobility of our
manhood—its power to discover, to apprehend, and
to appropriate for itself the truth; and herein, on
this matter, is the essential and eternal difference
between the spirit of Protestantism and that of
Romanism or the Papacy.

139. And I have been fond of looking at Protes-

tantism through Popish spectacles. For I often feel
as I look that thus I obtain a far better view of the
Romanists, and know all about them, as far as it is
possible, indeed, to know all about *them*, while they
know nothing about me. A little *brochure*, by
Dr. Ward, is an illustration; it is an argument
to show that only in the Romish communion shall
we ever find the practice of using mental gifts and
exercises for the glory of God. "The perfection
of man, it seems, consists exclusively in the per-
fection of his moral and spiritual nature, intellec-
tual excellence forming no part of it whatever.
This proposition is undoubtedly implied in Catholic
doctrine and practice." Thus Dr. Ward throws
together, in one heap, all anti-Papist opinions, or,
as he would say, anti-Catholic; and these are all
Protestant. He turns to the Popish Catechism,
and he finds its second question and answer,
"Why did God make you?" "To know him,
love him, and serve him in this world, and to be
happy with him in the next." This then is the
chief end of man, "the perfection of his moral and
spiritual nature;" and then St. Ignatius, and St.
Thomas, and many other saints, are quoted to show
that this is the Church's doctrine. Dr. Ward is
confident that, as time goes on, this one question
will be more and more found to be the deepest
point at issue between Catholic and anti-Catholic
thinkers. Lord Brougham and Sir William

CHAP. 8.

Lecture on
the ultimate
end of men-
tal exercises.

- CHAP. 8. Hamilton are quoted to show that the nature of man is honoured for its intellectual achievements, independent of his moral and spiritual perfection; and therefore it follows, that all Protestants ignore the doctrine of the glory of God, and the spiritual perfection of man as the end of our being. Dr. Ward refers to the Catholic Catechism; has he ever heard of "the Assembly's," representing the religious mind of Presbyterian Scotland, of Calvinistic Wales, of the Congregationalism of England (Baptist and Independent), and the Puritan mind of the United States, and much of the Protestant mind of Germany. And the first question and answer of that catechism is well known. "What is the chief end of man?" "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever." It seems, then, that other persons besides Dr. Ward have thought of glorifying God by and through the faculties of our nature, as the chief end of man. Whatever the chief end may be, *it is sad to see a degrading exhibition of human nature on all fours*, cringing and crawling at the feet of Papal dignitaries. Dr. Ward says "his idea of spiritual perfection is the abject prostration of the will." Piety shows itself precisely in self-prostration. It must be gratifying to him to know that he has realized his own ideal. Happy being, to attain to that to which so few attain. At the same time, we learn that "one of the chief

—
What is the
chief end of
all human
faculties?

Is it their
prostration?

elements of religion is to have good health. A CHAP. 5.
vigorous state of bodily health is regarded by
Protestants as singularly suitable to the true
Christian." "But it is not heroic perfection
alone; all moral perfection is odious and con-
temptible to these anti-Catholic thinkers." He
dilates upon these thoughts.

A pleasant
estimate of
the Protes-
tant mind.

"I have said that these men not only do not value the ex-
ercises of Catholic piety, but do not even comprehend them.
In fact, they are not generally, I think, at all quick in under-
standing any view of things which materially differs from
their own. They are neither remarkable for depth of philo-
sophy, nor of feeling; indeed, I do not think that a genial
temperament is generally accompanied by feelings of any
great keenness or depth. From both these defects it follows,
that they are quite unable even to imagine the process which
leads men, differently constituted from themselves, either to
Catholicism on one side, or infidelity on the other. They
look down, I repeat, with great serenity both on Papist and
infidel; yet it is the Papist who receives the largest share of
their contempt: and those bodily austerities, which the saints
have so assiduously practised, afford special materials either
for flippant ridicule or grave denunciation. How can it be
otherwise? Consider the real nature of a saint's aspirations;
consider that burning desire for interior perfection, which
would make it a far greater suffering to abstain from austeri-
ties than to practise them. Is it not plain, *that many men*
of the class we are considering, can no more approach to
the comprehension of such things as these, than a brute can
approach to following the steps of a mathematical demon-
stration?"

Ditto

"Such," he continues, "such I repeat is the
notion I have formed of these men; but whether
or no it be substantially correct, is a question in
no way affecting the scientific value of their prin-

CHAP. 8. ciple." That principle is, we have seen, that intellectual culture and bodily health is each its own end. "Our perfection consists, not in the perfection of one part, but of every part. Here, then, we see the contrast which is to be considered; and no one will say that I have stated it unfairly to our antagonists." Thus he affects to regard Protestantism as essentially defective in spirituality.

Sir William
Hamilton.

140. The doctrine upon which, with so much pretentiousness and show, Dr. Ward insists, of the relation of all true perfection to the glorifying God and enjoying him, is a doctrine which every pious Protestant would heartily receive and endorse. The great characteristic of his essay is a very virulent attack upon Sir William Hamilton, who is made to say, in his "Lectures on Metaphysics," what he does not say. The reference of Dr. Ward is to the first Lecture on Metaphysics, in which he argues, with his usual ability, that man is so constituted that his faculties are trained by the uncertainty of the chase after knowledge in which he indulges. It is essential to the condition of his probation and to the probationary character of all his knowledge, that the pleasurable excitement and activity of his mind should be the great incentive to all intellectual enterprise. *Self-activity is the indispensable condition of improvement.* It is most amazing, that, while this perverse writer takes this distinguished philosopher,

and insists that the glorifying God occupies no CHAP. 8.
space or place in his system, in the very passage
to which he refers, but which he does not quote,

Sir William declares "that man is a mean, or a
medium of the glory of God, but that it is only in
the accomplishment of his own perfection as a
creature, he can manifest the glory of his Creator."

Sir William
Hamilton.

Indeed, the reason of all this is very obvious.

Papists are usually wide awake; and this lies at
the foundation of the distinction of the two sys-
tems. *Protestantism is essentially mental activity.*

As Sir William Hamilton would say, it makes
every man his own end—makes him an individual
—gives independence and distinctiveness to his
faculties, in order that he may become a mean of
the Divine glory and the Divine grace. *Popery, on
the contrary, is essentially mental slavery.* It
abrogates and destroys entirely the individuality
and the freedom of man; puts padlocks and fetters
on all mental activity; contradicts the right of
every man to think, or even to *be*, but as the
church would have him to think and to be. It is
a question not very easily solved, perhaps, how far
the happiness of man, nay more, his highest bles-
sedness, consists in possession conferred upon him
independent of all effort or seeking. Dr. Ward
quotes Father Newman, who says:—

"The happiness of the soul consists in the exercise of the Dr. Newman,
affections: not in sensual pleasures, not in *activity*, not in

CHAP. 8. *excitement, not in self-esteem, not in the consciousness of power, not in knowledge. . . . This is our real and true bliss : not to know, or to effect, or to pursue ; but to love, to hope, to joy, to admire, to revere, to adore. Our real and true bliss lies in the possession of these objects on which our hearts may rest and be satisfied."*

Hence, the
appetite is
blessed.

141. But this is not all. *Mere possession does not satisfy. The seeking goes ever before the finding ; the hungering before the filling ; the wrestling before the overcoming.* There is nothing in Scripture, as there is nothing in human nature, to warrant this conception of man as a mere passive instrument of will-less blessedness—"neither knowing, or effecting, or pursuing." These men delight in regarding human nature as a kind of unconscious bucket, to be let up and down the well, and to contain just so much of refreshment as they shall permit. Is there not, we might ask, such a thing as sanctified curiosity? Dr. Ward vehemently protests against the pleasure of investigation. Certainly it is very desirable to let old closets and old clothes-chests alone. They may contain a great many stage properties, best seen afar off, and it may be necessary often to frighten rash inquirers away, or to sneer them off. He refers to the aphorisms of Father Newman—"Aphorisms of the anti-Catholic Truth Society"—such as, "Man's work and duty, as man, consist, not in possessing, but in seeking." "His happiness and true dignity consist in the pursuit."

“As Catholicism begins with faith, so Protestantism ends with inquiry.” These are commended as aphorisms—these and others, all very sharp and satirical. Yet there is nothing said which might not be used as an argument why apple-trees should not grow, or why infants should not become men. Living here is not merely a state of mental activity, not merely a mental unrest. Objectless restlessness is, indeed, ever to be deplored; but without the agitation and the excitement of unattained desire, how few things would be gained? Would even heaven itself be gained? “*The intellect is perfected, not by knowledge, but by activity.*” This is not our rest. “The eye is never satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing.” The apostle’s ambition was not to count that he had attained or apprehended, but to press toward the mark. Dr. Ward, we may suppose, Dr. Ward. has found rest. He is not seeking. He has found. But he has not found either a good temper, or a truthful disposition, or a loving heart. Meantime he *has* found some “old wives’ fables,” which he discusses with a most edifying gusto. He brings out his little *vinaigrette* to sprinkle and fumigate himself, while he mentions, shocked and horrified, *the unhallowed propensity of the anti-Catholic mind to seek, to know, and to inquire into facts of nature, or the powers and forces of matter, or, in fine, the ends of knowledge.* But although

CHAP. 8. not condescending to such follies, *he has his own topics of interest.* There are matters which fill his mind, also, with a sublime unrest. Let the reader just bring before his eye the thought of any rational mortal entering into the discussion of such a topic as the following paragraph, and settling it:—

A topic of
profound
interest!!!!

"It has been objected that our Blessed Lady, and also Adam before the Fall, were most highly endowed with excellencies of the intellectus. Now, as I have already said, there are various excellencies of the intellectus which are most intimately bound up with moral and spiritual perfection: I mean the possession, in a high degree of faith, of the four *bona intellectalia*, and of prudence. It is the virtues intellectuales other than prudence, which are *not* thus connected with spiritual perfection. *The question, therefore, is, whether these virtues intellectuales are represented by theologians, as being in any kind of way an integral part of Mary's and of Adam's personal perfection.* And it so happens that *we can give a most conclusive answer to this question; for Billuart quotes, with agreement St. Antoninus's judgment, that Adam had them in a higher degree than Mary. Consider the place assigned to Mary by Catholic theologians, a place so immeasurably exalted above that of any other creature; and estimate by that consideration the extravagance of supposing that any of them could place Adam above Mary, in any particular appertaining ever so distantly to her personal perfection.*"

142. I, alas ! am all unfitted for such flights ; I am content with the humbler task of inquiring into the evidences, and relation of faith and duty. I am so feeble and impious as to feel pleasure in these inquiries ; and even fancy they add strength to my moral nature. The benefit felt is *not* ex-

CHAP. 8.
—
pended on the pursuit: it is true, the huntsman thinks of the sport principally, but the benefit to the huntsman does not terminate with the enjoyment of the sport. He may think little of health, but health gains without the consciousness of that as an object; and it is so with the vast range of mental activities and pursuits in which man may engage. He may think only of the excitement and the pleasant thrill of unexpected discovery, or the pleasant excitement of indulged pursuit; but habits are formed in the exercise. Mental habits, skill in the detection of differences, patience in waiting for results, honesty in weighing evidence—these are great gains. There is an athletic temper of mind and character as well as of body. The world is the great training-school for eternity. How much nobler this conception of it than to regard it as the stone cell of a monastery, in which the ear is ever to be closed, and the eye shut, while the barren mind revolves the barren thought of a perfection without any realization, and feels itself safe in the bad-tempered dozings and drivellings of malicious imbecility; a soul calling itself off from usefulness and hope, waking to find itself consigned to a dungeon, and wreaking the revenge of its disappointment upon the struggling spirits who, with a knowledge of their fearful shortcomings and responsibilities, and many latent heresies of heart

▲ dead soul.

- CHAP. 8. and life, yet remained steadfast, and faithful, and immovable in their attachment to freedom as the heritage of the soul, God's chosen and consecrated method of working out the redemption of the intellect and the moral nature. "*Free, yet not using the freedom as a cloak for maliciousness.*" This course has upon it, no doubt, infinite trials, sorrows, failures, and follies; but these attach with more fearful consequences to the ascetic, while the absence of activity leaves the nature at last petrifying beneath the cold waters of its own inactivity and despair. I question very much whether mere monks have ever made great saints. God has made it necessary that the spiritual life, in order to its perfecting and blessedness, should put itself forth in activities; this is a necessity and a law of life. Man is so constituted, that the exercise and energy of the intellect are related to the development of the whole of his being.
- God's method. —
- Loyola. Dr. Ward says of Ignatius Loyola, "that the very notion of intellectual excellence having any kind of part in the matter of perfection had never occurred to him, even in dreams," upon which I remark, that man is intended to see the works of God, but the idea of the eye having any part in the matter of sight never occurs to us. No; we see—but the eye is the means by which we see, whether we think of it and its structure or not; and the perfection of vision and the observation of nature are related to the perfection of the eye.

143. The Art of Thinking is intellectual—the CHAP. 8.
 Pursuit of Truth is moral; the one has to do with —
 the method of arriving at convictions—the other
 with faithfulness to them. By truth I mean What is truth?
 rightness, and principally moral rightness—right-
 ness of opinion as well as rightness in fact; right-
 ness, and the love of rightness. It cannot be too
 often maintained and illustrated, that error, and
 ignorance, which is the parent of error, are the
 chief foes of man; and that truth and knowledge,
 which is the parent of truth, are the chief friends
 of man. But, in the pursuit of truth, success
 must always depend upon the moral disposition—
 upon the unbiassed state of the mind—upon its
 determination to preserve its moral independence
 and freedom. The absence of these important
 qualities has ever caused in the minds of men an
 inveterate disregard to truth, and a predetermina-
 tion to follow the course of thought to which they
 had committed themselves.

144. A number of anecdotes are on record, illus-
 trating the slavery of man to his prejudices. Many
 men, in every age, have obstinately turned away
 from light when it has been offered to them, if
 such light seemed at all likely to subvert the
 established opinions they held. Thus we have, in
 the course of the world's history, beheld the
 strange spectacle of men attempting to *write down*
 the truths and clear inductions of science. When

CHAP. 8. Galileo discovered the satellites of Jupiter by the

—
The story of
a Brahmin.

telescope, the followers of Aristotle refused to look through it, lest they should find their master's dogmas, or rather their own, overthrown by it; and the story is a similar one, in our day, of a Brahmin in India and a microscope. A friend had sent out to India, to a missionary, a very powerful and beautiful microscope; he exhibited it to a Brahmin, and, among other things, showed to him a drop of stagnant water through it. When the Brahmin beheld the myriads of creeping things in it, a world swarming with life, and was told that he had both drunken such water, and was in the habit of drinking it, he became most uneasy in his mind. After a short time he came to the missionary, and offered him an immense sum for the microscope, and, by and by, the missionary was induced to sell it. As soon as the Brahmin had fairly obtained possession of it, he cast it vehemently on the pavement of the city, and dashed it to pieces. Amazed and grieved, the missionary asked for a reason for so singular an action, and the only reason he could give was, the water with those unsightly objects; he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for thinking upon them; and apparently never recollecting that the water remained the same, he wreaked his vengeance on the illuminating glass, and destroyed that. So it is with thousands; so has it always been.

"There seems to be in the human mind an antipathy CHAP. 3.
to truth; and the first thing, indispensable to the —
pursuit of it, is to remove this antipathy.

145. When LORD BACON, the father of modern philosophy, published his "Novum Organum," which may be said to have changed all the habits of scientific thinking, he divided his book into two Lord Bacon's "Novum Organum."
parts, and he devoted nearly one half to breaking up the prejudices and laying the foundations of those moral dispositions for the attainment of truth, which are before all intellectual energies and powers; and this book, the "Novum Organum," is the one which all young thinkers may sedulously and earnestly peruse; for its aphorisms and sententious sayings may be conned day by day, as texts for the intellectual and moral life. We will cite a few: the reader will know how to beat wisdom out of every one by hearty reflection:—

1. *Man, as the minister and interpreter of Nature, does Aphorisms.
and understands as much, as his own observations on the order of Nature, either with regard to things or the mind, permit him, and neither knows, nor is capable of more.*

2. There are, and can be, but two ways of investigating and discovering truth. The one hurries on rapidly from the senses and particulars to the most general axioms; and from them, as principles, and their supposed indisputable truth, derives and discovers the intermediate axiom; this is the way now in use.—The other constructs its axioms from the senses and particulars, by ascending continually and gradually, till it finally arrives at the most general axioms; which is the true but unattempted way.

3. *There is no small difference between the idols of the*

CHAP. 8. *human mind, and the ideas of the Divine mind*—that is to say, between certain dogmas and the real stamp and impression of created objects, as they are found in nature.

4. When the human mind has once begun to despair of discovering truth, everything begins to languish.

5. *Experience is by far the best demonstration*, provided it adheres to the experiment actually made; for that experiment may be transferred to other subjects apparently similar: unless with proper and methodical caution it becomes fallacious.

6. No one has yet been found, possessed of sufficient firmness and severity, to resolve upon entirely abolishing common theories and notions, and applying the mind afresh, when thus cleansed and levelled, to particular researches. Hence, our human reasoning is a mere farrago and crude mass, made up of a great deal of credulity, and accident, and the puerile notions it originally contracted.

7. *We must, then, not add wings, but lead and ballast to the understanding, to prevent its jumping and flying*, which has not yet been done; but whenever this takes place, we may hope more for the sciences.

8. We (should) *look for experiments that afford light rather than profit, imitating the divine creation*, which, as we have often observed, only produced light on the first day, and assigned that whole day to its creation, without adding any material work.

9. Truth and utility are perfectly identical.

10. Let none be alarmed at the objection, of the arts and sciences becoming depraved to malevolent and luxurious purposes, and the like; for the same can be said of every worldly good,—talent, courage, strength, beauty, riches, light itself, and the rest. *Only let mankind regain their rights over Nature assigned to them by the gift of God*, and obtain that power whose exercise will be governed by right reason and true religion.

11. *He who is acquainted with the paths of Nature will more readily observe her deviations, and vice versa, he who has learnt her deviations will be able more accurately to describe her paths.*

12. It will, perhaps, be as well to distinguish three species

and degrees of ambition. *First*, that of men who are anxious to enlarge their own power in the country, which is a vulgar and degenerate kind: *next*, that of men who strive to enlarge the power and empire of their country over mankind, which is more dignified, but not less covetous; *but*, if one were to endeavour to renew and enlarge the power and empire of man over the universe, such ambition, if it may be so termed, is both more sound and more noble than the other two. Now, the empire of man over things is founded on the arts and sciences alone, for Nature is only to be commanded by obeying her.

Paragraphs like these (and the book from whence they are cited abounds with them) stir within us the thinking powers. They are not to be hastily and lightly read, but pondered and meditated. But we have not done with this book yet; it is before us, and it is the very volume to aid us in the work we are now engaged in—namely, in tracing the way for an ardent cultivation of truth. To Lord Bacon we are indebted for unfolding a large amount of truth now known in the world; *he set men upon the right path-way*,—and this, as our readers very well know, is everything in the pursuit; for when the mind has once arrived at a true method of philosophic investigation—when, in fact, it has attained that, without which it will never attain to philosophy, namely, a philosophic spirit, the rest is comparatively easy. The mind may then turn itself to material science, to moral science, to religious investigation, or to the actions of life, in which there will be but little opportunity of philosophic

The right way is everything in progress.

CHAP. 8. investigation; but into all it will carry the same character of mind, the same thirst for exactness and rectitude, and the determined faithfulness in the publication of its convictions.

Galileo. 146. The Age of Bacon was great in the pursuit of truth: it was a new age of inquiry, commencing with Galileo, whom we may call the Huss, if it be not better to call him the Columbus, of science.—That age, the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, was the time of the kindling of the lamps in the great Temple of Knowledge. How affectionately our minds turn to Galileo, the prophetic and arch-angelic man! His great maxim, that "*we cannot teach truth to another, we can only help him to find it,*" embodies, in some degree, the philosophy of Bacon. How one's breast throbs with deep human emotion, when we read the story of this serene and heavenly intelligence, whose eyes were darkened by looking at the stars and the sun. Bereaved of his daughter—at seventy years of age dragged to the tribunal of the inquisition—bound to the rack—defenceless, on his bare knees, before the cruel judges of that infernal court. From all this our Bacon was safe: from all this we are safe, although we have not yet quite learned the lesson of homage to an independent mind and hearty truth-seeker.

147. The first circumstance we notice about

Bacon is, his attitude of OBSERVATION; in this he was original. Previous to his day men had written, parleyed, imagined, raved—had done, in fact, anything, everything, but observe: Lord Bacon's mission to us was to build a new science on observation, and he gives to us, in his own instance, an illustrious example. There is not a field of knowledge where his ever-active eye has not travelled; he came into a temple filled with phantoms, and the blaze of light he let in banished the motley group, the collection of so many ages and nations. Up to his time there had been no genuine observation: men had *seen* things, but they had not really looked at them; they had not explored their meaning, and investigated their origin. Lord Bacon taught the doctrine that *we know nothing independent of facts*; facts and phenomena he described as the language of Nature. And thus he may be described as the father of science, the father of experimental philosophy.

CHAP. 8.

—
Lord Bacon's
Observation.

148. No science can exist without METHOD; this that great author gave to the world. There had been, up to this time, no division of labour among the observers; there was an heterogeneousness about their pursuits which precluded high attainment; and this resulted to a great degree from the pointless mode of study pursued, and the exceedingly vague objects of speculation to which they gave themselves. There had been in the world

His Method.

CHAP. 8. profound men, but their minds had been unused to draw inferences from Nature.—Inferences they had drawn from the Logic of the Schools, but they had usually failed to perceive that *Nature had an order and a plan in her working*. Their philosophy was founded rather on exceptions than system; and, searching after the ridiculously wonderful, they failed to perceive the highest wonder—Nature's order of exquisite beauty and Divine arrangement; and into the midst of this strange medley of teachers came Bacon, and he put them all to flight. Science—no longer a mere speculation upon the distant, the intangible, the impossible, and the unknown—was a sober inquiry into the method of knowledge; it was an investigation of the causes of shallowness and ignorance; it was an exhibition of the only legitimate principles of science; an inquiry into the known and the unknown; and an attempt further to reduce all knowledge to method.

Is the inductive the only method of knowledge?

149. *But is Lord Bacon's the only method of knowledge?* He has, we have said, been usually regarded as the father of modern philosophy; his influence has probably been over-estimated in some directions. He was an essayist, and he appeared in the age when the human mind was commencing its excursions in true freedom of thought and discovery, and his works are rather an *éloge* upon the philosophic and inductive

method, than a great testament of science. No doubt, our obligations to Francis Bacon are great ; but not as illustrating the master and the martyr of science. He is, in many aspects, to be rather esteemed as we esteem Sir Thomas Browne or Abraham Tucker, for the nimbleness of his wit, for the happiness and pertinency of his illustrations, and for the quaint felicity of his style. But there is now, perhaps, a growing disposition to depreciate his contributions, and Baron Liebig has written a paper of remarkable injustice and severity upon them. He is even called "a vulgar specimen of humanity," "a quack doctor vaunting his wondrous cures before his booth ;" his "thoughts and conceptions" are said to be "wholly without substance." This is a very different verdict to that pronounced in the glowing essay of Lord Macaulay : but the true estimate of Bacon lies, no doubt, between the two. The method proposed by him—of gathering and marshalling instances—is a fine discipline proposed to the understanding, and it is quite essential for the confirmation and corroboration of the truth which has, by quite another process and pathway, obtained a hold upon and entrance into the mind. It has not been by any knowledge of Bacon's "*Novum Organum*" that any of the great discoveries by the masters of science have been made. Gilbert had discovered the great principles of electricity and magnetism ;

CHAP. 8.

—
Something
on the other
side touch-
ing Lord
Bacon.

Liebig

CHAP. 8. but Bacon condemned the method of his discovery.

—
Intuition
precedes
observation.

Bacon regarded Copernicus, who discovered the true system of the universe, as a swindler; and, since his day, the discoveries of Watt and Stephenson, like the discovery of Bernard Palissy, were attained by the force of inner instincts and principles of knowledge—not by the formation of a mere Encyclopædia or Index Rerum. What then? Do we deny that the pursuit of truth is a long course of arduous and patient research? By no means; it is by observation and patient research that the prescient hint and anticipation of the mind is rendered susceptible of proof and application. But, regarded as a philosopher, there was much in Lord Bacon's work that looks rather empirical than scientific or philosophical. Long before Francis Bacon there lived a man, probably much greater—a true observer and a true martyr to science—**ROGER BACON**. He was a great truth-seeker, misunderstood in his time, and condemned to his living grave in Oxford because he read Nature too deeply and clearly. He was a wonderful friar. Writing about the year 1267, he says:—

Roger
Bacon.

I will mention things which may be done without the help of magic, such as indeed magic is unable and incapable of performing. For a vessel may be so constructed as to make more way with one man in her than another vessel fully manned. It is possible to make a chariot which, without any assistance from animals, shall move with that irresistible force which is ascribed to those scythed chariots in which the ancients fought. It is possible also to make instruments

for flying, so that a man sitting in the middle thereof, and steering with a kind of rudder, may manage what is contrived to answer the end of wings, so as to divide and pass through the air. It is no less possible to make a machine, of a very small size, and yet capable of raising or sinking the greatest weights, which may be of infinite use on certain occasions, for by help of such an instrument, not above three inches high, or less, a man may be able to deliver himself and his companions out of prison, and to ascend or descend at pleasure. Yea, instruments may be fabricated by which one man shall draw a thousand men to him by force, and against their will; as also machinery which will enable men to walk without danger at the bottoms of seas and rivers.

Surely these words—beyond any, perhaps, in the writings of Lord Bacon—are a prescience and a prophecy of the destinies of man and of science; yet we say, to Bacon, belongs, on the whole, the honour of propounding *the object into which man should inquire*, and *the method by which he should inquire*;—you have learned much when you have learned these two important divisions of duty;—in other words, we may say that Bacon has developed to us a theory of Mental Conduct.

Object and method in enquiry.

150. What are we to seek to know? how are we to attain to the highest knowledge? I have before said that, up to the time of Bacon, there was an attempt to enter into the occult, the supernatural, the cloudy regions of mere abstraction, the origin of being, the nature of form. Bacon broke through all this. There had been, before his time, bold and independent thinking, but *he gave a practical tone to Thought*. The labour of his whole philosophy

CHAP. 8. was to give to *physical* inquiry that attention — which it had never until his day received. Fontenelle has said that “All philosophy is founded on these two things; that we have a great deal of curiosity and very bad eyes.” Until the time of Bacon, the Philosopher may be regarded as a short-sighted man, rejecting the aid of glasses, yet insisting in indulging in speculations upon the form, size, and orbits of the most distant stars. Nothing is more certain than the restlessness and curiosity of the old philosophers; and nothing is more laughable than the pertinacity with which they rejected all aid in their researches. The very first paragraph of Lord Bacon’s “Novum,” already cited, opens a new era in the History of Science:— “Man, as the minister and interpreter of Nature, does and understands as much, as his own observation on the order of Nature, either with regard to things or the mind, permit him, and neither knows, nor is capable of more.” It was in fact to tell *Man* that he could only observe the observable, and only see with or by his eyes.

151. It has been said, that this is a saying so trite, that it cannot be supposed to be of much value; but Dr. Thomas Browne has given to us some of the subjects which engaged the attention of the great masters of Divinity, as follows:—

Whether angels could pass from one point of space to another without passing through the intermediate points?

Whether they could see in the dark?

CHAP. 8

Whether they could exist in the same physical point at the same moment?

Whether they could exist in a perfect vacuum? and whether, existing in a perfect vacuum, the vacuum in which they existed could be said to be perfect?

And all these discussions took place with the sanction of the very highest authority;—" *oppositions of Science falsely so called.*"

1 Tim. vi. 20.

152. The natural history of *non-sense* would be an entertaining and instructive chapter in the story of the human mind. The prelections of modern metaphysics are as full of absurdity as any of the discussions of the ancient schoolmen; the attempts made in many directions to give a scientific exposition of the nature of God are absurd and blasphemous. The great master of modern Atheism, Compt, claims for himself; and perhaps many of his disciples claim for him, to be at once "the Aristotle and the St. Paul of a new system of religion and philosophy." This great writer, preaching upon the text, "The heavens declare the glory of God," says, "no such thing, the heavens declare no other glory than that of Hipparchus, Kepler, and Newton, and of all who have contributed to establish their laws!" Does it not seem the sublimity of stupidity, as if the learner, who discovers the principle of the steam engine, does not find how it declares the glory of Watt, but his own glory? The discussions of modern

CHAP. 8. Rationalism and Pantheism are full of the most wild and baseless speculations.

—
The dog-
matist.

153. “James, my dear,” said Mrs. Capstick, “what is dogmatism?” Mr. Capstick was indignant at the ignorance of his wife; he was a long time in coming to a definition, but at last he defined *dogmatism* to be *puppyism come to full growth*, and the definition was a happy one. Puppyism come to full growth. Some people are strong upon a segment of truth, and fancy they have rounded the whole circle. “Perfect respect for the moral spirit and intention of a writer ought to coexist with perfect antagonism to the doctrine.” But the dogmatist is not content to maintain his own view of truth. He says there is truth, it is absolute, it is in *me*. A sense of certainty in the soul ought not to make a man an uncomfortable companion. Positivists say that all the whole circle of things is to present to our minds dogmatic statements. A dogmatist’s faith, a positivist’s faith is limited to the knowledge and the assertion that two and two make four; but there is a statement of consciousness which far transcends that statement of factology, and yet is equally certain—yet when I pass beyond the bounds of demonstration, I must not make that absolute in relation to others which is absolute in relation to myself. It is necessary that we distinguish between relative and absolute truth. So also between matters of opinion and

matters of conscience; matters of opinion have CHAP. 8
 been the great disturbers of the world and its har-
 mony, and yet they are of slight moment compared
 with matters of conscience. Opinion is a light ^{Opinion}
 which has its seat in the intelligence, in education, ^{versus}
 in temperament—the understanding—it is an expe- ^{conscience.}
 diency of to-day; it is one thing to-day, it is another
 thing to-morrow. Conscience is a light which has
 its seat in the soul, it is the whisper of the voice of
 Eternal Law, it is the fiat of God in the soul. The
 more we deal with conscience the less we deal with
 opinion, and so the less dogmatic shall we be; we
 shall not make *our* eyes the standard of all vision,
 and be so vain that Divinity must pass its seeds
 through *our* sieve before we consent to believe
 it or know it.

154. It needs some very bold soul to trample
 upon absurd authorities, and to draw the attention
 of Man to the intelligent and the known.—That
 which seems of most importance in the works of
 Bacon is the sphere of his method. Indeed, as
 we have already said, his praise is that he is the
 father of Philosophic Method: and *this, be it re-* ^{Philosophic}
membered, is the most valuable of all attainments; ^{Method.}
—that you possess the disposition to truth, that your
mode of enquiry is correct. The man whose
method is false and erroneous in Astronomical
 inquiries will be also wrong in his method of
 Chemical inquiry, in his Mental and Theological

CHAP. 8. speculations too. Bacon showed a perfect knowledge of this, and hence, in his First Book, his labour to destroy the various prejudices interfering with a knowledge and love of truth. He speaks of prejudices under four heads, erroneously called by translators *Idols*—the idols of the mind—the term is probably derived from the “*Phædo*” of Plato, and signifies not Idols, but Phantoms.

THE PHANTOMS OF THE MIND. Against these Bacon fought—the huge train of wild fancies to which undisciplined natures had lent their full credence, and the men, who called themselves the instructors of the people, had sanctioned and smiled upon; and still, he who would be a healthy man must give himself to this work, the destruction of the phantoms of the mind—pictures which Fancy paints must be blotted out—orreries constructed to please the eye must be dashed to pieces—weeds bearing beautiful flowers must be torn up by the roots—huge overshadowing awnings of doubts must be removed. As one who gets into a darkened chamber, where through the bars the chequered light streams in, painting strange spectres on the walls, throws the full radiance of a torch there, or opens the windows to let in the full glory of the sun; so with the Mind wedded to the partial, the circumscribed, the pretty, the timid, knowledge must dismiss the phantasy; the Mind must gird itself up for

awful contest—and yet not awful; for can there be awfulness in contest with shadows? Bacon has classified the prejudices of mankind under four divisions; and the great probability is, that all our prejudices will find a place under one or other of these divisions. He calls them Idols or Phantoms; they are in fact *Biases*—*all prejudice is bias; prejudice is pre-judgment*, the preference of the mind. *The mind should have no preference, no bias but for truth; it should be indifferent that it may be honest; men, however, always believe most readily what they prefer.* CHAP. 8.

I. 155. We have the PHANTOMS OF THE TRIBE—Phantoms of the tribe. idols to which we all bow down—prejudices which have their root in our general nature.

1. *Interest*: Baron Humboldt tells us of some spot in the Andes, some city high up among the mountains, quite cut off from all human association, and the access to it was very difficult; the nearest market town, and the only way of access from the city, was up the difficult rocks, over a portion of table-land, and thence down and along a tedious road. Now, the only method of transit up and down the rocks was by a basket, and there were men basket-carriers, whose special trade it was to convey the passengers: at last, a proposal was made for cutting a road; instantly—instantly, the basket-men were in arms, and there was

CHAP. 8. wafted over the hills a sort of battle-cry—"Stick to the basket!" that was the meaning of it.

—
Baron Humboldt's story of the Baskets.

However, common-sense triumphed, the basket-carrier's occupation was gone. But it has been so in every age: chartered guilds, and ancient corporate bodies have ever had some ancient error, some beloved and profitable basket to defend, and this has materially tended to retard the progress of truth. The first turnpikes erected in England were destroyed by the mob; *Interest is the idol of the tribe*. There is a narrow interpretation of what is likely to conduce to the individual interest, and a forgetfulness that the interest of one should be the interest of all, in the highest and widest sense. The human mind is dull, incompetent, and prone to error, and tied to the senses. The human mind is prone to abstract, and to look at things by themselves, rather than in the concrete. The human mind is fond, on the whole, of chains, and prefers moving in mechanism, to freedom and self-dependence; if these are not the characteristics of mind in its more free and natural state, they certainly mark it in its state of emasculation and artificiality; and thus do we find how the whole tribes of Social Life adore and do homage to the one phantom *Interest*.

2. A still more serious phantom is, *the haste, the precipitancy with which men judge of matters*. On the most difficult question, it is

really a most difficult thing for a man to suspend his judgment until he has inquired ; all men's faculties are limited, their means of judging are few ; yet with what precipitancy do they very generally rush to conclusions : the surest evidence of a man's being in advance of this law is, when he curbs his own natural temperament, and dares to halt, to pause, to give his judgment when the whole array of facts is before him. Where do you find the man who does this ? Hence how frequently are we compelled to retrace, or to move along further into folly ; our senses are feeble, imperfect, and it is only when we begin to know, that we begin to suspect our ignorance.

3. *Pride—the belief in personal importance*, is another phantom of this class ; that unhealthy pride which is the surest test and proof of a weak and impoverished nature. How many men seem to act as if the universe, in all its immensity, were made for them ! They are the centres of gravity for the whole creation ; all things wait upon them and do their bidding ; they are the “men, and wisdom dies with them.” Appalling conceit this ! appalling Phantom ! The seed, the root of all bigotry is in it, in the undue estimation of self, the undue elevation of your own opinions. It is only when a man begins to look abroad into the wide immense, that he becomes liberal and humane, that he surrenders himself to the truth

CHAP. 8. of the universe, and learns that, to retain his own individualism, is to allow to others the freest scope for theirs.

4. *Bigotry* is an Idol, a Phantom of the Tribe; all your denunciations of men as heretics, all your chains upon particular forms of belief, all your punishments for opinion, your subscriptions to articles, your formulas, your forms, your creeds—they are all idols, *or* they become so as soon as you dare to attempt the imposition upon any other person of that which, *to you*, may be a truth.

Voltaire's
Allegory of
Micromegas

156. When MICROMEGAS, an inhabitant of one of the planets of the Dog Star, was talking to the secretary of the Academy of Sciences in the planet Saturn—"Tell me," said he, "how many senses have the men on your globe?"

"We have seventy-two senses," said the Academician, "but we are every day complaining of the smallness of the number. What are seventy-two senses? How limited are our perceptions! Cooped up in our ring, with our five moons, our time hangs very, very heavily on our hands."

"I can believe that," said Micromegas; "for in our globe we have one thousand senses, but we feel continually a vague desire to possess more. I have travelled much in the universe, and have seen many orders of beings inferior to us, and many much superior, but have never yet fallen in with the inhabitants of any planet who had not more desires than real necessities to occupy their life. And how long may you live in your planet?"

"Alas! we live only five hundred great revolutions of the sun (about fifteen thousand years): this, you see, is to die the moment we are born: soon as we begin to pick up any knowledge, we die; before we can gather any experience, death rushes in upon us."

"If I did not know that you are a philosopher," said Micromegas, "I should fear to distress you by telling you

that our life is seven hundred times longer than yours. But what is that? When we come to die, our life is a speck. I have been in worlds where they live a thousand times longer than we do, but always find them murmuring, just as we do ourselves."

CHAP. 8.
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This fiction represents the two philosophers as communicating to each other a little that they knew, and much they knew not, and then setting forth upon a journey together. This fable from Voltaire, is only introduced to say of it, that surely, if our senses, and our knowledge, and our life, were far beyond what they are, yet should we only have further occasion to confess our ignorance, and more resolutely should we determine to escape from the worship of the Idols of the Tribe—Interest, Hastiness of Judgment, Pride, and Bigotry.

II. 157. THE IDOLS OR PHANTOMS OF THE DEN. There are some prejudices peculiar to a man's self, from his education, his temperament, his habits of life : all persons have different minds and different bodies : every man has within him his own cavern.

Idols of the den.

Mr. Cecil says, with his usual happiness of illustration :—

Illustration from Richard Cecil.

A perfectly just and sound mind is a rare and invaluable gift ; but it is still much more unusual to see such a mind unbiassed in all its actings.

God has given this soundness of mind to but few ; and a very small number of those few escape the bias of some pre-

CHAP. 8.

—
Anecdote of
the watch.

dilection, perhaps habitually operating; and none at all times are perfectly free. I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated. A watchmaker told me that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands, which went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him that possibly the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet: on applying a needle to it, he found his suspicions true: here was all the mischief. The steel works in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions, and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be *magnetized* by any predilection, it must act irregularly.

Household
dens.

The house of a man is sometimes the very portrait of himself. Go into one man's room, and what a medley you have there!—the tooth of an old monk, an old rusty nail, an old horse-shoe, the finger of an old glove. I have such a friend, who can see no beauty in the "Paradise Lost," but prides himself on the possession of a fine, old, very old copy of that same book; he would go miles to obtain a bit of old Roman pottery, or the broken shaft of an old spear or arrow. Go into another man's room:—guns, fishing-rods, nets, hunting-horns, sporting caps and jackets, wires, portraits of horses and dogs, foils, and fencing swords. Go into another: it is a laboratory,—phials, glasses, retorts, alembics, crucibles, elixirs, the furnace, the hermetically-sealed jar, the Book of Arabian Hieroglyphy. Now, I need but say, that each of these rooms is a cavern,

and the heart of the owner, or his mind, is like CHAP. 8.
it : unless his mind is a most healthy mind, you —
will get no entrance to him but through the mys-
teries of his cave : it is so to some degree with all
of us—the Phantoms of the Den beset us all.

III. 158. The next order of phantoms is of the Idols of the
market
place.
MARKET-PLACE ; the customs of society ; the con-
ventionalisms of an age ; words of common con-
versation ; these are the causes of error in many in-
stances. How many of our prejudices are based
upon misconceptions ? upon imperfect inquiry ? How
often are we compelled to withdraw our previous
opinion ; or, holding our opinion still, how fre-
quently do we hold it in spite of our better feelings
and convictions ? How frequently is it the case that
men carry the “ leather ” principle into mental
matters ? “ Nothing like leather ; ” no book like
that ; no study so useful as that ; no sect like
this ; no honest men but those who live in our
street ; these are the idols of the market-place.

IV. 159. The **PHANTOMS OR IDOLS OF THE
THEATRE**, which are like the last, only more
costly, more showy. Of all phantoms those
which are founded in the fancies of men Of the
theatre.
are, of course, the most imposing. Antiquity
imposes upon us, theories impose upon us, the
dress, the masquerade,—the tinsel of things
weighs with us as authority : we lose ourselves
in the presence of great names. These prejudices,

CHAP. 8. either separately or combined, link themselves,
— like shackles, around the soul.

Samuel
Bailey.

160. "*The best mental change that can happen to mankind, is an enhancement of their mental discrimination.*" But this is by no means the spirit of modern Education. "There is," says

Locke.

Locke, "I know, a great fault among all sorts of people of principling their children and scholars; which at last, when looked into, amounts to no more than making them imbibe their teachers' notions and tenets, by an implicit faith; and firmly to adhere to them whether true or false." Does an Education like this appear to be in harmony with the constitution of our nature? why is the mind fitted and furnished with these prehensile powers? are we not endowed, so to speak, with mental faculty, to lay hold on truth? One of the great purposes of Education, is to awaken or to sharpen these powers within us; the happiness of the world is in various ways concerned and interested in the discovery of the truth, and establishment of it; and in the rectification of the errors which have imposed on mankind; look at the power of apprehension possessed by man! As the absorbent vessels of our bodily system are perpetually engaged in drinking in food, to sustain the material life; as the eye is fitted to sympathise with light; as the ear is fitted to sympathise with sound; as

the skin is fitted to sympathise with touch; so CHAP. 8.
the soul has its sympathies. "That the soul be
without knowledge is not good;" that the soul Prov. xix. 2.
be without truth is not good; the soul possesses
a power of distinguishing between right and
wrong; the moral sense indeed depends for its
healthy condition materially on the understanding;
it will not be doubted, however, that there is a
voice within the soul which exclaims loudly, "Be
Right! be Right!" The understanding arrives
at its conclusions, much as a jury arrive at their
verdict; what difficulties have to be cleared away
before the decision is given; what webs of
sophistry removed in the pursuit of truth; how
often is the truth obscured by the veiling mists
of our own local atmosphere! Resolutely the
mind must dare to advance to the Truth. Let
the Motto be, "LET ME BE RIGHT." We know
very well that this word has itself become a sort of
clap-trap; and it may be pronounced until its
meaning and its importance in the life are for-
gotten; but let this be the perpetual idea, not
lovers of a creed; not adherents to a dogma;
let the Intellect and the Affections sympathise
together in the prayer to the Father of Lights,
"Let me be Right." Let this wish inspire ear-
nest, hearty endeavour; if the torch of truth is
held out to us, yet let us recollect that we must
stretch out our hand to grasp it; let us accept

CHAP. 8. the sacred injunction "to prove all things;" and,
 — fearless of personal risk or sacrifice, let us urge on our way, with humble fervour, the prayer translated into our life, "LET ME BE RIGHT."

161. On the contrary to all this, we see the dog-
 The sceptic. matist, or *the sceptic*; but he too is haunted by and follows the Phantoms of the Den. *He says, I see no truth—as the dogmatist says he sees it only in his own relations; the sceptic sees it in no relations.* Both are the children of diseased extremes; the dogmatist enthrones his ignorance, the sceptic enthrones his indifference. Thus, again, we say, in the pursuit of Truth there must be a use and a wise mistrusting of our powers. Why estimate all things from the Phantoms of our own Den? The infinite is near us, if we will but enter it; it speaks to us everywhere, if we will but hearken to it. But it is true that in our spirit is the repose—in the idea within us is the rest. The genius of the telescope takes me by the hand and leads me far off among the worlds; how they throng and rush upon my way—suns, moons, satellites, constellations—or how they seem to labour in their wondrous course; how in
 The tele-
 scope. marching orreries they beat their annual rounds! I am truly frightened. I am appalled at the infinite above me and about me. I drop delighted to earth: but the genius of the microscope comes to me and leads me forth; but it matters not,
 The micro-
 scope.

atoms are worlds too. I find in every leaflet a whole Grimm's or Andersen's fairy mythology; in the leaf of the lily there are millions of cells, halls of unexplored being, grotts and palaces of gnome life. What fairy warder sits by the gate and blows inaudible music? Read "The Poor Artist," that charming little fiction of science, and see how the infinite branches from the most insignificant and small to all sensation. I shrink again with fear, and awe, and trembling; I recoil from these infinite vistas of being. Spirit of Nature, thou hast crushed me! Knowledge—consciousness has overwhelmed me; but if consciousness has overwhelmed me, consciousness can redeem me too. What is it gives me comfort? Why is it that I retreat upon myself? *I find the ideas of all these things within—the idea is within.* Thus, the study of metaphysics may be a path in the pursuit of truth—a help on the road to self-formation; for faith, not doubt, is the destination of man, and what is holiest in him cannot be the prey to scorn. Metaphysics have usually been regarded as the great cloudland, and marsh and marish land—the cimmerician region of bogs, the mystic and the dark; the kingdom of abstractions cheats us; there is still something glorious in the delusion. Descartes said he would believe nothing he could not prove. Stout unbeliever he, he would not even believe in his own existence unless proved

CHAP. 8

Conscious-
ness.

Metaphysica.

Descartes.

282 *Believing is Doing—or Experience.*

CHAP. 8. —but Descartes reposed on consciousness, the idea within—"I think, therefore I am;" and a help-

Sir Bulwer
Lytton.

ful writer has, in the same spirit, expanded the faith: "To man, every present contains a future; I say not with Descartes, 'I think, therefore I am,' but rather I am, therefore I think; I think, therefore I shall be." "Matter is not substance,"

Berkeley.

said Berkeley, "there is something beneath that substance, it is I—I am the substance. Matter does not stand on itself; I who know matter, I am the ultimate end of matter." You see, when Byron said—

Byron.

"When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
I think it was no matter what he said"—

it only showed that Byron did not know what Berkeley meant, or what he talked of—much nobler than the pyrrhonistic Hume, who enthroned all matter, and pushed spirit into the coffin and the vault. Meantime, every man is a real *believer* to the extent to which he is a real *doer*—to this extent, no more; whatever marsh land lies around me undrained, I believe in the marsh land I have drained. Refer back to the end, then, of all these studies, in the words of Goethe:—"This is the end of the Pursuit of Truth, the seeking is not the end, but the finding." Truth and happiness do not depend on what we know, but on what we are. How could we ever think—how could we come to think—that we are happier than other

Hume.

Goethe.

people because we know more? No! Happiness CHAP. 8.

is in what we know certainly, and see clearly, and much of what we call happiness is ingenious misery. Take the formulary from some men, you take from them the spring of action. Much of our knowledge does not turn to rest; true, it may even then have a use; but, if so, what is its use? We shall perhaps find in that purpose some rest.

The American essayist tells, in his parable, how—
The Mountain and the Squirrel had a quarrel. Emerson's Poems.

The Mountain called the Squirrel "Little prig!"

Bun replied, "You are big and I am little; that's all right—it's all well and all wise; I am in my place, you are in yours." "Ah! but," said the big Mountain, "what is your place compared with mine?" "That depends," said Bunny; "you see you take up more room, but I'm of more importance." "You of more importance! why, I'm a big Mountain." "Well; and I am a little Squirrel." "Yes; but think what a difference between what we can do?" "Aye," said the Squirrel, "think I can do more than you!"

"You can? why, I can carry forests on my back!"

"And I can crack a nut with my tooth!" Thus,

simplest natures are often happiest natures; and the Frenchman says, "When I play with my cat, Montaigne. do I give her most amusement, or does she give most to me?" I do not know.

Beware of the Phantoms of the Den. Our know-

CHAP. 8. ledge-seeking may degenerate into mere pedantry.

—
The pedant. *The Pedant* brings in his little bit of Latin, or his word or two of French, or his little bit of badly-accented Greek; like the old man in Greece who, when he wanted to sell his house, took a brick of it into the market-place. That knowledge is best which helps us to bear the ills of life at once with a lofty hope and a cheerful endurance. Learning, and mere knowledge, and thinking are not the chief ends for which God designed man. Our business is not so much to be learned as to be good; a man staying by night to hear a nightingale sing, when on his way for a physician for a dying man, is not wise; and a man occupying himself on his deathbed with air-pumps, and syphons, and telescopes, and quadrants, and alembics, is not wise. True, for the formation of the mind, and for the pursuit of truth, enlarge the understanding; but this is not all; this is only like cutting down the trees or the brushwood which interfere with a fine prospect, while it does nothing for the eye. The end of wisdom is higher, is deeper; it rises to "the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen."

Prov. xxviii.
7.

Tennyson—
"Sir Gala-
had."

"So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail."

162. *And the cup found!* is it not a cup of trembling and astonishment? The draughts of knowledge, do they not often impart a sublime, holy madness to the soul? Hence, sometimes, knowledge leads to martyrdom. "What a pity," said the *Saturday Review* once, "what a pity, that a hero should be a fool!" We do not quite see the force of the epigram any more than if we were to say, "what a pity that a clever writer should be a rascal!" but, for the health of the world, it is good, according to both Paul and Plato, that there should be some men even delivered over to be fools, divinely beside themselves. Have they not all been fools—the martyrs who have bled on crosses, or been consumed in fires? But there are moments when we almost say, "*honour to the rash, who keep* Honour to the rash. souls alive, and the world in health; better to be decapitated with the holy, unsuccessful man, than crowned with an imperial villain." *But even such men, in their martyrdom of sorrow, rest; they rest on the central idea revealed within themselves—their own faith assures them. They live by their faith, and he has not found knowledge or truth, with all his seeking, who has not found the chalice of life, and in it the cup that soothes and rests him, the draught that lulls him. It is the quality of the tree of knowledge of good and evil to open the eyes, but only to unrest them; that knowledge is ignorance which is only fever to the soul, while true knowledge has much of* True knowledge is rest.

- CHAP. 8. that fine designation of Lord Bacon in it:—"It moves in charity, it rests in Providence, and turns upon the poles of truth;" and to that knowledge, out from the infinite, have come two voices—one speaking to us from the infinite beyond us, and one from the infinite within us:—one saying, "*My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord, neither are my thoughts your thoughts, for my ways are higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. Lift up your eyes on high, and, behold, who hath created these things? He bringeth forth their hosts by number; He calleth them all by names, for that He is strong in power, not one faileth. Why sayest thou O Jacob, and speakest O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard? Hath it not been told you from the beginning, have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not neither is weary, there is no searching of his understanding?*" This is the voice from above us, the voice of Nature—the infinite in Nature and the universe. There is another, even a closer and dearer voice *within us*—"*Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid; ye believe in God, believe also in me.*"
- The infinite in Nature. *Isaiah iv. 8, 9.*
- xl. 26, 27, 28. 21.
- The infinite in Man. *John xiv. 1, 27.*
- Divine grace. In nature and in grace are truth, and these are the sublimest voices which have ever spoken to man.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EDUCATION OF THE TASTE.

163. EVERY education is imperfect which does not, while it gives to the mind an immortal thirst for knowledge, give refined sensibility, so that it instantly becomes penetrated with beauty, and roused by sublimity, and also acknowledges the repelling influence of deformity. It is not proposed to write an essay on taste, but simply to scatter over the next two or three pages some hints by which the faculties of taste may be quickened and improved. What, then, is taste? What is taste? A question, in answer to which, volumes have been written; a question which it is desirable to answer now in the most catholic and universal manner. Simply, then, it is the capacity to admire the admirable, to love the lovely—and, therefore, by necessity, to shudder at the terrible, and to thrill with emotion at the vast and the awful. It does not matter for our present purpose whether this emotion results from some inherent sense of beauty in the mind, some per-

CHAP. 9.

CHAP. 9. ception of fitness or propriety, or whether from
 — some inherent indwelling property in the objects themselves which excites the emotion, or whether from the principle of suggestion or association, and from the perception of moral resemblances to material forms. Man greatly enlarges the domain of his happiness by eliciting these emotions, and without them we do not understand the meaning of any of the great works of poetry, painting, statuary, or architecture—the Fine Arts, as they have been called, but which are, in fact, only the attempt of Man to imitate Nature, from his exceeding sympathy with her works.

164. In fact, the great lesson, "Follow Nature," is especially to be borne in mind here. ART, of whatever department, is only a painful toiling after Nature, where she works with freedom and ease. Art labours hampered with difficulty. A love of Nature is the great refiner of the soul; to know her intimately, and to be well acquainted with all her methods of working, is the surest way to be saved from the falsities and the impositions of man.

The contracted space now lying before us quite precludes the possibility of more than remote allusions.

1. Taste is
 mental gene-
 rosity.

I. 165. In the first place, however, *it should be remembered that a refined taste gives a liberality to the mind, a generosity to the conceptions.* The

narrowness of soul which characterizes the masses of mankind results, indeed, from ignorance, we may say generally; but we should perhaps be more correct if we were to say it results from those sensuous impulses which it is the very office of taste to curb and restrain. A sensuous impulse is always a selfish one—is ever contracted in its impressions. Taste removes the legislative and judicial court from the local to the universal. That a mind should have been touched and impressed with the great principles of divine beauty, and should continue to pronounce its sanctions, and deliver its dicta after the low and common fashion of the unintelligent crowd, is impossible. True taste takes the soul out of its leading strings, and gives to it wings and capacities to ascend to the heights of imagination and wisdom.

II. 166. *It will be seen from this that taste exercises a considerable influence upon the moral conduct and disposition.* All that is intended by this, indeed, is, that taste can favour moral conduct, not that taste is ever the foundation of morality. Taste demands moderation and decency; it abhors the violent, the rugged, and the harsh; and it may be said, perhaps, that it produces a state of mind favourable and friendly to virtuous action. Morality, indeed, produced by taste, is ever of a suspicious character—but taste aids morality, by

CHAP. 9.

2 Taste is moral conduct.

CHAP. 9. checking those sensuous impulses which are the direct contraveners of her laws.

3. Taste is judicial.

III. 167. *Taste, it will be perceived, sits in judgment on human performances.* A refined taste saves its possessor from indulging the follies of style, while it aids him to detect them;* and correct taste is as possible to the person in humble life as to the most exalted and fashionable; and it is in the formation of a correct taste in the mind of the people generally, that we find the hope of the world. Let such a taste be formed, and the

* MAGNIFICENT WRITING.—The *Leader*, a journal which once committed weekly onslaughts on literary shortcomings, and was particularly severe in cases of Minerva-press rhapsody and rhodomontade, has this week supplied another illustration of human fallibility, by indulging in those very “sins it has no mind to;” and contrives to make a fire which occurred at a flour-mill in the matter-of-fact locality of the Blackfriars’ Road, the occasion for taking a high walk in literature on stilts. After dignifying the conflagration in question as “a magnificent scenic spectacle of unsurpassed beauty,” and speaking of “broad masses of snow-clad ice rushing under the arches with a crunching (!) sound,” it goes on to say:—“On the left, the range of windows in Somerset House were brilliant with gleams like the reflected rays of the setting sun; while the grand contour of St. Paul’s, shadowy with snow, but yet distinct, stood out like tranquil power contemplating the wreck below. Every arch of Blackfriars’ Bridge was painfully defined, while beyond a lurid pathway of light ran right across the river. Directly between the spectator and the flames the shot-tower raised its dark cylindrical form like an illumined lighthouse. And over all hung a canopy of lurid tawny smoke, into which leaped every moment fierce tongues of flame, fanned by a keen, and swift, and unintermitting east wind.”—*Diogenes*.

demagogue's trade will be at an end. Much of CHAP. 9.
the success of falsehood results from the feigning
an enthusiasm which cannot stand for a moment
of time in the light of a correct and refined sensi-
bility. In reference to oratory, especially, how
woefully diseased is the popular opinion in this
particular ! The charlatan and the mountebank are
most successful. The calm, quiet dignity, the flow-
ing yet classical precision of speech, are frequently
unappreciated and unfelt ; while the trickster who
plays off his spasms and his hysterics for " thun-
ders of applause " in the building, and guineas
out of it, is the popular idol. Now this cannot
continue when the sensibilities are really awakened
and educated, for taste everywhere tramples upon
the meretricious ; she does not despise art, she
honours art, and loves the artist ; but the shallow
and pretending thing, *travestying* Nature, she in-
deed despises. The modern style of pulpit and plat-
form oratory is often ridiculous ; and in England,
at this time, we have little worthy of the name of
oratory. Perhaps, when the lustre of strong con-
victions shall brighten through the bosom of the
people, and the fire of a strong criticism shall
scare the present race of orators from the field, a
nobler may take their place.

IV. 168. *For the formation of a correct taste, let* 4. Rules for
there be a two-fold mental process going on. Such the forma-
well-known books as the " Lectures on Rhetoric," rect taste.

CHAP. 9. by Blair, or the "Elements of Criticism," by Lord

—

Good exam-
ples.

Kames, will aid; but these are not to be simply read, but every principle is to be applied. The books differ from each other in several matters of theory; but diligently analyze them both, and let them both be reproduced in one emanation from your own mind. But while you are doing this, remember that *an acquaintance with the words and thoughts of the world's greatest men is by far the best means of refining the mind*: it is like conversing in the best society; and necessary as grammar and criticism unquestionably are, the mind and its sentiments could not possibly be exalted without this latter method; the probability is that the reader is not pursuing, and cannot pursue, a course of classical scholarship; if he were able to pursue that, he would not seek instruction. Be not dismayed; I am desirous that you should form an English taste, not a Greek or a Latin one; and if the words and images of Milton and Shakspeare, of Wordsworth and Rogers, of Goldsmith, of Jeremy Taylor, and John Howe, of Lord Bacon, and Hooker, of Chatham, and Burke, do not give sublimity and pathos to your mode, thought, and turn of expression, it is certain that Homer and Æschylus, Virgil and Horace, Demosthenes and Cicero could not do it. Take MILTON'S "Paradise Lost," and diligently weigh every expression and every image the poem con-

tains. Every style of writing, from the mightiest allegory to the tenderest metaphor—every magnitude of language finds its proportion there: the most gorgeous overlaying of description—satire, imagination, fancy, portraiture—every style of poetic power is tried and exhausted. It is no easy task, then, to read this book—and its learning, too, taxes an encyclopædia; but all these are reasons which make it admirable as a volume for disciplining the powers of the mind, and giving correctness to all its ideas and words. CHAP. 9.

V. 169. And thus from a study close and concentrated as this, soon *the student will not only form for himself a style*, but he will be able to perceive the beauties and the deformities, not merely of ordinary, but even of the most eminent writers: he will gather round him a cluster of great names, which will be to him almost synonymous for friends, from the gratification they will afford him by their writings: the peculiarity of his temperament will lead to the selection of especial friends; perhaps they may be redundant and glowing with a magnificent and swelling phraseology; perhaps cold and chaste, dignified as the Phidian marble, with words sufficient, but not overflowing. In our day we have writers of the most varied powers, the names of many of them not unknown to the reader. The great prose writers are Carlyle, Macaulay, Landor, Foster, and Helps: if others

S. Good taste
forms a good
style.

CHAP. 9. have been omitted, it is from no invidious feelings, but from contracted space. It is a useful employment to note the differences of writers—to compare their various individual traits and characteristics. The fame of Alison is great, but his style is inflated and tautological. Sometimes he rises to a kind of verbal eloquence, but never enriches you by the novelty of his ideas, or the muscular strength of his expression. Landor has written largely, and his power is great; he commands all styles of writing, and will unquestionably enjoy a very great posthumous fame. His genius is essentially dramatic, and his scholarship is equal to his genius. Over his volumes, thoughts lie plentifully as cowslips upon the bosom of May. He identifies himself with character, and so loses himself in the person he paints, that it is hard to detect his peculiar manner.

John Foster
and Lord
Macaulay.

170. But there are two writers to whom we will especially direct the attention—Foster and Macaulay. The fame of Foster has ever been with a select few; the fame of Macaulay has ever been world-wide. Yet, perhaps, of all the English essayists, Foster is the greatest: his thoughts are great indeed; and the expression is bowed to the thought. Macaulay's words glitter like polished lances through sunny forests. Foster's roll heavily, like a vast fleet-covered sea. Foster is a master in the empire of Thought; Macaulay in the em-

pire of Style. Taste approves both, but more the exuberant conceptions of the one than the graphic language of the other. We read, easily enough, that one was a hermit, bound to books, and to the still life of the study; the other a man of the world, a man of books, but a man of study too. The one slothful, mechanical in his method of writing, losing himself in dreams; the other quick, lively, losing himself, if at all, in dreams, yet not those above the world, but of the world, in the real old day. Macaulay indulges in no psychological speculations, Foster abounds in them; Macaulay notes the outer life of things and men, Foster their inner life. Notice the following passage from Foster, *On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself*:—

CHAP. 9.

Illustrations
from Foster.

Each mind has an interior apartment of its own, which none but itself and the Divinity can enter. In this secluded place the passions mingle and fluctuate in unknown agitations. Here all the fantastic and all the magic shapes of the imagination have a haunt, where they can neither be invaded nor descried. Here the surrounding human beings, while quite insensible of it, are made the subjects of deliberate thought, and many of the designs respecting them revolved in silence. Here projects, convictions, vows, are confusedly scattered, and the records of past life are laid. Here, in solitary state, sits Conscience, surrounded by her own thunders, which sometimes sleep and sometimes roar, while the world does not know. The secrets of this apartment, could they have been but very partially brought forth, might have been fatal to that eulogy and splendour with which many a piece of biography has been exhibited by a partial and ignorant friend.

The human
mind.

CHAP. 9. 171. Or, to cite another celebrated passage from the same Essay :—

Atheism
impossible.

The wonder, then, turns upon the great process by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence which can know that there is no God. What age and what lights are requisite for this attainment! This intelligence involves the very attributes of Divinity, while a God is denied. For, unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every point of the universe, he cannot know but that there may be, in some place, manifestations of a Deity, by which even he would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he is not in absolute possession of all the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be, that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign a cause for all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be God. If he does not know everything that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows all things, that is, precludes all other Divine existences by being Divine himself, he cannot know that the Being whose existence he rejects does not exist.

172. These are specimens of the weighty magnificence of Foster's style, and the mind has attained to some considerable degree of vigour and taste which prefers this solemn richness to the more garish glare of more popular writers. Foster lived so completely amidst his own volitions, that it is not wonderful that he did not emulate the pictorial style of writing; but he has left us some specimens of his power: the "Reflections in a Library," and "Meditations in a Cathedral,"

which show to us how graphic that pen might CHAP. 9.
have been, had not its motion been impeded by
the heavy masses of thought which sought utter-
ance through it. Let the reader note the difference
in point of style between Foster's two papers just
cited, and "The Character of the Puritans," of
Macaulay; the latter stands, perhaps, almost un-
rivalled in its way amongst the brightest things in
English composition. Notice the sharpness and
sententiousness of its sentences, compared with
Foster's. Clever, brilliant, easy; thought has never
been here a painful or profound exertion. The
artistic style shines with epigram and point. Fos-
ter is the reverse of all this. His sentences, it
must be admitted, are heavy, and sometimes they
seem to ache with the pain of utterance. His style,
although evidently so laboured, is utterly devoid of
art;—humour, wit, and all the light things flowing
from these are entirely unknown to him.

173. We had purposed saying something on the The old
writers.
formation of a judgment upon our elder writers,
but the space upon this topic is fairly exhausted,
and we can only say, Study Milton's prose as
well as his poetry, and relieve the long and
swelling pomp of organ-like sentences, with the
medallion words and pictures of Lord Bacon, and
Sir Thomas Browne; writers whose style reminds
us of the exquisite chapel in the aisles of mighty
minsters, with carving, statuary, painting, all

CHAP. 9. antique and learned, all perfect, and all crowding on the view together.

6. A fine taste is sympathetic and accumulative.

VI. 174. But yet another remark may be made, *this—that the cultured taste lays open on all hands a theatre of wonders*; it finds in every object in nature, in every sound, and in every scene, some suggestions to emotion; hence it is that the man of taste is never alone; if he enters the gallery of paintings, indeed, or of sculpture, all his powers of appreciation are excited: so if he takes some immortal author from his pocket, his mind is stimulated and roused; but whenever he travels he finds some such excitement—the world is not so poor that all its riches can be gathered into museums, or placed in libraries, or imitated on canvas, or in stone. A celebrated American writer has said, that “if the stars only came out once in a thousand years, all would go forth to gaze, and to admire, almost to worship, perhaps; but as they appear every night they do not excite our wonder.” But this cannot be said of the man of taste; no, for by day and by night, heaven and earth are covered with a profusion of beauties; beauties which, although others pass by, he looks upon, and looking learns to love. It is only a fine taste that looks with tenderness upon the soft and delicate veins of the flower; it is only a fine taste that learns to look with wonder upon the beauty of the sea-shell, or the clever con-

Emerson.

trivances of the bird's-nest ; thus do the sympathies of the man go forth, thus are they awakened and excited ; on every hand the novel combinations of Nature appear, and fascinate the eye, and the heart, and the understanding ; through the eye every spot is haunted ground, spiritual shapes lie shadowed by every object. Thus there is called into play a beautiful symbolism ; thus all things at last are seen in their poetical relation, that is, with their moral meaning appended to them. Facts in Nature are found to have significances, never read by the thoughtless eye, but read and understood by the thoughtful, thus—

“ How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in show !
Not like a temple, rich with pomp and gold ;
But a mere mountain chapel, that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower.”

Wordsworth
“Prelude.”

VII. 175. LASTLY, then, it shall follow, from a rightly organized taste, that it is not the parent of Pride, but of Humility ; *that it teaches man his place in the great universe of things about him ; that it sheds a consecrating light, a charm, over all human habitations, and over all human beings ; all who are capable of affection are made beautiful in its eye ; there is no misanthropy in it. Taste is not one-sided ; if the reader would see, in perfection, the difference between a corrupt and diseased taste, and a pure and healthy one, let him compare the writings of Byron or Rous-*

7. A fine
taste is
humble.

CHAP. 9. seau with Wordsworth; the stormy invective, the tempest of wild passion—the long-drawn, yet sharp, malevolent satire; here are spirits, we may say, to whom Nature only supplies materials for remorse; her images of repose and beauty, or fierceness and horror, only alike arouse to hatred and despair; passion burns along every page, without a lenitive or an emollient, and so taste becomes of no service to man; it is impure—the impulsive and sensuous emotions predominate yet; and instead of charity we have scorn; instead of Nature we have selfishness; instead of love we have lust; instead of God we have Satan. How different, if reading Nature with Wordsworth; we have learned the high philosophy and sound taste of that great apostrophe with which he closes one of his most remarkable poems.

Wordsworth. "If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure;
Stranger, henceforth be warned; and *know that pride,*
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he hath never used; that thought, with him,
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one
The least of Nature's works; one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. *Oh, be wiser thou!*
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
True dignity abides with him alone,
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself
In lowliness of heart."

Episode.

THE MORAL SATISFACTION OF PULLING UP A WEED.

BEYOND all doubt, this paper will get into the EPISODE. hands of some of my friends who are gardeners. — I am fond of gardening myself, but circumstances prevented me for a long time from looking among my beds, and trees, and vegetables, and flowers ; and the other day, when I went there, I found that, in the few brief weeks of my absence from home, a weed had overrun the whole of my realm. It was everywhere. It had spread like a domestic treason, and twined over every spot, tangling itself among all the gooseberry bushes, twisting round the raspberries, overshadowing the potatoes, coiling up the apple and pear trees, and imitating the involutions of the vine, as it insidiously clasped and embraced them. It was such a graceful weed, too : the leaf was beautiful—the stem twined gracefully and lovingly—Sin never looked

EPISODE more graceful. And it bore beautiful flowers, — too. There never was a greater hypocrite of a weed. The leaf was lovely, the flower beautiful; and where I now and then laid hold of what seemed to be root, I found it was so candid and white, so innocent-looking, that, altogether, it seemed to defy you to call it a weed. But it was a weed, sure enough, and the whole garden knew it. All things were in a revolt on account of it. The growth of fruits and vegetables was intercepted, and some of my pretty modest little flowers were quite cast into the shade, beneath the bold demeanour and the unblushing arrogance of this deceitful courtesan. I went on lopping, cutting, and tearing down in all directions, and not always altogether escaping from doing mischief to some of the legitimate offspring of the garden. But I always felt that the criminal root was eluding me—I had only lopped off the branches of the evil. The root, the root, *that* remained. I wanted to reach the central spring of the weed, and I believe at last I did; and I have taken my pen in hand to communicate to you the pleasure I felt as I found a stout, substantial growth lying at my feet. I did not feel certain; even yet I shall have to watch, for I know that it has cast a prolific quantity of seeds in the garden. But, unless you are a gardener too, you cannot very well tell the pleasure I felt

in knowing that the hand had conquered the EPISODE. weed. I have felt this before many times. — Often, when I have stopped to pull up some weedy tuft, and cast it upon the heap for burning, a moral satisfaction has diffused itself over my mind. I have had a feeling that there was so much the less evil in the world—that good had now so much better a chance than it had before—that, although they might, perhaps, grow none too rapidly, yet there was a greater probability of their growing to some purpose now that the enemy was removed. •

How beautiful it is to look at natural things in the light of moral analogies ! I never weary of it. There is no object, I think, in the world of nature, which does not furnish a pleasant and instructive reflection. Some call this pedantic, prudish; they rebuke us when we read the history of man, or man's heart, in the heart of nature : but I cannot help it. We must walk through the world in our own way, and see the world with our own eyes ; *and my eyes insist upon reading the double meaning which comes to us especially, I think, in the garden.* Now, the pulling up of that weed carried me off into many fields—so indeed the gardener has often suggested a variety of reflections. Working in my own garden, I have often thought of that scene in Shakspeare, in Richard III., in which the gardener is introduced

EPISODE. moralizing upon affairs of state, and especially
— the downfall of the king.

Gardener.—

Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of two fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth !
All must be even in our government.
You thus employed, I will go and root away
The noisome weeds that, without profit, suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

First Servant.—

Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep the law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate ?
When our sea-walled garden—the whole land
Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned—her hedges ruined,
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gardener.—

Hold thy peace ;
He that hath suffered this disordered spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter—
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up root and all.
Oh, what pity is it,
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land
As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound the bark—the skin of our fruit-trees ;
Lest—being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches—it confound itself !
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live ;
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Shakspeare has, in the foregoing quotation, EPISODE.
exquisitely painted the gardener's duty ; and, as we have said, when we lay our hand upon a weed, instinctively we seem to feel that some good has been done in rooting away a foe to the gardener's commonwealth. But what is the satisfaction of rooting up an evil weed in the garden compared with the rooting up an evil influence from a neighbourhood ? A friend of mine, happening to be called to reside in a neighbourhood not far from mine, found that two or three fairs—show fairs—were held during the year ; and that, like pestilential influences, they disturbed, for weeks and months after, the moral equilibrium of the place ; drunkenness abounded, debts were contracted, other evil weeds were brought from other places to thrive and flourish there in unblushing features, to disport meretricious blossoms, and to exhibit with insolence their sinful colours. He was grieved with this appearance, and he determined to lose no time in attempting to root them up ; and he did so : and I suppose that his satisfaction in conquering the fair was something like, although of a higher order, to the emotion of pulling up a weed.

Ah ! and I have had to feel this in my own neighbourhood. Every public-house seems to me an evil weed beneath which the whole village suffers. What passions, what dissipation, what

EPISODE. spendthrift habits, are fostered there ! What
— imperfect educations result from its existence !
What domestic confusion, hateful animosities—
what rebellion against God, what work for the
magistrate and the policeman, what destruction
to the purest and the highest interests of society !
As I pass the public-houses in my village, and
sometimes hear a wild song, or see a drunken
man coming from them, I say to myself, “ Oh !
if I could only pull up that weed ! ”

And in character, again, the mind is frequently
like a neglected garden. Many a young man has
a sensation like that which I experienced when
I returned home the other day, and encountered
my garden foe. He neglects the garden of his
mind. It never occurs to him that he has a mind
to tutor and cultivate. At last something induces
him to step into it ; and, behold, the whole garden
is overrun with weeds, and there are flowers and
fruits there too, but they can scarcely be perceived
—they are hidden beneath the rank foliage of the
weeds. Thus, before the ground can be turned to
any account, all these enemies have to be re-
moved, torn up by the roots—idleness, evil
passions, dissipations, and fondness for loose com-
pany. Come, young man, whose eye is perusing
this page—it may be, very casually surveying
the garden, and wondering what gardener can re-
duce it to order and to beauty—come, begin :

see here, at thy foot, an unwholesome poison-root. EPISODE.
Look over the whole garden of the mind ; its
false flowers are spreading—it is the poppy of
idleness. Up with it—up with it ! There ! have
you not now experienced the moral satisfaction of
pulling up a weed ?

There are a great many emotions which man
is privileged to feel : the highest of these is the
planting of good. Only a little lower, and par-
taking of the nature of it, is the rooting up evil ;
for, indeed, good would grow in the world, if it
were not for the evil weeds which thrive apace.
The man who, in his garden, without having his
mind awakened at all to the higher principles of
goodness and benevolence and truth, tears up the
dock-leaf or the nettle, and exults at the conquest
he has obtained, is in that sentiment unconsciously
related to the great and clear-sighted lover of
God and goodness and truth, who seeks to tear
up some wide over-shadowing heresy—some fruit-
ful seed of wrong-doing and wrong-thinking.
Evil books are like evil weeds. How their argu-
ments spread and coil snake-like over the mind
of an age ! How their black leaves drink up and
pervert all healthful moisture ! What poison-
fountains they become to young thinkers ! It is
a great thing to kill a bad book—not by rooting
up its author or injuring him, but by blighting,
by the strong hand of truth, his teachings, and

EPISODE. holding them up withering to the world, or carrying them out and casting them into the limbo of vanity. As with books, so with institutions : there are evil ones that spread out from the great central evil, and creep parasitically around the columns of power, and trail and coil and shoot out over the rooms of state. Beneath such institutions there are many cottages that look like caves embowered in night-shade. God, from time to time in the ages of the world, raises up the gardeners who tear up these institutions—paganisms, despotisms, Romanisms ; and when man, looking back upon the past, threads his way through the mazy forest of old opinions, where errors shoot up like tall hemlock-trees, moorish, marshy plants spread over the whole soil, and wild beds of poppy-flowers and opium plants spread over the whole times and kingdoms. When he feels, in spite of much that remains to be done, all these have been cleared away—that that rank soil has become verdant with beauty, if here and there interlaced with the unsightly—he feels a moral exultation as he contemplates—something like *that moral satisfaction which cheers us when we pull up a weed.*

There, we have opened up a train of thought which the reader may pursue with pleasure ; but, before we close, we may say this, that, perhaps, even weeds have their value ; and, if we can

reach it, there is a moral satisfaction even in EPISODE.
their remaining as well as in their rooting up.

How much they concentrate and condense the carbon necessary for the sustenance of the globe, we do not know. To what degree they are at once the reservoirs for what, if diffused, might poison the springs of animal life, we cannot say. Perhaps they are the common sewers of the gases inimical to animal nature. But we do know that He whose words were always truth, said that, to the end of the world, tares and wheat would grow together. The earth cannot be an Arcadia—a platform of perfectibility. The tares which entwine around human institutions are a subject for our sorrow; but we may, while labouring to our utmost to eradicate them, and feeling joy in eradicating them, rejoice that evil in the world is overruled by the Author of Good, to be a means for the exercise of the highest faculties of benevolence, truth, and goodness, and the education of a moral nature in the discrimination of weeds from flowers. I met the other day with what purported to be *an old church legend*; it is rather a very pretty fancy, and it may close our interview here.

In a deep hollow, in the heart of a forest, grew a bed of moss. It was thick and soft as a velvet carpet, and its structure was more wonderful and curious than that of the finest carpet ever woven by the hand of man. But the traveller never stooped to see the miracles of beauty hidden in

EPISODE. it, but hurried on to the sunshine and bloom beyond. And the moss sighed:—‘Ah, for the green beauty of the grove, and the rosy glow of flowers! The foot tramples me, but the eye regards me not!’

One evening, just as the last golden rays of sunset lighted up the tree-tops, a pale and weary man came slowly through the forest. It was Jesus, returning from the wilderness after his forty days of fasting and temptation. His feet were blistered with wandering over the burning sand, and were torn and bleeding from the briars of the wood. When he came upon the bed of moss, and felt its soft coolness on his wounded feet, he paused, and spake a blessing on this gift of his Father’s hand. ‘Little plant,’ he said, ‘fret not because thou art unheeded by the careless eye. Bear thy lot with patience. Thou hast done good to me, and the Father will remember thee.’

Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when out of the bosom of the moss budded a lovely rose. Its hue was like the glow in the western sky after the sun has set, and the veil of tender moss which half-concealed, also increased its beauty. ‘Moss rose,’ said the Saviour, ‘spread thou into all lands, and become to men the sweetest emblem of humility!’

The despised moss had softened the Redeemer’s earthly pain—had kissed his sore and wounded feet. It was for this it had such sweet reward. Oh, poor and lowly one! keep thy heart soft and tender; be like the moss when trodden on. Then, be sure, the time of thy roses is at hand.

CHAPTER X.

MENTAL AND MORAL FREEDOM.

176. THE inevitable consequence of the enlargement CHAP. 10.
of the circle of our knowledge, and the progress
of our mind in the great lessons of sound educa-
tion, must be the increase of mental independence
and freedom ; and this is certainly the most valu-
able of all freedoms man can enjoy. He may be
a freed-man from the chain of the oppressor, and
the whip and scourge of the overseer ; he may be
free of his country, and may lift up his voice in
the framing of her institutions, or he may roam
at will through all her gay and beautiful forests
and fields ; he may be free of the city, and be
entitled to sit in old chartered Guilds and Corpo-
rations ; and all these freedoms have, or are sup-
posed to have, their value ; and the freedom to
move to and fro amidst the glorious scenery of
Nature, beneath her skies and stars, and over her
heaths and moors, is indeed a noble and exhila-
rating freedom. Free of the mountain, the moor,
the forest, and the heath ; free to enter the an-
cient corporation of birds, and fluttering insects,

CHAP. 10. and leaping squirrels, and bounding hares ; it is
— a freedom, to our thinking, as far in value beyond the musty old parchment corporations of fat aldermen and drunken common-council men, as a mountain is beyond the cell of a mouldwarp. But, excellent as this freedom is, there is a nobler ; the freedom of opinion, the freedom of conscience, freedom to investigate and to inquire, freedom to set antique error at defiance, freedom to hold what consciousness has determined to be right. This is the freedom, and those are the noblest natures where such freedom exists in its largest and fullest degree ; and, therefore, tyrants have desired especially to obtain possession of the minds of their subjects ; the power over the body was disregarded so long as there was a recess in the soul where the utmost freedom might reign ; and, therefore, the dread which has been felt of religious liberty, for it is the parent and herald, and, in the battle for freedom, the warmest comrade of civil liberty. A part of the education of a young man, in these days, is to ascend to a lofty idea of freedom ; a well-balanced and consistent freedom ; a freedom having its foundations in the holiest feelings of humanity ; a freedom jealous of the rights of others, because most duly weighing and understanding its own. How shall such a conception of freedom and slavery exist in the mind that the independence of the individual

shall be secured ? for, let my reader remember, CHAP. 10.
that this freedom is at once utterly out of the
power of king or kaiser, law or lawyers, to give
or take away; it grows from the profoundest
depths of the moral being, the roots strike there,
and thence they shoot forth their branches over
the whole private and public life.

177. Of mental and moral freedom, the world John Milton.
has produced no finer illustration than our JOHN
MILTON; he, alike in the days of light and dark-
ness, lived for freedom, but a freedom far beyond
the conception of most of those by whom he was
surrounded. How like a Samson he broke the
withes, the superstitions, and prejudices of his
time; how, independently of any party, he spoke
out what seemed to him to be truth; there
was in his life no thought of pleasing man, or
party of men; in his intellect he revered truth,
the truth had made him free. Kingcraft and
priestcraft were alike his abhorrence, and the words,
the immortal words he wrote in behalf of liberty,
although burnt by the common hangman, possess
vitality, not only to enable them to echo to our
own times, but to times far beyond ours, the
truths of emancipated man. If any character
might be especially cited to set before youth,
surely that character is JOHN MILTON, who re-
fused to subscribe to the college articles, and was
thence expelled because he would not subscribe

CHAP. 10. "slave;" although belonging to the Puritan party, by whom poetry was denounced, he did not forsake it in obedience to the requisitions of his sect. And when, after opposing King and Council, his own parliamentary rulers betook themselves to the prohibition and mutilation of books, he stepped forth and lifted up his voice like a trumpet, in one loud shrill, glorious, chivalric peal, for the freedom of the press. How magnificent was that life! Reading the records of it, we say, with Pompey of old, "This it is to be a King!" He could say, if any man could ever say, "My mind to me a kingdom is." Exercising a strong controlling severity over all passions, and all prejudices, subjecting all to his will, so passed his life along. His life and his prose writings are glorious monuments of moral and mental liberty, which all should read, and sedulously study, who are in any way prosecuting the work of self-education. Thus he says to us, in apology for his early life and his writings,—

A noble passage from Milton.

My morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter often ere the sound of any bell awakes men to labour, or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught: then, with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and my country's

liberty, when it shall require firm hearts, in sound bodies, to stand and cover their stations, rather than see the ruin of our protestation, and the enforcement of a slavish life. CHAP. 10. —

178. Here we have the full-length portrait of a Free Life, of Mental and Moral Freedom in their highest development. Now let us look for an instance of Mental and Moral Slavery; and although there are few names in the circle of English literature more commanding our affection, and, for many qualities, our veneration, than that of Dr. JOHNSON—yet, simply because his is so eminent a name, it may be cited as an illustration of mental slavery. All his life long he was the creature of strong passions and prejudices; and although he had principles of action, and high principles too, yet, in many of the gravest sayings and circumstances of his life, Principle was altogether out of sight. He made it his boast that, in reporting the debates of the House of Commons, “he always gave those Whig dogs the worst on’t.” With him, “a Whig” and “a rascal” were synonymous terms. Greek and Latin were to him of principal advantage, because “they gave an advantage over others.” The line of passing poetry which really contained a great truth,

“Who rules o’er freemen should himself be free,”

he turned into ridicule, and chuckled while he parodied it thus—

“Who slays fat oxen should himself be fat.”

CHAP. 10. His life of Milton was full of meanness, and, if
 — not of falsehood, of that sort of misrepresentation
 which is sometimes worse than absolute falsehood.

Anecdote of Johnson. He was, all his life long, a believer in ghosts, and
 declared that he "heard his mother once, after
 her death, exclaim, 'Sam, Sam, Sam!' three
 times, although nothing came of it:" and his
 prejudices in conversation veiled and obscured all
 the excellences of his character behind a rough
 and most discourteous demeanour. He summarily
 wound up a discussion with a lady, who had the
 better of him in argument, and, as a sort of clos-
 ing mollifier, said, "I hope, doctor, we may meet
 in heaven," with, "Madam, I don't want to meet
 a fool anywhere."

179. Altogether, Biography, we believe, does not
 record another instance of prejudices, in so great
 a man, so inveterate, intolerant, and unreasoning,
 and yet in the neighbourhood of some of the
 noblest traits that ever shone out of a human soul.
 Contemptible as they appear, much as they deform
 the character, there can be no question that the
 strength of his will was allowed to give stability
 to his follies—follies at many of which we now
 heartily laugh, although given forth with all the
 classic verbiage of the most pompous profundity.

180. Society, at present, is far more conventional
 than in the time of Dr. Johnson. Artificialities
 spread their gaudy but steel gauze-work around

us everywhere, and we lapse into the mere defen- CHAP. 10.
ders and stereotypists of ceremony and form. We
live not for ourselves, but for others. We bow
at other biddings: we consult not our own con-
venience, but the convenience of our neighbours;
and this not from any godlike, but from the most
vulgar motives. We spend wealth upon carpets,
and glass, and pictures, and large houses, and
costly plate,—not that we care about such things,
but because the custom of society demands such
expenditure of us. We purchase the Beautiful,
not that it may be ever before us, hanging like a
crystallized aspiration or invocation—not that we
care for the Beautiful, but because the Beautiful
is the priestess at the altars of the Useful.

In this age of wine-worship, priest-worship,
gold-worship, free spirits are needed to consecrate
themselves by a lofty education, to separate be-
tween the precious and the vile, and, by their own
great example, to plead for the spiritual freedom
and independence of man in education, for this
lofty liberty. The dangers are not to be looked
for so much from the stern and forbidding frown,
from the repulsive and persecuting spirit; the
associates of slavery in our time use the seduc-
tions and allurements of vanity, the incense steam-
ing and reeking round the altars of that cruel
goddess, Respectability, or Fashion, or by what
other name she may be called; and to him who

CHAP. 10. simply casts away from him conscience, opinion,
— inquiry, and quietly yields himself to the stream,
she says, as her great prototype said, "All these
will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship
me." Credit at the bank, plate in the escrutoire,
silks, carpets, broadcloth, mansions, parks—no-
thing is too vast; your pay shall be proportioned
to your prostration—your chains to your slavery.
Young friend, determine on the Life of Freedom,
and say with brave Sir Henry Wotton:—

Sir Henry
Wotton.

"How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his only skill!
This man is saved from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall—
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

CHAPTER XI.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

181. We educate our minds and neglect our bodies. CHAP. 11.

In our present social state, it is a rare thing to meet with persons who have submitted their bodies to the discipline of General Laws, and have laboured to expand their power, and to improve their sensibilities. "A sound mind in a sound body" has, however, been now for many years the rallying cry of a very large class of individuals, especially in our own country and in America; and it has been clearly seen, that one of the means for procuring a healthy mental state, is to procure a healthy bodily state. By health, we do not mean merely the absence of disease, of pain, of chronic affections, or acute disorders, but we mean that state in which all the faculties are fulfilling, with ease and delight, their various degrees of strength and growth.

Perfect
Health.

182. It will be readily seen that for all his happiness in this life, Man must depend on his obedience to the natural and moral law of God. At present

Happiness of
Obedience.

CHAP. 11. we have only to do with the natural laws—those
 — which affect man in his corporeal conditions, or in reference to his association with the exterior world. At the same time, it will be easily perceived how attention to the moral law secures frequently a healthy bodily condition; and, on the contrary, how possible it is for Man apparently to live in harmony with Nature's exterior laws, but, by transgressing some moral law, to entail upon himself punishment and misery.

Preserve the
Body.

183. Language is poor and very inexpressive. But we may lay it down as a principle of moral duty, to guard and preserve the health of the body. *True, it is but a tent*, a house to dwell in, a tabernacle pitched in the wilderness; true, it is but a temple reared to solemnize worship in; but, because it is all this, there should be a rigid carefulness and vigilance over it.

Edwin P.
Whipple.

Let us take care that we do not make this guardianship of the body a half duty. We do not mean to deify it, and to worship dietetics. "Man obeys the highest order of his being when he takes his life in his own hand, and boldly ventures it for something he values more than self."

184. We would not found a moral code upon a physical law. There are no duties which are not resolvable into moral duties. To guard the health, then, is a moral duty: health is not the supreme

consideration—"the life is more than meat;" but CHAP. 11.
it is the means to supreme duties. What conditions are annexed to health? Failing here, all around us becomes dizzy. Father, husband, citizen, Christian—the vital action of each is connected with a sound state of body. What mental conditions are annexed to it! Independence, power, prosecution of study—all of them depend upon the healthy action of our organization. Will my reader revolve and re-revolve in his mind the following passage from Bishop BUTLER's "Analogy?"

"Now," says he, "in the present state, all things that we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, is placed in our own power. For pleasure and pain are the consequences of our actions; and we are endowed by the Author of our nature with capacities of seeing these consequences. Butler's Analogy.

"I know not that we have any one kind or degree of enjoyment, but by the means of our own actions. And, by prudence and care, we may, for the most part, pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet; or, on the contrary, we may, by passion and ungoverned rashness, wilfulness, or even negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please; and many do please to make themselves extremely miserable—i.e., they do what they know beforehand will render them so. They follow those ways, the fruit of which they know—by instruction, example, and experience—will be disgrace, and poverty, and sickness, and untimely death. This every one observes to be the general course of things: though, it is to be allowed, we cannot find, by experience, that all our sufferings are owing to our own follies."

185. Every chapter in this volume is only designed to embody a few hints which may be expanded by the reader. The question of physical education

CHAP. 11. may be condensed into a few rules, very simple, very obvious, easily practised; and yet, by all classes of society, strangely neglected: and when it is remembered to what an extent these rules are neglected, is it not amazing that life is preserved to us so long as it is? The truth and beauty of these lines are never perceived until we have obtained some acquaintance with the human frame:

Watts.

“Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.”

Strange, indeed! Is it chance, or is it Providence, think you, when the gay young voyagers in their boat pass within a hair's breadth of fifty unseen rocks, or dangerous sand-banks, every one of which would, if touched, have been fatal to the boat and to their own lives? Thus rashly, ignorantly, thoughtlessly, every day do we jeopardize our lives; sometimes overtaxing our powers, and then allowing them to lie idle and unemployed; and yet, reckless as we are, how long the stream of life bears us on: it is as if some invisible spirit turned the rudder, and led the boat to avoid the lurking dangers which everywhere lay spread around it and before it.

Colton.

186. Colton says, “the excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.” Oh, let the young

man remember, that Nature, indeed, is our CHAP. 11
creditor. George Combe says:—

Nature may be said to allow us to run an account current, in which many small transgressions seem at the time to be followed by no penalty, when in fact they are all charged to the debit side of the account; and, after the lapse of years, are summed up, and closed by a fearful balance against the transgressor. George Combe.

If you mortgage yourself to Nature, be sure the account has to be paid some day, and the more protracted the period of payment, the more fearful, generally, will be the interest exacted. *The mortgage has to be paid.* I should not wonder if the reader is in debt to Nature; for, in our artificial state of life, all our manners and customs are fearful exactions from Nature; fearful, because we are levying a tax upon our own powers, which must, by and by, be paid, as in "The Man made of Money," so truly and tragically drawn by Douglas Jerrold. We may be the possessors of wealth and convenience, and we may give forth wealth and entertainment to our friends; or we may pile our warehouses and our palaces; but, in many instances, we are doing all this from our own life's blood: we are levying a tax upon our strength, upon our health; and while our neighbours look with wonder upon our doings, they note our emaciated appearance, too; yes, the rounds of intemperance and guilt, the whirl of licentious passion and frivolity, the

CHAP. 11. incessant attention to business so early in the morning, so late in the evening,—all these are so many items in the mortgage-deed. And then the day of reckoning comes, long-delayed, yet at last it comes; the jailer pounces upon the body, and hauls it away to prison. *The jailer? ay, the jailer—the physician, the surgeon, the apothecary, what are these but Nature's jailers? The sick-bed; is it not Nature's prison?—and the discipline of disease; is it not generally a repayment of what was owing?—and death; is it not the consignment of the body to perpetual imprisonment, because the powers of the body had been racked to the utmost, and still were unable to pay?*

187. You know the fable of the Sphinx of the ancients? Well, Nature is that Sphinx; answer her well, solve her riddle, and she cannot hurt thee; but dare to attempt an imposition upon her, and she will rend thee in pieces. Then this might be taken as a fundamental principle in physical training; *do not you run into debt with Nature! Let every day pay its own way; strength shall be given thee proportioned to thy day; thy bread shall be given thee, thy water shall be sure. Let it suffice; wines and rich meats, and injudicious sleep, and injudicious exercise, drain the health from the blood, and by and by will present a terrible balance-sheet for instant settlement.*

The fable of
the Sphinx.

188. EDUCATE YOUR SKIN! Does that seem CHAP. 11.
strange?

—
The Skin.

The state of the skin exercises no inconsiderable influence over the whole state of the body: many persons impair their nervous state by never thoroughly cleansing their body. Their body is never in a healthy temperament: for the sensibility of the skin gives a tone to the temperament; and this is perpetually the residence of secretions, from the sensible or insensible perspiration going on in the system. The skin, in its healthy state, is capable of exquisite enjoyments, which many have never experienced; the wind and the fanning breath of the air, the cold but bracing atmosphere—these are an inspiration and an enjoyment to those whose frames have been rendered sufficiently healthy and hardy to enjoy them. The beings who spend their lives in closed saloons, who can only wash in warm water, and very little of that, who tremble at a breath of wind that could scarcely move a feather; such persons richly deserve our pity and the fulness of our compassion.

189. EDUCATE YOUR MUSCLES! Thank God, my The Muscles.
reader, if He has placed you in a situation of life in which you are compelled to walk; carriage exercise is a mere joke, and does the horses far more good than the riders: it is one of the penalties entailed upon our present state of civili-

CHAP. 11. zation, that we have but little exercise ; our
 — mechanics, artisans, and manufacturers scarcely
 ever exercise their limbs. A good smart walk
 of ten, twenty, or thirty miles ; this is a blessing :
 the writer knows it, for there are few counties in
 England or Wales, where he has not measured
 some hundreds of miles by foot. The muscles,
 unexercised, acquire lassitude, weariness, and
 soon give up all exertion ; instead of exulting in
 a walk of thirty miles, they tremble at the bare
 idea of walking one ; but, walking ! walking !
 what ecstatic pleasure there is in the mere act
 of walking upon some long pleasant level ! if re-
 lieved by alternating hill and dale, so much the
 better. My poor lackadaisical brethren, I must
 e'en pity them—and perhaps laugh at them ; and
 have I not earned the right to do so ? for, as a
 pedestrian, some of the fairest scenes in all the
 broad borders of England have unveiled them-
 selves to me. Exercise, my friend, exercise !
 Walk, leap, run ! exert arm, leg, body ; but, in
 some way or other, exercise !

Walking.

190. EDUCATE THE BRAIN ! The brain, you know,
 is not a simple organism, but a series of organs
 and compartments. See, then, that you do not
 unduly exercise *one* power—let all have their
 share of employment : this may at present be
 difficult, but it is becoming every day more easy
 of attainment. All the powers of the brain were

given for employment and exercise—of this we CHAP. 11.

may be assured; let there be a variation of employment; thus, the power of each compartment may be increased; and let it be remembered, too, that variation of mental employment is relaxation: a page of Milton and a mathematical problem seem very opposite to each other; but this is the very reason why one may perhaps follow closely upon the other: it is in the principle of reaction that we find the method of the physical development of the brain; there is a rush of blood to that organ which is called into play, and the flow and reflow resulting from the intensity of mental operation expands the organ, and increases its energy and power. We cannot explain how this is; nor can we explain why an increase of strength should be in the arm from the increase of exercise. We cannot explain it; the fact is there—let us use it.

191. EDUCATE YOUR SLEEP! We do not plead for a very limited quantity of sleep: many persons have habituated themselves to a very sparing allowance of four or five hours, on the average; and, perhaps, abstaining from all animal food, and from all improper, and very much proper, excitement, this is enough. But there are few for whom it is sufficient: from seven to eight hours should be the average of your sleep. As the mind becomes powerful, and the body loosens

CHAP. 11. its hold upon it, sleep flies away ; intense mental occupation forbids long slumber ; the mind says—

“ Sleep no more.”

. Yet we find, to be “ a long and sound sleeper ” is included by the oldest writers among the signs of longevity. What hours of time, however, are murdered through the turning again to slumber ? What hours, my friends, have you and I murdered ? Alas ! alas ! Have we lost one hour a-day ? Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year ; in ten years we lose one year of labour. What histories might we have read ! what languages have acquired ! what studies might we have conquered ! A year’s labour entirely thrown away. But, perhaps, instead of one hour a-day—two, three, four ; and what a squandering is here ! Yes ! if you would create and make time, Educate your Sleep !

192. EDUCATE YOUR DRESS. What a capricious animal is Man in this particular ! The Horse, and the Sheep, and the Dog wear continually garments of one fashion, varied only by the warmth or coolness of the season ; but the dress of Man shifts as the gales and winds of fashion blow around it, and every successive year beholds only some fresh enhancement of the ridiculous. The days of buckskin breeches have gone—the days, we hope, of stays and corsets are going ; but the days of hats, those heavy weights, those cylindrical boxes, at which, if we saw them on the

head of a savage, we should laugh so heartily,— CHAP. 11.
these remain, and tight cravats remain, preventing
the flow of blood through the arteries, and compressing the muscles of the neck, and diminishing their size, and interfering with the vitalization of the brain. It would be much better for our mental and bodily health, if we wore loose ties, and allowed the neck to be quite, or mostly exposed.

193. EDUCATE YOUR CHASTITY ! For fearfully true is it, that violated chastity is the brand, the burning brand upon character, self-respect, and manly energy and strength of will. How few withstand temptation ! And oh ! the loathsome horrors of the consequences of a revelry in the contaminated abodes of shame and lust ! The consequences of licentiousness upon the mind are fearful ; their ruin to its purity, to its firmness, its dignity, and frequently its sanity, succeeds the brief hours of shameful self-indulgence ; or the long, long years of remorse sting, deeply sting, venomously sting beyond the hope of entire recovery. Fatal criminality, if indulged in, how surely is it followed by the state of mind pathetically described by Burns :—

“ I waive the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealing,
But, och ! it hardens all the heart,
And petrifies the feeling ; ”—

Or, if conquered, and the indulgence thrown off, then through the long life to expiate the guilt with the penalties of self-laceration, in the lan-

CHAP. 11. guage of Scripture, God, "writing bitter things against us, and causing us to remember the sins of our youth."

Life according to Law.

194. These are some of the things included in the idea of self-education. These practices will produce a life not according to whim, but according to law—a life balanced — a life of repose ; and, so far as Humanity can be satisfied with its poor performances, a life of self-satisfaction. The men who have followed such practices, too, have usually lived to be old. True philosophers we should expect would be old. Franklin lived to be eighty-four years of age, and, when eighty-two, he says, "By living twelve years beyond David's (? Moses') period, I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to have been a-bed and asleep. Yet, had I gone at seventy, it would have cut off twelve of the most active years of my life, employed, too, in matters of the greatest importance." So Copernicus, so Watt, so Goethe, so Wordsworth, and innumerable men like these, lived to be very old; and it is right without coveting long life, it is right that we should so economize our strength, so plan our being, that while living we may live to a useful purpose, and that life may be shortened by no frivolity or imprudence of our own.

Episode.

THE VALUE OF A WORM.

AMONG the works of God, there is nothing contemptible—nothing even insignificant. That which seems so, only seems so in consequence of our limited faculties.

We have no better illustration of the importance of apparently insignificant things, than in the worm. Whoever beholds this creature delving and winding through the mould, probably has thought how useless a place it occupies in the scale of creation; and yet, what will our readers who are unacquainted with the fact think, when we assure them that the common earth-worm is at once shovel, plough, and harrow, and manure. Of all that soil which is the richest and most adapted for the gardener's purpose, there is scarcely any which has not passed through the intestines of the worm; and the earthy casts which are seen lying about, after its burrowings, are

EPISODE. little patches of rich mould, which have derived
— an extraordinary nutrition from the cause we have mentioned. Mrs. Somerville, in her "Physical Geography," mentions it as probable, that, of the finer vegetable mould, there is not a particle which has not been prepared by this wonderful little labourer. It is only recently that science has devoted much attention to this interesting subject; but the fact to which we have alluded was placed beyond dispute, some years ago, by Charles Darwin, Esq., in a paper on the Formation of Mould, read before the Geological Society of London. The work performed by an individual worm may seem so insignificant as to place almost in doubt the possibility of an achievement so considerable; but this idea is refuted by the immense number of earth-worms constantly ploughing their way, and especially when driven by dry weather to a considerable depth below the surface. It is satisfactorily ascertained that no plough could reach so deep as the worm in many instances; and Mr. Darwin remarks that it would sometimes be much more consistent to speak of animal mould, rather than of vegetable mould. It is both amusing and beautiful to contemplate how, by the agency of this little creature, nature buries stones, pebbles, and the rough earth which were too near the surface. Many of these, covered by the castings of worms, lie waiting for the disintegration

and separation into finer particles which, in the EPISODE. course of some few seasons, they may undergo ; these, in their turn, pass through the bowels of the worm, and return to the surface as useful soil. Thus, nature constantly operates around us, without our being aware of it. How many persons have ungratefully supposed that these graceful creatures were barricaded as a pest and a nuisance ! The farmer, the grazier, and the gardener have beheld them without suspecting that they were important fellow-workmen—the farmer and grazier especially deriving benefit from them, since they work in fields where the spade cannot penetrate. The Rev. William Kirby slightly alludes to them in his Bridgewater Treatise “On the Wisdom of God in the Creation of Animals.” But since those volumes were written, the earth-worm, as well as the whole class of worms to which it belongs—namely, the Annelidæ—has undergone a very lengthy and popular examination by Dr. Williams, who has published the results of his observations, in a paper of some hundred and twenty pages, in the Report of the British Association for 1851. That paper unfolds, in a remarkable degree, the exquisite contrivances of Nature, in her most unobserved works ; or rather, let us say, the wonderful wisdom of God in the most unobserved of His creatures. The very name by which this class is distinguished by natu-

EPISODE. ralists—the Annelidæ—is given to it from an early perception of the wonderful contrivance of its rings; for, if the reader observes it, which he may very easily do, either by watching its movements in the mould, or placing it before his eye on a table, he will see that its coil of blood-red rings is marked very plainly; and he will further notice, too, how all these assist it in the act of moving. The grace of the snake and the serpent has often been referred to—the proud beauty of that creature, so shunned by man, has been repeatedly made a subject of comment; but the beauty of the worm, to an eye capable of perceiving it, is no less remarkable; and, although we would not place the serpent or the snake beyond the circle of the useful purposes of creation, yet the impression made upon the mind by the worm, in this particular, is much more interesting. We have watched it—industrious little peasant, hard-working little ploughman—as it has moved on swiftly, ploughing its way through the soil; and wondered that it has not oftener been a theme for poets. Its movements surely illustrate the poetry of motion. And, indeed, one of our later poets has made the worm the subject of his song.

There is another remarkable feature in the worm. No organs of sense have been discovered, and yet it is all sensation. It sees without eyes, hears without ears, as truly as it walks without

feet. It is a constant marvel, like the human **EPISODE.**
hand. It unites in itself the most opposite and —
various faculties. By the sense of touch it seems
to supersede the necessity for other faculties. In
all the contrivances connected with its formation,
it seems evident enough that nothing has been
omitted conducive to its happiness. It bounds to
and fro, with a merriment of motion which assures
us that it is capable of enjoyment in its little circle
of sensation and small world of action. Those
who have anatomized it, speak of the exquisite-
ness of its mechanism. With rapture they laud
the muscular feats of the Annelidæ, as wonder-
fully distinguished by their complexity and har-
mony; and yet it is allowed to pass so long
without a chronicler and historian—though no
single creature in the whole compass of creation
more illustrates the marvellous excellency of
Divine arrangement, or the dependency of man
for his happiness upon the meanest of God's
creatures.

Such were some of our reflections the other
day, while spade in hand in our garden; and then
we very naturally turned from the worm to other
characters in the scale of moral creation, slighted
like the worm, fulfilling a round of lowly duties
unnoticed and unperceived. How many there
are in society, the delvers and diggers and
ploughmen—nay even in the unseen philosophers

EPISODE. —who work silently and obscurely in the dark, beneath the mould, but who have the same value attaching to them which, as we have seen, attaches to the worm—preparing the soil in which others are to place the seed ; exploring the dark and unsightly, and bringing it out into the light that others may cause beauty and bloom to hang their brightness over it. Let us, in moral conditions, recur to the often-uttered, but never sufficiently felt, truth, that nothing useful is mean or contemptible. How much soever the employment seems to stamp with contempt, let us constantly remember that, not employment, but motive and object, are the foundations of real dignity ; nay, that, sometimes workers may be engaged in really dignified employment—employment important in itself and its results—although they may be as entirely ignorant of the magnificence of the foundation they are preparing as the wonder-working worm.

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